

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

ROWLAND WILLIAMS D.D.

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A very truly Yours,
Rowland Williams.

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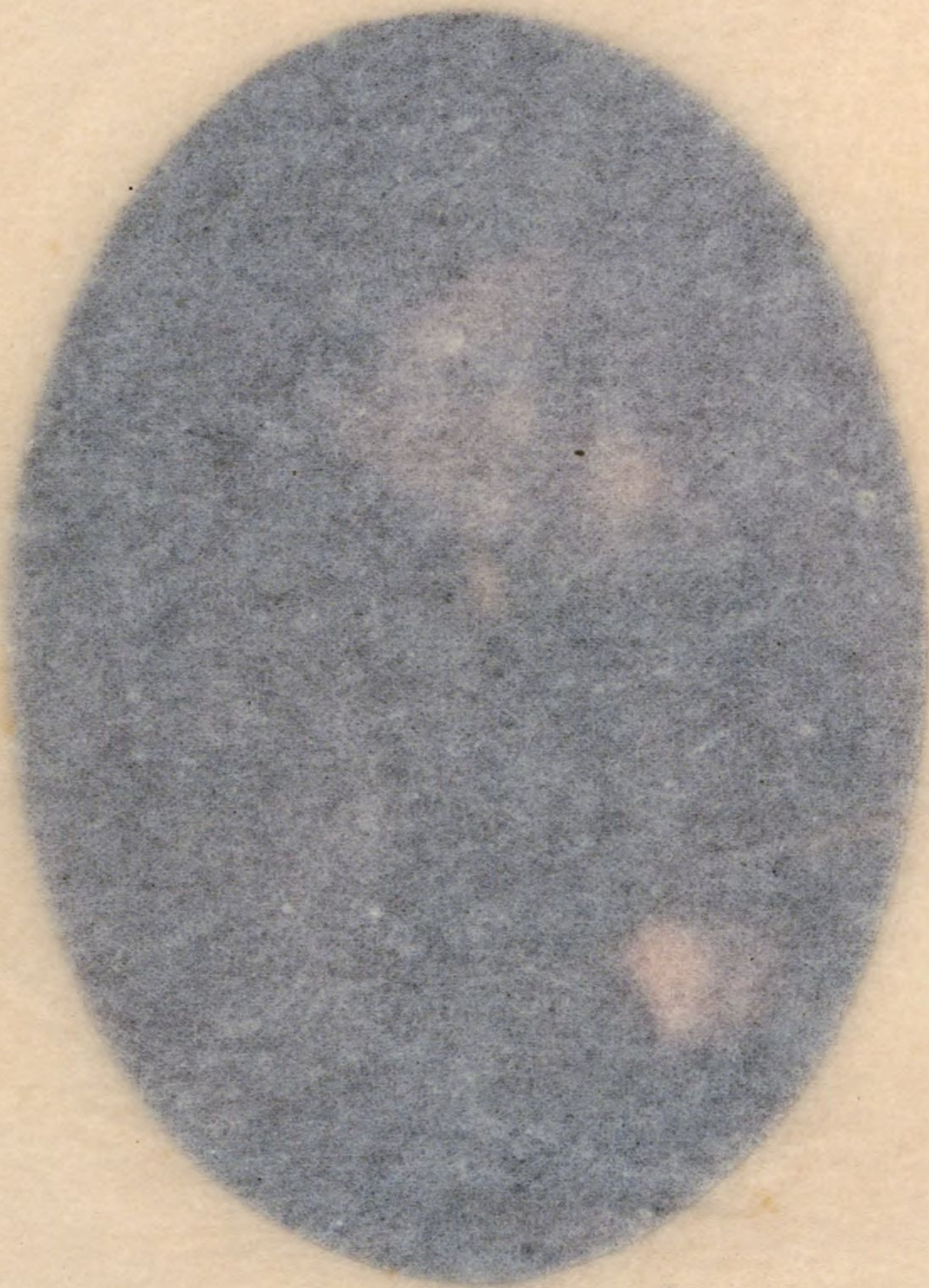
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very truly yours,
Rowland Williams.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS NOTE BOOKS.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE.

*'If men hereafter may say what they know
more freely, I shall therein have the price of my tears.'*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

HENRY S. KING & Co.,
65 CORNHILL, AND 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1874.



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P R E F A C E.

IN the great army of witnesses for the Truth ROWLAND WILLIAMS held his place. He did good service in the Church of God by advocating an open Bible, and free reverential Biblical criticism ; and by maintaining this to be consistent with the standards of the Anglican Church—of which he was a divine—he helped much to vindicate for her the wide boundary which was her lawful inheritance.

Some account of his life having been desired, I have endeavoured to give to the following pages as much of an autobiographical form as might be, by making his own letters and journals speak for themselves, and merely adding the connecting links as simply as possible.

I would that my pen had been worthier of its task, and am conscious that in many respects the result is but an imperfect likeness. I can but add a

hope that the reader may, nevertheless, be interested in the story, and enabled to gain an insight into the true nature of a life, the Ideal of which was very lofty, and the effects of which have been practical.

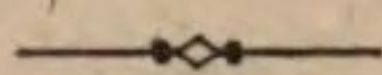
I desire here to thank all those to whose kindness I have been indebted for letters.

I regret that I have been unable to recover many important ones. Should this meet the eye of any persons who have such in their possession, I shall be much obliged if they will still lend them to me.

ELLEN WILLIAMS.

*Woodlea, Grassendale,
Liverpool. July 19, 1874.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.



CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND ETON DAYS: 1817—1836.

	PAGE
Birth of ROWLAND WILLIAMS—Parents—Love of Nature—Appearance— Early Attainments—First Eton Letter—His Tutor's Recollection of him—Tossing in a Blanket—Characteristics—Fight in the Playing Fields—Eton Amusements—His own Recollections of Eton Life— Reads at Cambridge with Mr. Goodford during the Vacation—Close Competition with his Schoolfellows—'Montem'—Newcastle Medallist, 1835—Translation of his Father to Ysceifiog—State of the Parish— Newcastle Examination of 1836—Dr. Goodford's account of it— Letter to his Brother—Prize Poem—Prizes he gained—Leaves Eton	1—30

CHAPTER II.

CAMBRIDGE—UNDERGRADUATE DAYS: 1836—1839.

First Letters from Cambridge—Difficulties at King's—Simeon's Funeral— The Craven Examination—Attends the Voluntary Hebrew Lecture —Friendship with Mr. Mountain—Visits London—Gains the Battie Scholarship, 1838—Takes Pupils at Cambridge, and a Private Tutor- ship during Vacation in Kent—Welsh Dinner at Cambridge— Cambridge Recreations—Characteristics as an Undergraduate.	
JOURNAL-NOTES. — A Sunset — Late Autumn — Pleasures of Imaginary Pain—God's Omnipresent Bounty—Scott's Monastery— Third Thoughts and Coleridge—Christian Preaching—Light of Conscience—English Centralization—College Distinctions—Revela- tion—Julius Hare	31—49

CHAPTER III.

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE—FOREIGN TRAVELS: 1839—1841.

	PAGE
Becomes Fellow of King's—Presides at Welsh Dinner at Cambridge— Speaks at the Liverpool Eisteddfod—Pedestrian Tour through France —Letter to Mr. Essington—Ruins of the Paraclete—A Mountain Pass—Arrested by Sardinian Soldiers—A Sardinian Prison—Crosses the Simplon — Paris—Chalons-sur-Saone—Lyons—Nismes—Nice— Genoa—Rome—The Carnival—Naples—Pæstum—Mount Vesuvius —From Naples to Rome—Siena—Padua—Florence—Milan—Venice —Innsbruck — The Stelvio—Munich — Verona—Vienna—Prague— Dresden.	
JOURNAL NOTES.—Plan for Life—Politics	50—91

CHAPTER IV.

*FELLOW AND TUTOR OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE:
1841—1850.*

Goes to Eton as Assistant Master—Distaste for the Work—Resigns on account of Health—Goes to Jersey and Brittany—Theological Sympathies—Returns to Cambridge—Takes his B.A. Degree—Is ordained Deacon—Takes occasional Clerical Duty—Takes Pupils in London during Christmas Vacation—*Journal-Notes*—A Sunday at Eton—Welsh Bishopric Question—Letter on the proposed Annihilation of one of the Welsh Sees—Easter Vacation with Pupils in London, and Summer Vacation with Pupils in North Wales—Becomes Classical Tutor of King's College—Letter on the Advantages of an Eton Education—Letter on Dr. John Davies' Monument—M.A. Degree—Lines on A.B.S.—*Another Letter to Lord Sandon*—On the Maynooth Bill—Studies Sanscrit—Reads an Ethnological Paper on the Cimbri at the British Association—Ethnological Theories—Goes down the Cam to Lynn—Thence to Scotland—The Scotch Church — *Lays from the Cimbriac Lyre*—Examines for the Tripos, and at Eton—An Expedition with his Father in the Long Vacation—His Theories of the Cymry and the Gael—Two Letters to Rev. J. H. Wynne on General Literature for the Welsh—Theological Position—Effect of one of his Sermons preached by a Friend—Meditates leaving King's—The Powis Scholarships—Gains the University Prize for a Treatise on Christian Evidences adapted to the Hindus—Tone of Mind in which he approached the Subject — Declines Prince Albert's offer of a Chaplaincy—Prayer in prospect of preaching an

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
important Sermon at King's College on Founder's Day—Examines at first Inauguration of the Powis Scholarships—Contests the Public Oratorship at Cambridge—Causes of Defeat—Changes at Cambridge—Examines for the Tripos, 1849—Examines at Rugby with Dr. Tait—Letters from the Continent during Vacation of 1849—Bruges—Ghent—Aix-la-Chapelle—Coblentz—Cologne—Bonn—Schwalbach—Dusseldorf—Frankfort—Heidelberg—Re-elected Examiner—Sir J. Stephen— <i>Quarterly Review</i> Article, 'Methodism in Wales'—His Countrymen expect great things from him—He is appointed Hebrew Professor and Tutor of St. David's College, Lampeter—Becomes Chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff—The part he took at Cambridge in matters of Reform	92—159

CHAPTER V.

LAMPETER—VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE : 1850—1854.

Goes to Lampeter—Account of the Place and College—Scheme for the Removal to Brecon—State of the College—Drawbacks to Success—Reformation and Opposition—Depression—Daily Life—Interest in his Pupils—Reminiscences of Pupils—Stimulates National School at Lampeter, and Grammar-Schools generally—The Enthusiasm he inspired—Preaches on St. David's Day in London—First Impressions of Lampeter—*Quarterly Review* Article, 'The Church and Education in Wales'—Provost Thackeray's Death—Gloomy Prospects of St. David's College—Memorial to the Commissioners—Letter to the *Evening Mail* on the Ecclesiastical Commission and St. David's College—Discussion of fresh Endowment of the College—Debate on Endowment—Archdeacon Williams' Attack on the College—He writes a Pamphlet—*Some account of the Actual Working of St. David's College*—Annoyances and Difficulties—Letter to Bishop Short—Duke of Wellington's Death—Takes his B.D. Degree—Preaches the Visitation Sermon at Cardigan—Bishop Thirlwall's Charge of 1851—Preaches at Llandaff after the Ordination—Dearth of Clergy—A *Tête-à-tête* with Thirlwall—Attack on the College in the House of Commons—Letters from Mr. Booker, Lord Emlyn, and Sir Thomas Phillips—Supplemental Charter reaches St. David's College—*Quarterly Review* Article, 'Bards of the Sixth Century : Stonehenge'—Letter from Cambridge—Travels with Dr. Pusey—University Reform—Dr. Hawtrey becomes Provost of Eton—Fall from his Horse—The Provost of King's suggests his standing for the Greek Professorship—Visits Ireland and the Highlands—

	PAGE
Modification of King's—Desires a Revision of Church Property— Account of the Difficulties in the way of raising the standard at St. David's College—Jesus College, Oxford, and St. David's—Writes on the subject of Degrees in Arts to Sir J. Lefevre—Dean Luxmore's Death—Goes before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on College matters—The Russian War—Llandrindod—Notes from the Journal of a Visitor there—The Alma Victory—Bishop of Llandaff's Charge of 1854—Thirlwall's consecutive Welsh and English Sermons .	160—229

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS: AUGUST, 1852—OCTOBER, 1853.

I. To the <i>Spectator</i> .—On Church Reform	230
II. To the Rev. J. J. S. Perowne.—On Inspiration	232
III. To John Muir, Esq.—The Miraculous Claim of Buddhism— Grote and Thirlwall's Histories—The <i>Edinburgh Review</i> on 'The Church in the Mountains'	244

CHAPTER VII.

'RATIONAL GODLINESS: ' 1854—1856.

Appointed Select Preacher at Cambridge—Impression made by his Sermons —His Father's Death—False Report connected with the Cessation of the Course of Sermons—Preaches the Commemoration Sermon at King's upon Founder's Day—Effect produced—Publication of <i>Rational Godliness</i> —Outcry—Bishop of Llandaff withdraws his support and requests him to resign his Chaplaincy—'Read before you Judge'—Epitome of Propositions— <i>Rational Godliness</i> in advance of its Time—Account of it—The Letters he received—Tone of his Answers—Sympathy elicited	247—263
---	---------

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS: OCTOBER, 1855—JUNE, 1856.

I. On the Misrepresentations of an Assailant	264
II. To the Rev. David Williams.—The Llanelly Clerical Meeting —Books bearing on Inspiration—Grounds of his own Belief —Critical Examination of the Scriptures	274
III. To the Rev. Archer Gurney.—The Book of Daniel—Joshua— The Poetical Nature of the Bible—Ministering Spirits— Evil, etc.	277
IV. To a Clergyman.—Criticism of Pearson	282

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
V. To the Same, with a Copy of <i>Rational Godliness</i> , and Remarks on it and the Tendencies of his own Mind	283
VI. To a Stranger, who had asked for a Copy of <i>Rational Godliness</i>	285
VII. To the Rev. C. A. Swainson.—Thanks for Robertson's <i>Sermons</i> and Notes on Butler	285

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S— EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL: 1856.

Appeals to the Bishop with regard to the Clergy's intended Protest against himself—Thirlwall suggests Resignation—Determines to hold his Ground—Publishes *Lampeter Theology*—Defends his Propositions—Disappointment in meeting with no Support, and consequent Depression.

JOURNAL-NOTES.—Question concerning Zulus—Conversion of Hindús—Sir B. Brodie on Emancipation—Scholefield's Life—*The Mystery of Evil*—Brodie's Essays—Was the Ethiopian Eunuch reading the Septuagint or Hebrew—Dinner at Vice-Chancellor Whewell's—Sermon at Boxworth—Leslie Ellis—Christianity delivers from the Evil that causes Fear—'The Sharp Sayings of the Gospel' 288—301

CHAPTER X.

'CHRISTIANITY AND HINDUISM'—'ORESTES'—PROPHECY PRIZE—JOURNAL: 1856—1857.

The Publication of *Christianity and Hinduism*—Account of the Book—The effect of the Studies connected with it upon his own Views—The Friendship with Dr. Muir which it brought about—Dr. Muir's Letter to him on the subject—Letters to Dr. Muir—Letter from Bunsen to Rowland Williams—From Bunsen to Dr. Muir—From Rowland Williams to Bunsen—From Bunsen to Max Müller—Professors Wilson, Lassen, and Ewald's opinions of the Book—He offers a Prize for a Welsh Essay on Prophecy—Disappointment regarding it—Publishes *Orestes and the Avengers*—Personal References in the Sonnets.

JOURNAL-NOTES.—Sermons at Gwernaffield—*The Saturday Review*—Maurice's Appendix—Interpretation of the Apocalypse—Desprez's *Apocalypse Fulfilled*—Revelation; Incarnation; the Trinity—De Wette's *Christliche Glaube*—Lord Raglan and Napier—Ruth and Naomi; or, God teaches us by our Sympathies—Herder—Origen's defence of the Apocrypha 302—325

CHAPTER XI.

D.D. DEGREE—VISIT TO BUNSEN—CHARGES OF THE TWO BISHOPS: 1857.

	PAGE
Takes his Degree—Subject of his Acts—Becomes Senior Fellow of King's—Enthusiastic Reception on his Return to Lampeter—Writes to Baron Bunsen to propose visiting him—An Afternoon and Evening at Charlottenberg—Meets his future Wife—On his Return examines at Eton—Is denounced by the Bishop of Llandaff in his Charge—The temporizing Policy of Bishop Thirlwall's Charge—Letter from Rowland Williams in acknowledgment of a copy of the Charge—Publishes a Review of Bishop Ollivant's Charge, his Sermon on Christian Freedom—Bishop Ollivant's Answer	326—340

CHAPTER XII.

LAMPETER—INNER LIFE: 1850—1858 . . . 341—368

CHAPTER XIII.

FAMILY SORROWS—MARRIAGE—BECOMES VICAR OF BROADCHALKE: 1858—1860.

JOURNAL-NOTES.—Sister's Death—The Law of Sacrifice—Hegel's *Philosophy*—H. Martineau and Atkinson—Hogg and Wordsworth—Ash Wednesday—The Eton Election—Meets the Duc de Malakhoff and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

His Devotion to his Mother, and endeavour to spare her Anxiety—Her Illness and Death, etc.—Is engaged to be Married—Description of the Peaceful Side of Lampeter Life—Sermon on Micah vi. 2, and the Christian Year, 'Where is thy Favoured Haunt, Eternal Voice'—No Strong Antithesis between Christ's Teaching and that of Nature—Buckle on Civilization—Appeals to the Visitor on College Business—Letter to the Same on the Right Appropriation of College Funds—Accepts the King's College living of Chalke—His first Impressions of the Place—Presentation—Letters from Mr. Harford and Sir J. G. S. Lefevre—Illness—Goes to Tenby—Finishes a Poem on Howel Harris—Reads a Paper at the Archæological Meeting at Welshpool—Lectures at Carmarthen on Ethnology—Essay on Bunsen's *Biblical Researches*—*Essays and Reviews* advertised—The Bishop of Salisbury institutes him to Broadchalke—The Parish and its Dependencies—Severance of Aston—Obtains a License of Non-Residence—

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
Visit to Cambridge—Last Sermon at King's College—Marriage— Reception at Lampeter—Drives to and from Chalke for the Vacation —A Week at Llandrindod's Wells—Plinlimmon—A Cardiganshire Service—The conclusion of the Appeal to the Visitor of the College	369—393

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS: MARCH, 1857—JANUARY, 1860.

I. To a Friend.—St. Paul's Revelation—Thompson's <i>Bampton Lectures</i>	394
II. To the Rev. W. W. Harvey.—Gnosticism	395
III. To his Sister.— <i>Rational Godliness</i> —Christianity originally a Religion of simple Truth	397
IV. To an Inquirer after Truth.—The Spirituality of God an argument against Idolatry—The Fall of Man—Jonah—The Great Adversary—Commends fair historical Inquiry	398
V. To Mr. Sinclair.—Ecclesiastical Positivism	402
VI. To his Sister,—'The Confidence of Reason'	404
VII. To J. Muir, Esq.—His Mother's Death—Mansel's <i>Bampton Lectures</i>	405
VIII. To the Rev. James Stephenson.—Difficulties arising from the Conflict between current Tradition and the results of critical Inquiry.—Dr. Palfrey's writings, &c.	407
IX. To E. C.—Death of Archdeacon Williams	409
X. The Song of Solomon—No strong Antithesis between Nature and Grace	409
XI. To Mr. Sinclair.—Justification	411
XII. To the Same.—His letter in the <i>Cambrian</i> , etc.	412
XIII. Toleration not Indifference	413

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 121, note †, *for* 'chap. xxi., letter iii.,' *read* 'chap. xxii., letter xxxiv.'

„ 121, note §, *for* 'letter ii., chap. xxi.,' *read* 'letter xxi. chap. xxii.'

„ 182, line 13, *for* 'inclining then,' *read* 'inclining them.'

„ 191, 193, 195, heading of pages, *for* 'To the Commissioners,' *read* 'On the Commission.'

„ 300, note, *for* 'Mrs. Arthur,' *read* 'Mrs. Archer.'

„ 348, note, *for* 'letter iii.,' *read* 'letter v.'

THE LIFE
OF
ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND ETON DAYS: 1817—1836.

‘A boy by Vyrniew’s stream.’

‘Surely here some seed is set
That Eton need not blush to own.’—*Montem.*

ROWLAND WILLIAMS, the son of Rowland and Jane Wynne Williams, was born August 16th, 1817, at Halkyn, in Flintshire.

His father was at that time rector of the parish, but was soon afterwards (in 1819) presented to the living of Meifod, in Montgomeryshire, and subsequently, in 1836, preferred to the rectory of Ysceifiog, in Flintshire. He acted as examining chaplain to both Bishop Cleaver and Bishop Luxmore, enjoyed the dignity of canon in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, was also rural dean, and a magistrate for the three counties of Flint, Merioneth, and Montgomery. He was one of the most distinguished of the Welsh clergy of his generation—a man of superior abili-

ties, and keen, sound judgment, a good classical scholar, and a great authority on all subjects of Welsh literature, especially on those connected with the Bible and Prayer-book. He had paid great attention to the orthography of the Welsh Bible, having collated carefully different editions and translations, and was one of the four clergymen chosen by the bishops to assist in revising the Welsh translation of the Prayer-book for the new folio edition published in 1841. His contributions to Welsh periodicals were numerous.*

He was zealous in the discharge of the duties of his several parishes, where he was much beloved and respected; was for some years engaged in the tuition of private pupils, and took a lively interest in all the leading topics of the day.

His wife was the daughter of the Rev. Hugh Wynne Jones, of Treiorwerth, Anglesey, prebendary of Penmynydd. They had eight children—three sons and five daughters—four of the daughters now survive: the eldest son died in infancy, the second is the subject of this memoir, and the youngest early emigrated to Canada.

The hopes of a brilliant career for Rowland, the second son, were soon aroused by the evidences he very early displayed of real genius and great intellectual ability. Both parents exercised, each in a different way, a powerful influence upon the boy. For both he showed through life a profound reverence, and his deep affection, exhibiting

* Those to which he chiefly contributed were the *Gwyliedydd*, of which he was at one time the mainstay, and the *Cambro Briton*. He also wrote a short life of Peter Roberts, the antiquarian, which is reprinted in the *Cambrian Plutarch*, and a Memoir of Bishop Griffith. Much Welsh antiquarian lore is said to have perished with him.

itself in his habitual reference to their wishes, even when his own inclinations were not doubtful, while it was a source of never-failing pride and delight to them, was in him one of the most prominent traits of his generous character. In all the successes and difficulties of his life we find him constantly turning his eyes homewards—home was indeed to him a kind of pole-star, to which he looked for guidance in shaping his course.

He passed his early childhood in the beautiful vale of Meifod. Of it, when his father was promoted to Ysceiflog, he writes, 'I always consider Meifod more my birthplace than Halkyn.' As he wandered by Vyrniew's stream the boy's enthusiastic nature received its earliest impressions, here his lively imagination was fostered, and here he first learned to read the book of Nature, and acquired that intense love for her which he preserved through life. It was in her wilder forms he more especially delighted, and when absent from mountain scenery he had ever a keen longing for it. His first inquiry in a new place would generally be for the highest ground near, and a dead level country had the same depressing effect upon him which it is said to have had upon Dr. Arnold. The sea also had a great charm for him, the love for it having been early awakened during some months passed on the coast of Anglesey, where he was sent as a young child on account of delicacy.*

* These fugitive lines speak of his early love of nature :

‘Smile on, O Nature, as when erst a boy
In rapture to thy breasts I used to cling ;
Still on the beach the salt waves dance and sing,
Whose gladness oft my young blood woke to joy.’

* * * * *

He seems always to have enjoyed the liberty of the country, riding about with his father, and early taking an interest in some little freeholds which belonged to him, and which he afterwards inherited. Indulging his fancy, he used to call himself the king of fairy-land, and reign supreme over the hills, which he claimed as his territory, and his sisters, who were his subjects.

The freedom of a country life served in a measure to counterbalance the somewhat too early forcing to which his mind appears to have been otherwise subjected ; not perhaps that there was really much *forcing* in the matter, as book studies seemed to come naturally to him. He had a wonderfully retentive memory, and early gave promise of remarkable powers. He used in after life to say he never remembered the time when he could not read Latin. At five years old he had made some way in it, and before going to Eton was far advanced in Greek.

He was a small, but well-made, pale, delicate boy, with a head large in proportion to his size, decided features of the Celtic type, prominent nose, well-defined chin, dark blue eyes, deeply set, and light brown hair. Those were the barbarous days of setons and bleedings, and though he believed a seton in the back of his neck had saved his life in a serious illness when a very young child, he could never recall without a shudder the practice then in vogue of blood-letting for every malady, and at any rate every spring, and used to say, 'the paler I looked the oftener I was bled !'

His father instructed him till he was ten years old, and the following spring took him to Eton, where he was

entered as an oppidan, April 21, 1828. He was elected on to the Foundation July 28th, in the same year, and admitted into College on September 15th, being sixth on the indenture.

His first letter from Eton gives his own account of his examination and admission.

TO HIS SISTERS.

Eton, April 21, 1828.—I have got very little to say to you, but as I promised to write to you I have set about it. I arrived here on Saturday, and was examined this morning by Mr. Wilder. I got off pretty well, considering he examined me in a part of Ovid which I had never learnt before. The boys don't go to school till Thursday, and Dr. Keate is not here, but in London. However, papa unluckily said to Mr. Wilder this morning, 'What time must he go to school?' to which he replied, I might as well go there to-day, as soon as papa went away. Accordingly I went there about three o'clock, and did some verses. He then told me I might go home and get my supper, but that I must learn a lesson in the Greek Grammar, and take it to say at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; I must therefore leave this letter till I don't know when, and go and learn this lesson. I am quite ashamed of this hasty scrawl.

Tuesday, April 22.—I have already made a friend, and this morning he helped me in a *very hard* lesson, and I was much obliged to him. We have since become very great friends, as a little after that we waited in the detested upper school exactly an hour and half for Mr. Wilder, who had sent us there, and promised to come *presently* and hear us our Ovid. We went there; no Mr. Wilder appeared, till at last we went to his house and said it. As we were waiting, we of course talked a great deal. I have not yet begun fagging, but am to begin next Monday. The captain of the house (Mansfield, Major) says that I am to be his fag; he is very good-natured, and I should like to be his fag.

It was my business (I am the lowest boy) to write out the names of fellows in the house, that they might be called at *absence*, but he very kindly did it for me. You will perhaps be glad to hear that I am called a *great sap* (the Eton term for a very studious chap). I am also asked by great big boys to help them in their lessons, which I of course do.

As you know I hate fiddle-faddle, I shall conclude without ceremony, your affectionate brother.

This letter is much blotted, but you must excuse it as it comes out of the middle of Greek and Latin.

Direct to me, Mr. R. Williams, at Mrs. Ward's, Eton, Bucks.
Letter finished and sent off 8th May, 1828.

His first tutor was the Rev. J. Wilder, who now writes of him :—

During the period of his earlier life, while I was his tutor, I have the most pleasing recollection of him. I always found him to be a boy of very marked ability and high intellect, uniformly well-conducted and industrious, and showing every desire to receive and profit by the instruction given him, in an agreeable and amiable spirit. His subsequent distinguished career at the university and in after life fully realized the expectation which I had formed of him in his boyish and youthful days.

Of a narrow escape he had soon after he became a Collegier or King's Scholar, Mr. Wilder continues :—

It was the custom in those rough days, now happily quite removed by the improved system of care and comfort in college, that all *new* boys should submit to the unpleasant ordeal of being tossed in a blanket. Rowland Williams shared the fate of all others ; but being small and of light weight, or more probably from some awkwardness or mismanagement in the officiating party, after the usual words, ' Ibis ab excusso missus ad astra sago,' he was thrown high into the air, and in a slanting direction, so that

instead of falling straight down into the blanket, he fell with his head on the corner of a heavy iron-bound oak bedstead, such as were used in olden times, the result of which was that he was completely *scalped*, as with a tomahawk, the scalp hanging down over the neck and back, suspended only by a small piece of skin. He was immediately conveyed to his dame's, and the surgeon was quickly in attendance. By a merciful providence, it was found that neither was the skull fractured, nor was there a concussion of the brain; indeed, beyond the pain of having the scalp sewed on again, and the natural irritation of the wound, he did not at all suffer either at the time, or in after life.

I saw him touch the ceiling (writes a school-fellow* who stood by waiting for his turn to come next), which no one had done as yet. His arms were folded, and he was enjoying the sport. In another moment he had descended head foremost. Not one of those who stood round the bed expected any other result, except immediate death, and the alarm bell at the upper end of the 'long chamber' was rung in the greatest consternation. Happily the effects were not so serious as they appeared to be, but he remained under the doctor's hands for many weeks, and tossing in a blanket was never repeated whilst I remained at Eton.

The Provost of Eton, Dr. Goodford, writes :—

At Mr. Wilder's suggestion I took him as my fag in college. He was a hard-working boy, and usually in the evenings sat in my study to prepare his work for the next day.

From his early days Rowland Williams was said to be an enthusiastic student, ardent, chivalrous, uncompromising, an eager disputant, who could never be silenced until he was convinced.

* Rev. R. W. Essington.

A story is told of him that, when quite a young boy, he much astonished some guests who were dining at his father's, and discussing some subject of much interest, but one supposed to be far beyond his comprehension, by suddenly rising to take his part in the debate. He considered both sides of the question, and decided the matter without further difficulty, leaving the company in doubt whether more to find fault with the boy's forwardness or to admire his cleverness.

Another characteristic story he tells himself:—

I remember getting into a scrape at Eton, for *proving* that I could not reach the branch of a lime-tree I was accused of breaking.

Of his fame among his school-fellows, one of them writes:—*

I recollect, when I was quite a little boy at Eton, the notion we had in our part of the school, that 'Williams' was the cleverest boy who had ever been at Eton; and it used to be said amongst us that in the Newcastle examination, when he gained the medal (1835), his themes were so learned and his answers so abstruse as to be quite beyond the examiners.

Another school-fellow used to tell of the patriotism of the Welsh boy, and how at night, in the 'long chamber,' if any word was uttered against his beloved country, he would fire up in her defence. Little hope then of sleep for his companions, till they regretted their temerity, and at last from sheer weariness would assent to what he said.

He is described too as a really religious boy, one who dared to kneel down and say his prayers in the 'long

* Rev. T. Brocklebank, Vice-Provost of King's College, Cambridge.

chamber,' to do which, in those days, required no little moral courage. He was also in the habit of composing prayers, apparently for his own use, many of which have been kept. They serve to show the serious bent of his mind at this period.

That he was at the same time not deficient in physical bravery is seen by a story told by Mr. Essington, who says:—

From the year 1828 to 1848 no one knew Rowland Williams better, and few valued him more than I did. Our friendship at Eton began in a most auspicious manner, with a fight in the playing fields. From this he was carried away most unwillingly in the arms of Dick, Mrs. Ward's footman, whose dame's house was close to the corner in which the battle (long remembered for the Homeric speeches uttered by one of the combatants) took place. After this we saw nothing of Taffy (as he was called) for a fortnight, during which time he stayed out, being sorely wounded both in mind and body. For he had challenged me to the contest, and he made sure that his physical force was as superior to mine as were his mental powers. I must confess, also, that it was only during the last few rounds that the advantage of four feet two over four feet nothing began to show itself.

He had a genuine love for study, and was said to be always reading, but he used himself to speak of having been fond of cricket, football, and boating, and Mr. Essington continues:—

We played in the same games of football, first in Lower College, and then at the Wall. We bathed as little Tugs at Deadman's Hole, and as sixth form Collegers at the Oak. We boated, he being coxswain, down Brown stream and past Badajoz and Datchet, to the Bells of Ouseley.

His own recollection of Eton school-days always seemed to be chequered with a sadness with which not over-strong health and 'long chamber' hardships had no doubt much to do, and in general he did not care to talk much about them. He was, however, greatly attached to and proud of Eton, and while he recognized the imperfections in her system and welcomed all changes which tended to reform, he would always warmly defend the college against objectors, pointing to the style of men she turned out as the best evidence in her favour. He acted as *Poser* at the Eton College Elections of 1846, 1848, 1855, 1857, and 1858, and also examined on different occasions for the 'Newcastle,' and used to enjoy these opportunities of revisiting the well-known scenes of his boyish days and meeting old friends.

During his Eton course, the letters from his tutors to his parents, which have been preserved, speak in the strongest terms of uniform good conduct and merit, and in the way in which they urge the necessity of strenuous exertion, show the close race there was between himself, and his friends and formidable competitors, Simonds and Balston.

Some of his own letters will best give an idea of his Eton days :—

TO HIS SISTER J.

Eton, April, 1833.—There has been another pamphlet lately published this half, called 'Eton Abuses,' but I should be inclined to christen it *Abuse of Eton*, for then it would not belie its title, although I cannot but own there is a great deal in it true, and it would be much harder to answer it properly than the other one which Mr. L. brought home, for it chooses its subjects of complaint better, and indeed refutes part of what the other ad-

vanced; but altogether it is very severe, and the college book-seller would not sell them; they are, however, to be got at the other shops and have offended the masters very much, which rather looks as if it were a true bill. I shall certainly get one to bring home.

Simonds thinks we shall very likely be sent up this half, but indeed I don't.

Mountain and myself get on very well together.

Keate was more savage than ever this half. I suppose he thinks himself sure of getting some plate when he leaves.

I got 'very well' again for my holiday task. If this weather continues we shall probably bathe in about a week. Cricket began directly we came back.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Eton, May 2, 1833.—I do not think I can read much this half in the way of deep reading like Thucydides, but I am writing quotations in my Horace and attending to school business. I think of reading Russell's *Modern Europe*, but I wish papa would say whether he thinks I had better read *Ancient* or *Modern History*, as I know nothing about Europe except what very little I remember out of Goldsmith's *History of England*. Is it any use my reading Gibbon's *Rome*, or is Scott's *Life of Bonaparte* too light reading? You know I cannot read steadily unless I am a good deal interested in the story. For your and my father's sake I will continue to do my best to improve myself, but my father himself told me that '*Non omnia possumus omnes*.'

TO HIS SISTER.

May 18, 1833.—I have nearly a hundred silkworms hatched. I am rather afraid of getting into a scrape just now about poetizing for Vance. However, I suppose I shall get off; at any rate there is no great harm. Do you want any stag-beetles or lilies of the valley?

In the early spring of 1834 he was laid up with serious

illness ; but his tutor wrote that notwithstanding this drawback he distinguished himself in the examination of March, 1834, and was one of only two fifth form boys who were so commended.

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, May 19, 1834.—I was much disappointed at the time, yet I do not think Keate was wrong in putting me below those fellows, for he said when I first came, that I was to take my place in the new remove, the same as if I had been placed in it at first and Keate showed afterwards, by giving me ——'s and ——'s places, that he was not disposed to treat me unfairly. It has always been a rule not to place fellows above the standard of their age.

Last Tuesday we all went to Virginian Water in chaises, carriages, flies, &c., by invitation of the king, to see a frigate launched ; the grounds were very beautiful, but altogether most of the fellows were disappointed. The Eton fellows cheered the king as loud as they could, but very few of the —— did. They deserved to have been well ducked ; D——, an Eton fellow, did shove one into the water for not taking off his hat. Lord Brougham came down here on Saturday. I wonder what he wanted ? I dare say no good. Hawtreys is almost sure to be head master : he will work the fellows rarely.

In the autumn of this year it was decided, according to his father's desire, that the Christmas vacation should be spent at Cambridge in reading with Mr. Goodford, and, as a mark of approbation, his tutor made him a present to be devoted towards defraying the expense.

He was about this time promoted to his first official situation as captain of hall.

It was also arranged that on his return from Cambridge

he should become Mr. Goodford's pupil at Eton, and pursue the same course of studies already commenced.

The following letters relate to these plans :—

TO HIS MOTHER.

Eton, Oct. 30, 1834.—I heard, this morning, that Goodford has accepted the new mastership, but when he is to come here and what change that will make in my destination at Christmas I know not. Whether I go or not, I shall be equally obliged to my tutor for his kindness, and to you for the too great anxiety which you have shown for me. Although I am glad to have such an offer, I should be sorry not to come home, but still more so if I let any foolish weakness prevent me from making use of an offer which will not be made every day. My greatest fear is that I may fail in making a good use of it, or disappoint those expectations which I fear you and my friends are too sanguine in indulging. Somehow or other, there is so much to do this half, that I can never find time to read by myself as I used to, and every day shows how much more S—— and B—— can do. They have both been sent up already this half; I will, however, do my best.

I do not know what to do about the Sacrament. All the six form are expected to take it here, and I shall be sixth form, I hope, next election, and I hardly like to put it off; yet very few fellows seem to take it properly, and I know most of them do so against their will.

I am very glad anything connected with me should give you any pleasure, and I leave it entirely with papa and my tutor to settle about Christmas.

TO HIS FATHER.

Nov. 9, 1834.—Two days ago I received your letter, and lost no time in going to my tutor to thank him for his kindness. I did not like the idea of writing a letter to him, as it would have been impossible to use words strong enough to express my feelings without going too much into profession; besides, when I write a letter I don't like trying to write what is called a good letter with good

sentences, &c., but I say what I think the same way as I should in talking, and I hope neither mamma or you will think that I feel the less, because I do not in every letter promise to work.

I went, however, to my tutor, and thanked him as well as I could. He spoke to me very kindly for some time, and told me Goodford being master here will make no difference in his taking me at Christmas, as he will be obliged to stay at Cambridge, and he will get me a bed in the college, as you told me. He went a good deal further, and told me that if I worked hard I might some time or other come back here as master, like Goodford, or might be a private tutor, or anything else; in fact, that if I sapped, almost anything was open to me. This was all very kind, but there are few lives I should like less than to be a master here. If I were a clergyman at all, I would be a regular one, like you are, or else not at all.

I can hardly spare any time for anything now. I continue to be Upper Servitor. Hawtreys has set us an English Essay to do upon the Origin and early habits, &c., of Greece. We are to show it up next week. I find it very hard.

In the place where I sit in church there is R. Sumner cut out, I suppose the Bishop of Chester's name.

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, Dec. 4, 1834.—I am second for the Essay, and Hawtreys says he has had very great difficulty in deciding which was the best; but who do you think has beaten me? Some six form? no; but my old antagonist, Simonds. It is very odd, I always find myself treading just on his heels. I think I shall be like the unhappy — you talk about; but yet, at times I am too vain again. However, I cannot help feeling that he has now beaten me on my strongest point, namely, prose composition and sapping. Notwithstanding all this, I am very glad to be so high.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Cambridge, December 14, 1834.—Here I am at King's College, writing a letter in Goodford's room. After I last wrote

to you my tutor made me a very handsome present of a Beck's Euripides in three quarto volumes, bound in russia, by far the handsomest book I have had since I have been at Eton. It was for being so near getting the Essay; Hawtrey also gave me an Herodotus in two volumes for the same reason. Although most below believed I should get something for running Simonds so hard, yet they all thought my tutor's book particularly handsome. So, indeed, was Hawtrey's, considering I had no right to expect anything; but it cannot be compared with my tutor's, which must have cost £4 or £5; so if I did not gain the prize for my essay, at least I gained by it.

I set off from Eton on Friday morning at nine, got to London at half-past twelve, took a cab to the George and Blue Boar in Holborn, from whence the Cambridge coach goes; found the fare was ten shillings, took my place, walked about and read newspapers till three, when the coach started; passed by the Bank, Newgate, St. Paul's, the Exchange. Got to Cambridge, found Goodford's gyp waiting for me. Took a porter; went to King's, found Goodford, Long, Buller, Walker, and Abraham. I sleep in Theed's rooms, which are very comfortable.

As for describing the college, it is impossible; everything seems both handsome and comfortable. The hall is particularly beautiful; but the chapel surpasses everything I have ever seen. The carved oak, painted windows, and the arched roof of stone unite in making it splendid. I went yesterday to see Trinity and St. John's—the former is very handsome, the latter pretty well. It is separated by the river, and the bridge which connects the two sides is said to be like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice.

Hawtrey has come up to take his degree of D.D., and he got *proctorized* the other night by a porter who did not know him. You may guess what a joke this is at King's.

Everything here appears so strange; I can hardly fancy myself the same person I was a week ago. I am sorry I have not been able to give you a decent account, but I have been here so short a time, that everything seems beyond description.

TO HIS FATHER.

Dec. 14.—When you told me my tutor had made you another proposal, I little thought it would be to leave him for a new tutor; indeed, I must own that it does not please me as much as I could wish, for although I should certainly prefer Goodford to any other tutor, yet I have now been so long with my present tutor, and have had such repeated proofs of his kindness, that I cannot like to leave him, although I see that it will be better for me. You know the old proverb, ‘Abreptum ex oculis quærimus’? Indeed, I have never considered my tutor as much of a friend as I have this half. One thing I am glad of is, that Westmacott is to go with me, and I certainly prefer Goodford to any other master.

My commons will be 1s. 6d. a day, which is, I believe, considered cheap.

I am to read Sophocles and Tacitus, and to do an exercise every day besides my holiday task, which is on ‘*Κῆπος σωζόμενος*.’ In the evening I am to translate bits that Goodford will give me, and read history.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King’s College, Dec. 28.—What my father told me about the essays was well known at Eton before we came away. I rather think Selwyn was appealed to, to decide on them. How many other score of people I cannot say. I know Carter had read mine, and I have also *seen* them at *Cambridge*; Goodford and Craufurd both read them, but it was through that Craufurd has been so kind to me, so that altogether, with the books I have got, I certainly need not complain that it was labour lost.

Goodford has given me an Aristophanes in four volumes, anything but a flash-looking book, but one likely to be useful to me; so altogether my library is increasing.

I do not think Cambridge (excepting King’s) as flash as Oxford, and the country about is certainly less interesting. There is only one hill in the whole country; the river is something like the Pool Canal, with a few willows by its side—the Vyrniew beats it

hollow. The buildings, however, in the town are very fine, the Senate House, Public Library, &c. ; but the best rooms, indeed the flashest college altogether is King's. Goodford goes back on Tuesday, and I shall go with him.

On his return to Eton, after the vacation, when he became Mr. Goodford's pupil, he writes :—

Eton, Jan. 30, 1835.—My tutor is very kind. He has six pupils besides myself. We go there very often for private lessons. We are doing the Archarnenses of Aristophanes for play with Hawtrey. I got well for my holiday task. We are going to do Heraclidæ, with Elmsley's notes, for private business.

TO HIS SISTER J.

Eton, March 3, 1835.—Goodford is gone back to Cambridge, so I am now with my old tutor, and am reading as hard as I can. Two or three of us get up nearly every morning at half-past five, instead of sitting up at night. The watchman awakes us by a long string, which is tied to my arm. Sometimes I stop a second to consider for a minute or two, and somehow or other, I don't find myself awake again till about eight o'clock, when I have to go into school ; however, we generally get up, only we are obliged to have coffee to keep ourselves awake. I shall not have read as much this half, but hope I shall get as much good from it, because I used to read too fast, and now I read very slowly. A satire has appeared in college, by an anonymous writer called 'Caleb Caustic,' which professes to cut up the bad, but it is much too severe, and takes in too many to do good. Simonds, Thring, and Bailey are expected to be the three first in the scholarship, Mills and Goulburn the next. I fear some others who were after me last term will beat me next, particularly B—— and D——, both of whom do much better composition than I can. We send

composition to Goodford once a week, and received an answer to the first this morning. He said he was much pleased with it. Goldney will get King's in April, and Money have Montem. I shall be runner.

Montem no longer exists but as a memory of the past. It was a triennial observance at Eton on Whitsun Tuesday; the object being to collect 'Salt money' to pay the expenses of the 'Captain' of the school at King's College. All the school walked in procession to a small tumulus, hence called Salt Hill, where they put up a flag, read certain Latin Prayers, and afterwards dined and had all sorts of sports and revelries. A certain number of the senior boys on the foundation scoured the country early in the morning, stopping the mail coach, carriages, and all who came to the ceremony with the demand of Salt! Salt! and allowing no one to pass till they had paid the tribute and received a pass-ticket, 'Mos pro lege,'—custom instead of law—or 'Pro more et monte'—for custom and the mount—(used at alternate Montems). The Runners or Servitors wore rich fancy dresses, and were superintended by two boys called 'Salt bearers.' The fifth form had scarlet coats, plumed cocked hats, and swords; and the lower boys, blue jackets, white waistcoats and trowsers, and blue wands. The origin of the Montem is unknown, but it has been traced back as far as the reign of Elizabeth. It is supposed it may have had some connection with the ceremony of the Boy-Bishop,—held formerly at grammar schools on St. Nicholas' Day,—either as an observance of the same class, or more probably, as having at the time of the Reformation superseded it. Previous to 1759 Montem appears to have been

held every two years in the winter. The last Montem was in 1844. When the time again came round for it, and its 'no-meaning merry scene' in 1847, it was abolished by Provost Hodgson and Dr. Hawtrey.

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, March 15, 1835.—I wish I had time to get up my old reading, but it is getting so very near the scholarship, which begins a fortnight from to-morrow, and I have so many things I must do, that I shall not be able to give above three days to looking over what I have done, though I should like a week. I take enough exercise to keep myself well, and am in very good spirits, though I cannot help thinking all sorts of things at different times, but I believe my general fault is nearer vanity than despondency. I said catechism to-day in church for the last time at Eton, as, unless something extraordinary happens, I shall be in the sixth form at election.

The king came here on Thursday, about five, and although it rained, nearly the greater part of school (at least four hundred) went up to cheer him, and waited for him about an hour in the rain. We then ran from the long walk gates at the end of Windsor, through the town, up to the castle, cheering all the way. But we were *not sent* there, although there was something like a hint from head-quarters, but all who know anything about Eton must know that it would be impossible for the master to make us go there, except entirely of our own accord. I mention this because I have heard that some of the Radical papers assert the Eton boys to the number of two hundred were *sent up* to cheer the king, which I beg leave to say was impossible. He was also very well received by the townspeople.

The next letter announces the result of the Newcastle scholarship examination for this year:—

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, April 5, 1835.—I hope this note will make all at Meifod happy by the news that I have got the medal, although I only beat Simonds by about one word; but I will tell you all about it when I come home. Bailey has got the scholarship, and Rowland Williams the medal. I hope you will not think it dearly bought at a couple of guineas, for I have got to give so many socks, &c., that it will cost at least that. I don't think I shall ever beat Simonds again; but, with the help of heaven, I will try my best. But I am in a hurry, I only wanted to tell you I had got it.

TO HIS SISTER G.

Eton, June 12, 1835.—I send you a paper with a better account of Montem than I should be able to give you. I was up myself at half-past four, but did not get away before half-past six, owing to my bag not being ready. The man had not received his packages, and had to sit up all night to make up for it. However, at last, off I went in a gig to Colnbrook with Hawtrey ma., and worked from seven till twelve. Of course we got most money from carriages which were coming expressly to Montem; we got £15 out of one; to some we had to give long explanations, and, after all, perhaps got 6d. or 1s. for our trouble. However, altogether we did very well. Hawtrey ma., between the gardens and Colnbrook, got £75; I got £77; Balston got £103 on Windsor bridge, Yonge not above £40. Simmonds and Essington were at Maidenhead. At about a quarter to one we set off from Colnbrook, galloped half the way to catch a gig which had given us the slip while starting; got 7s. out of it; reached Salt-hill at half-past one, saw the king, &c., &c., and dined at two—had champagne and claret, for which the captain paid. You will see the account of the procession, &c., in the paper; of course I did not see it, but altogether I had far, far better fun than at either of the two Montems before. But for the expense I should like it over again. My dress was very good; but now comes the worst part, 'the paying for it.' Mr. Cash's bill is £4 4s. It is rather an object to him to have ready money. . . . Lord Clive was at Montem, but I did not see him. I heard that

his *carriage* gave B—— £8. The total Salt is £1006, and not £967, as in the paper. This is more than the two last Montems, but the two before got £1400. Money will probably pocket £500, as the Montem has been more economical than any for some time before, which is a very good thing. We got saluted by beggars on Montem day, as brothers of the profession.

Money, Durnford, and Yonge will probably get King's. I chose the Niebuhr history at last, although it was rather less than the Arnold, but I thought it would be a good opportunity for Papa to read it, as I heard him say he should like, and I might not be able to get it again.

TO HIS SISTER J.

June 21, 1835.—The runners ought to have a dinner after Montem, but we have heard nothing of it, and we suspect the captain means to leave us un-dinnered, which we are hardly quite satisfied with. I should have told you I got a *Spectator* and *Ovid*. My garden is doing pretty well. The mignonette and the willow hedge are the two things which do best.

At the election, July 27th, 1835, his name appears sixth on the indenture for King's.

TO HIS SISTER G.

Eton, Nov. 1, 1835.—We have had another essay set, on the Foundation and early history of Rome. It is, if possible, worse than the last. All Niebuhr and a few other books are to be read. My father was right in supposing that my speech was from Livy; but I have now got to *do* and speak declamation. It is on the proposal, just before the battle of Salamis, to remove the fleet to the isthmus. I am supposed to side with Themistocles, and to advise their stay at Salamis. Perhaps in course of time they will make me an orator.

The Christmas vacation was again spent in reading at Cambridge. While there he received the news of his

father's presentation to Ysceifiog, and writes to his brother of the event:—

Cambridge, Jan. 1836.—I have seldom been so agreeably surprised as by your joint letter, which I received on Monday. For two whole days I thought of nothing but Meifod and Ysceifiog, so that I fear Shilleto found himself minus a few iambs, as well as Plato badly construed. I need hardly say how glad I am papa and mamma's income, and consequently their comfort, is increased. Still I cannot help feeling sorry at the idea of leaving Meifod. There are so many people to part with, so many places to leave, so many of our earliest remembrances to be forsaken, that it would be impossible not to feel sorrow, and I consider Meifod much more my birthplace than Halkyn. I am glad I received your last letter from Meifod, and shall carefully treasure it up. I hope for my own sake you will not remove before Easter, as I should at least like to visit Meifod once more, and bid farewell to old friends.

The translation to Ysceifiog very nearly cost both him and his brother their lives. The parish had not recovered the consequences of the long non-residence of the rector, and the neglect from which it suffered during the time Dean Shipley held the living, from 1770 to 1826.*

* With Ysceifiog, Dean Shipley held the vicarage of Wrexham, and the sinecure of Llangwm, which he exchanged for Corwen, and he subsequently exchanged Corwen for Llanarmon, in Yale. He became Chancellor of the diocese, and was made Dean of St. Asaph in 1774. He could not speak the language, and cared little for the spiritual interests of his Welsh parishes. He lived luxuriantly at Bodryddan under the plea of attending to his father's diocese during his absence in England. He was popular as a sportsman, but his name had not much reason to be esteemed in his parishes. His father was regarded as a Nepotist, and he as a Pluralist, and together they afforded an instance of the evils accruing to Wales from her bishops and clergy not knowing the language of the people.

At the time of the Dean's death, Ysceifiog was said to be one of the three worst and most unruly parishes in North Wales. The rector who succeeded him did what he could to bring the village into order, and before his death had commenced rebuilding the church. This, Rowland Williams, sen., when he became rector, completed. He also endeavoured in other ways to advance the work of improvement already begun, and especially set on foot a movement for the early closing of the public-houses—a measure which exasperated the mining population of the place, and they strove by every species of annoyance they could devise to render it unbearable to him. One night, after all the family had retired to rest, a body of these men surrounded the house, probably rather with the intention of alarming than of doing serious harm. The sons got up and went out, determined to resist them. They were however set upon and overpowered, and with difficulty escaped with their lives. Rowland, especially, was taken up half dead, and was for some time after laid up. The affair created great sensation in the neighbourhood, and much sympathy was excited. All the farmers offered their services, and were sworn in as special constables to keep the peace; and the man suspected of being the most violent of the assailants felt himself obliged to emigrate. After this, the ill-feeling subsided, and gradually changed into one of much affection for the rector and his family.

The result of the Newcastle examination of 1836 was a keen disappointment to Rowland Williams. He thus announces it to his home friends:—

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, March 17, 1836.—When I wrote last, my vanity had persuaded me that I was prepared with a due proportion of equanimity for whatever might occur. But the event of to-day has made me feel inwardly that there was not a little self-flattery in the idea. I am third ! beaten not only by Simonds, from whom I might naturally expect it, but by Balston, who is *the* scholar—Simonds the medallist. After all, I am beaten only by a word ; the examiners were obliged to give the papers a second inspection, and, after all, could hardly distinguish between Simonds and myself. Goodford says it is a mere chance, and that I have not lost ground ; Hawtrey has said almost as much, but still there is the plain fact, I am beaten by two competitors, one of whom a year ago I distanced, and it is impossible not to feel sorry. But I am not ashamed, nor do I despair, and if it please God to bless me another day, as He has seen fit to disappoint me on this, I will yet run the race and perhaps win the prize with Balston. Of Simonds I am more afraid, but we shall probably have some three years at Cambridge to fight out the battle, and the strong may yet be beaten. I hope and trust that you and my mother will not be vexed by this event ; from my own talent or my own exertions or scholarship, I never could expect to be successful, and if it has pleased God to let me for once be beaten, I have no right to complain. Goodford is anxious to write to you, I believe, to assure you that I am in no discredit from it, but cannot possibly get time to write ; you will probably hear from him soon. Poor Simonds is, I think, more hurt than myself : he is of the deep temper which cannot laugh one minute and cry the next. I wish him every good ; so, indeed, I do our successful rival, but I trust in heaven to beat them both some future period.

I am glad you are all well, and am not the less eager to see you, because I come as a beaten man.

Recollect this is my first night. I should write in a much more composed strain after sleeping twelve hours.

The following is Mr. Goodford's account of the matter :—

I cannot help saying I participate in his disappointment, though I attribute it wholly to ill luck in the turn which the examination has taken this time. I do not, nor indeed does any one, consider that his character as a scholar is in the slightest degree diminished by it. The contest was a very severe one. On the Thursday evening, when all the papers had been gone through, B., S., and your son were equal, and the examiners were employed till three o'clock on Friday morning closely looking into their papers to decide the distinction, and after they had by a very small difference decided on B. as the scholar, there still remained so close a run between S. and your son that, had it not been necessary to separate them to award the medal, they would have been bracketed together, and the difference which they at last made was so small as to do equal credit to both. I cannot help thinking it just possible, though I am far from meaning to cast any imputation on the examiners, that in so nice a case his having been medallist last year may now in some degree have operated against him. Simonds, whom I have always considered his chief antagonist here, says that had the examination been such as it has usually hitherto been, he considers there would have been no doubt of his success. They had no Greek play, which is certainly a strong point with your son, and no Latin theme or Latin prose to be translated; and, I repeat, I have every reason to be satisfied with the examination he has passed, and am only vexed at the ill luck which accompanied it.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER.

Eton, May 8, 1836.—What in the world is your highness about that you will not condescend to favour your humble servant with a letter? Is it because I wrote you such a long lecture in my last that you are afraid that you do not know how to write to me? or is it only that you have nothing to say? Write me a letter about anything; tell me of your last ball, of your partners, of the hearts you have broken at Brecon, or, if you like better, of the

medicines you have mixed, and the *patients* you have cured or killed—methinks they will need some *patience* with doctor. *Do*, though, really, please to write me a letter about something or other. I will promise not to send you another grave letter for a long time—at least, not until I think you have forgotten the last. The truth is, I suppose, you think your dignity insulted by receiving advice; so, then, I will not send you any more. You may, perhaps, have heard that we beat the Westminster in a rowing match at Staines about a week ago, but you can hardly conceive all the gaiety and bustle that took place. All sorts of coaches, carriages, chaises, were hired and loaded with Eton fellows, who were obliged to go in this manner, because otherwise they thought the distance (seven miles) would be too far. Well, it so happened that there was a false start, and the Eton fellows pulled on about a mile before they knew they were to pull it over again. However, they did pull again, and beat the Westminster in fine style. We returned home, holloaing and hurraing all the way like mad fellows, little conscious, *alas!* of the doom that awaited them, for when we came in we were at least half an hour too late for *absence*, and Hawtrey was not a little savage on the occasion. The end of it was, that for upwards of a week we had to trudge to an extra *absence* at one o'clock, therewith cutting up all our cricket, &c., &c. So much for the Westminster match. Perhaps I should have told you that before the match was really pulled we were all disappointed once by the *non-arrival* of the Westminster.

June 3.—Last night there were the actual fireworks, &c., in an ayot in the river, and some of them were very well worth seeing, but the last, which was to be the best of all, would not go off, because the rain had wetted it. . . .

Yesterday I spoke a Latin speech in the upper school, in silk stockings and breeches; but I suppose you know how we speak. But about the middle thereof I quite forgot what was coming next, and sooner than stick all together I made up a sort of sentence of my own, which did for the time, and then skipping most of my speech spoke the last sentence, and forthwith made

my bow to the assembly, so that altogether it was rather amusing. But if I had not been able to make out a sentence it would have been dreadful, as you may well suppose, to stand in a crowd of big-wigs and Eton fellows with nothing to say for myself. And now, my dear C., having, as I hope, made my peace with you by writing not quite such a dry letter as my last, I must conclude; and with best love and hopes that you are well, and that you like your profession, that you are doing well, in short, that you are all right, I must remain your ever affectionate brother. I hope we shall see each other in August at home.

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, July 10, 1836.—I fear an idea is beginning to prevail at Ysceifiog that I am very long in writing. I hope, however, for some excuse from my late employment, which has been to do, *write*, and *get* the prize for the Address to his Majesty.* You perhaps recollect that almost the first time that I doubted of my father's judgment was when he said I should not get it. If I recollect right, my mother said I might. At any rate it has pleased Heaven I should get it, and thankful am I to be at last first in something. I had heard it more commended than my modesty will let me well tell you. I am to speak it to the king on election Monday, and to get books, I believe, to the value of £20. I have also been fortunate enough to get the verse prize (£2 10s.) for the last exercise that was sent up, so that I have at least not come off empty-handed this school time.

The story of B. was—he and I one Sunday got into such an interesting walk that we returned quite unconscious about half an hour after we ought to have been in church, and the novelty of the thing was such that we received only an admonition. A very busy time is now coming, as I have the Address to prepare for speaking, copies to provide, and altogether an abundance of business. The Address has been, the author fancies, too much curtailed, but it will be all the easier to speak.

* On the occasion of a visit of William IV. to Eton, 1836, a special prize was offered for a poem commemorative of the event. See Appendix A.

‘He accordingly recited the verse,’ writes Mr. Essington, ‘at speeches in the upper school. On this occasion the Court was present, and I have a distinct recollection of observing the monarch beating time with his head as the sonorous and rhythmic lines rolled forth.’

At the election, July 25th, his name appears second on the indenture for King’s, and on the school list as having been sent up for good eighteen times, and Mr. Goodford writes:—‘His composition has been unusually but deservedly rewarded; to have gained a prize for holiday task, for the composition during the school term, and though last, not least, the address to the King at election is no small feather in one boy’s cap, and I am sincerely glad to see it in his.’

TO HIS SISTER.

Eton, Oct. 11, 1836.—I had all but forgotten to tell you of my address books. They consist of a Burnet’s *Reformation*, six vols.; an *Athenæus*, fourteen or rather four volumes, with ten of notes, and a Scheller’s Latin dictionary about as large as the biggest folio bible of papa’s; they are all handsomely bound. I think I have been sent up twenty times.

The £5 of exercise prizes is a Dion., in two folio vols.; so that the greater part of the £50 worth of prizes I shall have got in the sixth form will be mere lumber, about as useful as painted wood. I should think it almost impossible to spend money worse; whereas the three books that Goodford has given me are all eminently useful. I have not yet got my task.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Eton, Oct. 16, 1836.—I received the sacrament the Sunday before last. Wright preached an excellent sermon on the Reformation, but shaved rather closely on politics. It is rather

odd that the two best sermons I have heard at Eton should have had a sprinkling of political allusion.

Now for good news. I was yesterday sent up for play; that simply means 'sent up' for some verses on Mr. Thomas Inkle and Yarico—I suppose you know the story.

I don't remember whether I have told you that I have got my books. They consist of an *Anthology*, in five vols. like Keate's *Lucretius*, and an *Appian*, in three smaller ones. They are very handsome, but I wish he had given me my choice, as I would have taken something more immediately useful. I am to speak next Tuesday, and now I am on the subject I could write a letter—Conceive me practising, with Hawtrey at one end and myself at the other, shouting at each other; then I have to be dressed in 'knees,' &c., and to stretch out my hands for action—the whole thing seems too absurd. I am Spurius Posthumus, and shall, no doubt, make a fine Roman.

The longed-for goal of the Eton race was now attained. On November 5th, 1836, Mr. Goodford writes to congratulate the father on his son's accession to King's, a resignation having come, and tells him he leaves Eton in high repute both from the head master and his tutor. 'I shall part with him with much regret, for our connection since he was first my fag till now has been a source of much pleasure to me.' And Mr. Wilder says—'He leaves Eton with the highest character not only for industry and scholarship, but for unexceptionable good conduct in every respect.'

TO HIS FATHER.

Eton, Nov. 11, 1836.—I have written, or shall have written, 'good news' outside my letter, and such, indeed, it is for us; but it is somewhat selfish to think it so, and I blame myself for doing it. Young B—— is dead, and I shall consequently get King's in a day or two; indeed, I may consider myself already in possession of it, although the resignation of it is not yet

arrived. I need not say the thousand things I feel mixed up between joy and fear, but the first greatly predominates, and not least so because it is a joy which will be felt by every one at Ysceifog. I may never, perhaps, have a better opportunity than the present of thanking the father who, out of his limited income, gave me an opportunity of gaining this and a thousand other advantages, and I hope and trust that my conduct in my new situation will not disappoint any promise of mine or hope of his.

I know that I shall have a thousand temptations at King's, and I shall need both care and help from above to avoid them, but I do not despair of doing so.

I fancy I shall do better if Balston comes up soon, and it is to be hoped he will.

In the mean time it must be considered how I am to get to King's, and how my allowance there is to be regulated.

You ask what I have been sent up for. Answer 1.—The prize theme ; 2.—Some hexameters upon Delphis ; not, I think, my best copy, but Hawtrey and my tutor liked them. This morning I breakfasted with Hawtrey, and after twelve he told me a resignation was coming, and that he should send me up for play again before I went ; so now there are twenty-one.

Honours,* indeed, I shall never get, for, many reasons which I will hereafter explain ; but as far as affection and future reluctance to do wrong can go, I trust I shall not be wanting.

B—— has left only eight years, and was the favourite son of his aged parents. This unexpected death is likely to strike them severely, so that I should be more selfish than I hope I am if I felt unmixed joy on the occasion.

He was dismissed to King's, November 8th.

* Degrees were at this time conferred at King's without examination, and men did not read for honours. King's men first went in for examination for degree in 1853.

CHAPTER II.

CAMBRIDGE—UNDERGRADUATE DAYS: 1836—1839.

‘ A change was coming on,
 I was no more a boy ; the past was breaking
 Before the coming.’—*Pauline.*

FOR an account of his life at Cambridge we are again dependent chiefly upon letters to his home friends.

TO HIS SISTER G.

Cambridge, Nov. 13, 1836.—I am getting through my freshman’s week pretty tolerably, but find many bores in shape of writing out statutes, Latin letters, &c. I am to be matriculated to-morrow. Every one is very civil to me ; I called at Dr. Thackeray’s yesterday, and am asked there this evening. We have chapel every morning at eight, which is an inconvenience, notwithstanding the bewildering beauty of the building. Poor Simeon died to-day, and is much regretted throughout the university.

I would advise my home friends not to raise their spirits too much at my tutor’s comparative estimate of my progress. No one can measure another person’s strength so well as the individual himself, and my own ambition has lately become far more humble than the wishes of my friends. At any rate I hope to do nothing unworthy of myself and the kindness I have received. . . . I expect to read five or six hours a day.

I meant once, with B——, to have declined every sort of wine party altogether, but I am told by most sober advisers that such a proceeding would be to excommunicate ourselves, as men consider it an affront to be refused absolutely, but a reading man is allowed to leave after the first hour. Now, I must always have sat some time before I could apply to reading after dinner. My plan therefore is to go when asked, and to sit till six, except when I give a party myself, which will not be more than three times a term.

My greatest difficulty at King's will be to keep up religious feelings. A certain party in the college is such as to throw everything into extremes, and it is difficult to avoid being either a fanatic or a profligate ; but I trust God will help me, and be with me in my hour of need.

This cannot much amuse you ; but I am growing so grave, if I had waited until I could amuse you I might never have written.

TO HIS FATHER.

Nov. 24, 1836.—You want an account of my proceedings. I have been, in the fortnight since my arrival, at five parties, and have left them at six, except one which was half an hour later. The intermediate evenings have been opened generally at the Junior Combination. If I see no society at my own rooms, I shall of course attend oftener, only making it a point to retire early.

I am learning Hebrew, according to your wish ; we have mathematical lectures twice a week, four days in classics. I called upon Shilleto a day or two after I wrote, and he was too full to take me till the vacation, when he will do so ; in the mean time he advised me as to my reading, and of Hebrew pursuits. I shall do as he directs.

Simeon was buried with every becoming honour. About 800 gownsmen, old and young, followed in procession, though the day was cold and wet. As we entered chapel the opening anthem had a beautiful effect, as afterwards had the Dead March in Saul ;

our Provost also read beautifully, and never perhaps were more tears shed for a man by those in no way related to him than on the present occasion. We heard to-day of the death of another fellow, Peter Hind, after Goodall the greatest friend of Porson, and by him accounted one of the best scholars he left behind ; so that we have lost together two of the most distinguished characters in the University.

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Dec. 6, 1836.— . . . It is already pretty well understood that I had rather go to a wine party where there are only three or four than to one of a dozen men, and this, with my coming away early, makes my invitations thinner, which is a point desirable. This system of going as seldom as possible and under due restriction seems to me to tally with the general spirit of your letters. If you prefer the solitary plan, you have only to say so ; but I cannot give wine to men out of college, and not to men in ; neither can I visit them. In every way the subject is full of difficulties, but I am sure I have laid down the best rule on the whole.

The lectures, and chapels, and accounts cut up the time like mince-meat.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Jan. 2, 1837.—I am in the middle of the Craven ; that is, I have been in it two days, and get on as well perhaps as can be expected, that is on the whole. I am rather tired, though, and somewhat stupid, from thinking more than my thoughtless brains are well accustomed to.

You ask me, and well you may, to avoid superfluities. I will, and do indeed try to do so ; but our whole life here is full of superfluities, or at least luxuries, which become necessities from the nature of the place.

The first fortnight —— returned, he came here and told me he was going to try *no* wine, and we sat up till about two, talking the pros and cons. The next day I made out a mathematical

calculation of all the good and bad, and determined, at last, not without thought, to try the same at present. So, it now is. After dinner I go down, and read a paper or review until about six; return, read, go to bed. I told Goodford by letter, and his answer appears to approve of it. I confess I do not think I shall last entirely without very long, but will never get into the King's parties again. It is not so easy as I reckoned to leave them at six.

TO HIS SISTER.

King's College, Jan. 6, 1837.—Our examinations cannot be stricter than they have been for some years, but we are now to have *degree* examinations in addition to the others. I have been reading for the last quarter with Shilleto. Our life during vacation is more comfortably regular than in term time, and now I am in the swing, I expect to get on satisfactorily. I read every day till one, or sometimes two; take my aspen stick of huge bulk, and begin moving for upwards of an hour out of Cambridge, as fast as I can. I then move back. I dine at half-past four; read at six, get generally three hours out of the rest of the evening. I find the greatest difficulty in getting up early. We have had four or five days' skating. There is such a difficulty here in varying the monotonous walking, that any novelty of a kind such as this is quite an event. I sometimes play fives, there being a wall built by *Eton* men, to have their own peculiar game on the banks of the Cam.

TO HIS FATHER.

Feb. 8, 1837.—I stayed in the Craven to the end, though influenza thinned our numbers every day. It is a very nice examination, and I did as well as could be expected, but made some extraordinary blunders. I have got a tutor for mathematics, instead of classics, as I appear to be most wanting in, and therefore to want, the science of angles.

The voluntary system, as it has prospered at King's, might be a useful warning to our Radicals of the Church. The voluntary Hebrew lecture began with the greater part of the scholars, and for a fortnight every one was, or was going to be, a Rabbi. But

the congregation grew small by degrees and beautifully less, until only *two* now sit at the feet of the teacher. I must begin to cogitate on my English prize poem that is to be, and have thought of the Hulsean essay for undergraduates, 'On the Comparative Evidence of Christianity, to the first Converts and at present.' King's goes on much as usual; the place is as beautiful, and the Cam as interesting as ever. We had three Eton wranglers—Blake, Marsh, and Ellis. We need not inquire too curiously, however, where they learnt their mathematics.

I told Dr. Thackeray last night of a mistake of mine in the Craven, and meeting me to-day in the street he repeated it in full, and said 'he had dreamt of it during the night.'

Melville, the *Mr. Richards* of England, is preaching here. On Sunday I actually could not get a place.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, May 3, 1837.—I have received my Eton books, which are an edition of the *Septuagint*, in six volumes (verse prize), and a Dodwell's *Tour in Greece and Italy* (leaving book), two 4to vols.

The Newcastle scholar was Goulburn, and, although he had thousands of chances in his favour, I could almost feel disappointed Mountain was not actually first; as it is, he has done wonders in the vulgar eye.

I had from him, the other day, the most exquisitely mournful and confiding letter that he ever wrote [on the death of his mother].

How I came to have a friend so much better than myself in everything but mere scholarship, I can hardly tell.

The long vacation of 1837 was passed chiefly at home; a few days of it were spent at Blunham, of which, on his return to Cambridge, he writes:—

October 25, 1837.—My stay was remarkably pleasant. I walked, fished, and boated with Mountain, and the days slipped

away on wings of silver ; we both walked one day 13 miles before breakfast.

I finished and showed up my essay for the Hulsean prize.

Jacob Mountain, alluded to above, was the third son of the late Rev. Dr. Mountain, of Blunham Rectory, Bedfordshire.

The ardent friendship which existed between him and Rowland Williams as schoolfellows continued unabated for many years. Their characters were in strong contrast, and Mountain's gentle, confiding nature seems to have found a resting-place in the greater strength of his friend. His letters from Oxford were filled with requests that he would write to him—longings that they might meet—regrets that he was not with him at Cambridge—a confidential pouring out of difficulties—an eager imploring for advice.

Mr. Mountain sailed as missionary to Newfoundland in 1849. Though circumstances and distance caused a cessation of frequent intercourse between the friends, the love did not pass away.

Long afterwards, in a letter of June 24, 1854, Mr. Mountain refers to the influence Rowland Williams had exercised upon him thus—'I often find in many ways how much I owe to you ; some old word of teaching or training comes uppermost from the depths of past days in season.'

Rowland Williams felt his death, in 1856, most deeply. The news reached him in the middle of his own troubles at Lampeter, and drew from him the following sonnet, which he published at the end of *Orestes*. It was composed in the neighbourhood of a little church standing

solitary amidst the wild mountains of the Cothi valley, about four miles from Lampeter, on the day when the sad news reached him.

LLAN-Y-CRWYS.*

CHURCH of the Cross, in deep-receding Vale
 Cradled, 'mid mountains, where the wild winds rave,
 Yet spare the sheltering nook which wild flowers crave,
 How fitly on this day I bid thee hail !
 For by this wintry light I heard the tale,
 That far in land beyond the Western wave,
 Mountain, my boyhood's friend, has found a grave,
 His strength worn out, though faith untaught to quail ;
 Soldier unswerving of the Cross Divine.
 How vast a Sorrow darkens o'er his tomb !
 And here thy cherished hopes, weak Heart of mine,
 Are fall'n, and buried in a night of gloom.
 Yet, by the Cross, with crown which none can sever,
 Stands 'our Arising and our Life' for ever.

* * * * *

TO HIS SISTERS.

King's College, Dec. 4, 1837.—There are two scholarships next term, one being the Craven, which Lyttleton has resigned ; the other is a Battie. We have in all probability little or no chance, as our own year is a good one, and there will be many candidates older than ourselves. However, we endeavour to cheat ourselves with the semblance of a hope.

King's College, Dec. 30, 1837.— . . . I went to town by a coach full inside and out of King's men and their immediate friends, who beguiled the tedious way (for we were upwards of eight hours going fifty miles) by singing all manner of songs, much to our own amusement and the edification of people who met or passed us. . . .

* Church of the Cross.

On Sunday I went out of curiosity to a Roman Catholic chapel, but as far as show and magnificence went was rather disappointed. . . . In the evening I went to Westminster Abbey, and it would hardly be possible for you to conceive how much I was struck by it. It is so immense, so lofty, and the aisles are so solemn, that the impression they make upon the mind is quite unearthly. Even our chapel, with its perfect proportions and magnificent windows, seems to dwindle in comparison. If they had been in heathen times, I should think our chapel might have been a temple of Apollo, the god of light and art and beauty, while the other would be a sort of place of assembly for all the deities together. Perhaps the dim twilight in which I saw the Abbey may have made it unusually impressive. . . .

On Monday night Witts escorted me to Covent Garden, where I saw Macready, the best living actor, act *Macbeth*. The brilliant show of scenery almost animated, the splendid dresses and music, in short, everything that belongs to mere stage ornament, to say nothing of lustres and bright lights and bright eyes, were all perfect, or as nearly so as one could wish; but in the acting itself I was rather disappointed, and although there is a good deal that is admirable, yet even he often failed in realizing the impression one had conceived of some of the finest passages. The rest of the crowd gave you more the idea of peacocks strutting on a summer's day than of Shakespearian characters.

On Wednesday I returned to Cambridge, having been absent not quite a week, and having spent my furlough very agreeably.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 31, 1838.—We have been three or four days out of the examination for the University scholarships, but our satisfaction on this account is something lessened by the sudden disappearance of the frost, just when we reckoned on unlimited skating. So that the whole week we were engaged we had to suffer the frost and cold, which was quite as much at our fingers' ends as anything we had to construe. Now the misty weather makes us all nearly

as listless and torpid as so many Lapland bears. However, we had, as it was, occasional skating for some miles, and several undergraduates went down the river as far as Ely, which by water is upwards of twenty miles. I believe the chips of the King's block in general, and myself in particular, acquitted ourselves as well as could be expected with our limited reading, but cannot, of course, venture any positive opinion. It will not be known for about six weeks who are the scholars. I believe Balston's name is mentioned in the university as having a chance of the second, and a man named Freeman * of the first.

I am going to attend the Greek professor's lectures this term. Report says that the great German dons value his *Æschylus*, or rather his edition of it, at such a rate as to kick it contemptuously across their lecture rooms, but at any rate the man has to examine in the scholarship here, and so it will be well to treasure up his opinions until I can change them for some that are better.

The mention of — somehow or other prompts me to put in a word of hope that you *don't* wish me to go hereafter as master to Eton, for I have anything but a fancy that way, and the mention of an Eton name sounds ominous to my fears.

I found in the Craven, with a mixture of horror and amusement, that three days before, I had been playing at hockey on the ice with the *Vice-Chancellor* !! to say nothing of talking to him just as if he had been an Eton fellow.

In the examination for the University Scholarships mentioned above, he was himself successful in gaining the Battie Scholarship, to which he refers in the next letter:—

TO HIS FATHER.

March 20, 1838.—As to the proceeds of the Battie, you may be amused to hear that my dignity is manifoldly increased by my becoming for seven years the owner of an estate, or landed property, in other words of a little farm, with a tenant too !!!

* Philip Freeman, now Archdeacon of Exeter.

who signs himself 'your umbal servant, J. J.' I believe, however, I shall get no rent for at least six months from the present time, as the last payment, in January this year, was made to Hildyard, the scholar who preceded me. I might almost be tempted, instead of coming home, to go and survey so important a property, and at any rate I must learn to talk of the 'landed interest,' and so forth. F——, whom you ask about, comes from some small school in Suffolk. We have through our scholarships slid into a sort of intimacy together, and I like what I have seen of him very much. I had to call to-day on the Regius Professor, who spoke very kindly, exhorting me to work, and asked me for my verses which I had written in the Craven.

May 14, 1838.—Our Provost, having heard of our boating, told somebody the other day (half in fun, I suppose, and half in earnest) that if we were children he would lock us all up, but as he cannot well do that, he will do what he can by giving us imposition whenever our boat takes us out of chapel. You may have gathered from this word 'our' that I sometimes steer; the fact is, that the office is shared between Hawtrey and myself. But as it will be most convenient for Hawtrey to go to Eton, I shall probably not be wanted, and in that case shall come straight home.

Only think, there are 550 boys at Eton, an increase of a full hundred since Hawtrey became head-master. The Queen, too, is expected to go to Montem, which may save her Majesty from a little ill odour for not having got them (as an Eton fellow told me indignantly) 'a single holiday since she has been Queen.'

There is another 'address' to our Fellows printed, on the perpetual subject of degrees, which declares the Founder intended us to go into the schools, &c., &c. But the Provost is very staunch the other side.

The summer vacation of 1838 was spent partly at Ysceifiog, whither Mr. Mountain accompanied him, and partly in a tour which the friends took together in North Wales.

In the Michaelmas term of 1838 he took pupils at Cambridge, and during the Christmas vacation, and also the following summer vacation (1839), he was engaged as private tutor to the son of Capt. Burton, of Dunstall Priory, Kent.

In the spring of the year he writes from Cambridge : —

TO HIS SISTER J.

King's College, March 13, 1839.—You have probably heard of Balston's success, and they might have added that Simonds was undisputably the second. Several other of our scholars, too, did well; so that at present the star of King's may be considered as very brilliant. My illustration is taken from *astrology*, which, strange to say, after being considered for centuries as a mere dream, is raising its head in some slight degree, and some of the younger part of our university actually believe in it as a science. Last night, its claims were made the subject of a debate in the Union, and, although we had a majority against it, yet its advocates made more play than I should have thought possible. I believe, really, there is nothing so silly but it will find believers, if only somebody will announce it boldly as something wise.

There has been for the first time here a Welsh dinner on St. David's day, and though I am not much given to such things, yet I assented to attend, whereupon Herbert * was made president, and myself vice-president, and we presided accordingly, making speeches and praising Wales to infinity. I believe there really was no kind of panegyric which some orator or other did not lavish on ourselves or our country. We declared the language was music, the people the best of all peoples, and the country the best of countries. We had the Hughes', or the Infant Harpists, there by way of music. The worst part of it all, as you may naturally expect, was the expense of the thing: however, we console ourselves by thinking that it comes only once a year.

* Lord Clive, the present Earl Powis.

I have bought my father a volume or two of the 'Oxford Tracts,' which *on the whole* I expect he will like, though they are much condemned by many persons who have never read them. Dr. Hook, the author of *the* sermon before the Queen, praises them very highly.

Of Cambridge recreations, Mr. Essington writes :—

We played fives when we were undergraduates, and went to the Union together, where Rowland Williams was a leading speaker on the Conservative side, and as Fellows we used (of course quite by chance) to fall in with Mr. Allix's harriers in the fen country, by Little Wilbraham, and the Cambridgeshire at Madingley or Babraham. On these occasions he soon left us behind, and every one except the rider regarded with apprehension the heels of the brown thoroughbred, which Rowland Williams was fond of praising, although he seemed to us to be a stubborn and dangerous stallion.

His character as a 'reading man' was soon established at Cambridge, and it appears that, during his undergraduate days, his reading extended over a wide range, and was deep as well as varied.

A strong under-current of religious feeling continued to mark his character. As at Eton, it was his habit to compose prayers. In his journal we find him, in success or disappointment, referring all to God, and in competitions, praying that he may 'never feel the cursed gnawings of envy and malice.'

The natural cast of his mind and the gravity of his character led him early to take great interest in theological subjects. The philosophy of religion, especially, seems to have had a peculiar attraction for him. Coleridge he calls at this time 'my great idol,' and, in later life, he used to

speak of the influence his writings had upon him in his younger days, and to say that he more than any other was his intellectual father. *The Friend*, the *Aids to Reflection*, and when it appeared, the *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, had no doubt a share in moulding his opinions.

He had a great passion for poetry. Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, he mentions at this time as his chief favourites. In his intense admiration and love for Shelley and Byron, he tells how he used to pray for their souls, that if possible they might be saved.

He indulged also in writing poetry himself, and it was natural to him through life, to find vent in verse for all strong emotions of either joy, love, anger, sorrow, or those connected with the religious feelings.

Besides notices of books, his commonplace book of this period records recollections of sermons and thoughts upon different subjects, scraps of poetic reverie, pretty bits of word-painting, chiefly ending with some thought of God or of the soul. Occasionally something of a morbid strain, probably caused by indifferent health, pervaded these. It began to be characteristic of him, as it was still more in after life, that natural reserve never left him so much as when he took up his pen, and that he expressed his inner mind most freely in writing.

A few extracts are subjoined.

Oct. 11th.—A most lovely sunset. Spenser-like luxuriance of beauty in the massy clumps of trees, in broken labyrinths and recesses overhanging the stream, with their dark green mellowing into purest gold, like the tint of auburn tresses. This were a time to vow, that nothing vile should hence pollute the soul.

Late Autumn, Nov. 2nd, 1837.—The mulberry in our garden, the willow at our bridge, and one or two of our elms are as deeply green as in the middle of summer, and the weather is remarkably fine, though the nearly naked limes and chesnuts, with their leaves constantly falling, make an awful mixture of life and death.

Many things bitter in reality are sweet to dwell upon. I have loved at times to fancy the most miserable situations I could be placed in, and cry over them as if real, yet I felt not pain, but the sort of pleasure felt at a tragedy. Such a habit is interesting, but full of danger, as it leads to morbid sensibility and imagination of evils where no evil is.

God's Omnipresent Bounty.—There is no place so lonely but God has scattered some flower or weed or sign of life to bear witness to His power and goodness. The traveller has been cherished in the desert by the sight of a little flower. I know not whether, as philosophers say, *everything* is made for some purpose, or whether there is not a prodigality, as it were, of bounty which lavishes beauty superabundantly.

The excellent William Howels, a Welshman without guile, said, 'God is the most *frugal* as well as the most bountiful of beings. Everything serves some purpose.'

Scott's 'Monastery.'—I have been delighted by reading the 'Monastery,' which I have just read the second time; the first time since I was at all capable of judging. The characters of Halbert, Edward, and Mary Avenel, as well as Eustace and Warden, and all the natural touches of manner and apparently unintentional pathos, like poor Grizzie and Grambie turning themselves to the byre, while the troopers were goading with the lances, are delicious; and, for a person of any imagination, the unearthly yet affectionate and plaintive Lady

of Avenel, is most deeply interesting, especially her bewailing her mortal lot on the day of man's salvation. [Is this our salvation made sure or lost by our own fault? and cannot such a change as that in Halbert's character be effected by religion and God's help better than by earthly motives?] The fierce Julian is well done, so is his poor paramour. Christie is a second Will of Deloraine, Mysie Happer too heroic, and Piercie Shafton a great bore.

Third Thoughts and Coleridge. May 3, 1838.—I was quite delighted to find the other day in *Guesses at Truth*,* what I had myself previously 'guessed,' that a *little* reflection often shows things in a new light, but by going a little further we see them again as at first, in the common light, only more clearly; or in Dugald Stewart's words, 'our first and third thoughts often agree.' It had struck me too that Coleridge had thus defended a great many common truths by merely putting them on their right grounds, and in this I was confirmed by the sentence, 'Coleridge was eminently and professedly a third thoughted man.' In such a case as this it is a pleasure, though sometimes a disappointment, to find our own conclusion anticipated and confirmed.

Christian Preaching.—Apparently about 1836-38.—Perhaps it would be well for a clergyman, after laying down earnestly and distinctly the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, the corruption of our nature, the atonement and justification by faith in Christ, with the subsequent sanctification of the Holy Spirit to good works, to take the Sermon on the Mount, and, following our Saviour step by step, enlarge on the peculiar and essential doctrines and duties of Christianity, pressing the necessity of sincere practice, and showing, when possible, how our Church embraces and recommends all that is essential. But, however well he may do it,

* First Series, ed. 3, p. 224.

he must feel no self-complacent pride, such as I have just felt, lest he himself be a castaway ;—remember too, that God alone giveth the increase.

Light of Conscience.—God gave us the light of conscience as a lamp to guide our steps. It is so surrounded by gusts of passion and mists of temptation, that it needs perpetual rays from the sun of righteousness to preserve its brightness. Still through God's providence, it seems *never* to be quite extinguished, only its light may be perverted and corrupted by the atmosphere of the mind which surrounds it. For as a light in a sepulchre shines palely and luridly upon dead men's bones, so in a heart where the moral will is dead, the conscience sheds a dubious and fallacious lustre, and guides to evil rather than good.

Pascal says, that we never sin so freely and lightly as when we do so through a false principle of conscience.—Pens. xvii. 55.

English Centralization, &c.—The unity of the empire demands a certain conformity of law and usage, but Englishmen, by enforcing their peculiar requirements on Wales and Ireland (for instance) to an excess, have caused a recoil of evil ; whence schism with us, faction in Ireland, because they tried by force to crush our language and natural features unnaturally.

If I were settled in Wales as a Welsh layman, I would go to Welsh service in chapel, sooner than to English in church, though no one more values Church unity, but I value my father's land and language as well.

Although I *now* (living in England) know little Welsh, yet hereafter when I live in Wales, I intend to talk it as *exclusively* as possible.

So you have got prizes, and been highly distinguished at college? Do you suppose these stripling ovations will win you the garland in the forum and arena of men? On the contrary, all

they confer upon you is simply the right of speaking first, or being jealously watched when *first you* wrestle. If you speak badly, or get a fall, the charm is broken; you have had your turn—away with you. Some stronger-sinewed and better-winded athlete is standing behind you to try his luck in the game of strength.

Yet it is strange how mortified some men, especially in colleges, will be at the want of distinctions; how eagerly they will notice that your idle conversation is not wiser than theirs, and how keenly they will resent what you intended *only* as conversational play, but what their morbid sensitiveness interprets as ostentation or sarcasm. Again, the thing has another side. If you know mathematics, you must not be suspected of riding well, or of knowing a terrier from a pointer. Men who will allow you knowledge of something they are ignorant of, will revenge themselves by supposing you ignorant of everything common. Of course the proper remedies against such men are real humility and courtesy; but however vain you are, if your vanity is wise in its kind, you will pay some homage to this carping spirit, and content with your own line, be willing sometimes to appear ignorant of trifles, which you may understand as well as your instructor.

If a man has insulted you, be easily consoled, for it shows that you are of some importance. Few men insult their inferiors, but generally those who are in some point their superiors, or at least their equals.

If a man has attacked and abused you, do not retaliate, for if he is right you have no reason to complain; but if he is wrong, he ought to apologize, and any retaliation will make it harder for him to do so.

The following passage has a peculiar interest as giving some of his earliest ideas on the subject of revelation. He seems already to be feeling after the 'verifying faculty,' but as yet afraid to trust himself to the guiding of the 'inner voice.'

In tracing the gradual change which subsequent letters and extracts will show, it should be remembered that, both by nature and education, Rowland Williams was strongly Conservative in religion, as well as in politics. It was by reason of conviction alone that in later years he became a Liberal, and it was never without a mental struggle, nor until he was thoroughly convinced of the untenableness of a position he had once arrived at, that he relinquished it.

Jan. 20th, 1839.—I am puzzled and bewildered fearfully by the doubts and disputes which I find on matters of religion. What are the terms of our acceptance? how do we know them? how far may Christians differ and yet remain Christians? Is it by personal faith, or by the Sacraments, as means of grace, that we become regenerate? Again, what did the apostles mean by predestination and election? All these things seem to be debated to and fro, and one militates against the other until the bold inquirer is lost in an abyss of intricacies. Sometimes, for a moment, I catch a glimpse of light, as if by inspiration, and all seems to be plain and consistent; then again, the mist arises, and I am as much bewildered as ever. The only way seems to ask counsel of God, by consulting and comparing His holy Word, with humble trust, for the enlightenment of His Spirit. This may seem to decide one question beforehand, since it appeals to my private judgment of the Scriptures; but if this be wrong, I shall trust to find it condemned in the Scriptures. For it is impossible that God should deceive whoever humbly and earnestly trusts in His word; neither do I know how any man can teach religion or God's will, unless he learn it first from revelation or God's word. If, then, the Scriptures say that the Fathers or the Church may claim implicit faith, it must then be paid; but until we find this heavenly command, we must proceed upon human principles. Now, upon human principles, one would naturally think great respect and consideration due to the opinion of our fathers and elders, and especially any

persons who are likely to have received instruction from the Divine author of our religion, or its inspired apostles. But since all men are evidently fallible, and since no one on earth can know things in heaven except by revelation, we must conclude that all human guides are to be followed only so far as Scripture enjoins, or as modesty in interpreting Scripture evidently suggests.

Julius Hare, Sunday, Feb. 3rd, 1839.—I went to St. Mary's to-day, and heard a weak, elderly man preach upon, 'And this is the victory which overcometh the world, even your faith.' There was something in the manner eminently impressive, though something like weakness and monotony of voice gradually made it rather less so. The style, too, seemed quite a repetition of Jeremy Taylor, and poetical illustrations were poured in abundantly. Then, again, I was more touched by the evangelical tone of the matter, in defence of simple 'justification of faith,' than I have been before for some months. Yet my pleasure in listening was slightly disturbed by an occasional doubt as to how far I might really follow him as a guide through the mazes of discussion, and whether the figurative style might not be a sort of elaborate weakness. Great, then, was my delight to hear, when I came away, that it was Julius Hare, one of the 'Guessers at Truth,' the associate of Thirlwall, the brother of Augustus Hare, and altogether one of the greatest minds and best scholars in our university. Since this I have had a key to the full meaning of what he said on many points, and his whole figure is associated with feelings of reverence. Especially I thank God that his sermons are likely to revive the gospel doctrine of justification by faith in all its simplicity, and thus may be the means of strengthening my own feeble religion, as well as that of others.

CHAPTER III.

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE: FOREIGN TRAVELS:
1839—1841.

‘To see the wonders of the world abroad.’

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Nov. 14, 1839.—If you have thought me long in writing, I hope the delay will be compensated by the reflection that you are receiving a letter from an actual Fellow of King's. On Monday last I went through the ceremony, which at King's is a mere form; yet when I remember the anxiety with which we looked forward some years ago to its taking place, it seems an event of some importance. There seems not a little difference between Rowland a lower boy at Eton and Rowland a Fellow of King's. . . . I have at present a couple of classical pupils, who will keep me here until Christmas, and I have the promise of another during the vacation.

TO HIS SISTER J.

King's College, Feb. 15, 1840.— There are great intentions here as to repeating the Welsh dinner on St. David's day. The president and vice-president will probably be the same as last year.

Lord Clive, however, being absent, he acted himself as president, and made a most patriotic speech, which much gratified his friends in Wales.

He was also present this summer at the Eisteddfod,* held in the Amphitheatre, in Liverpool, and spoke in answer to objections raised against Eisteddfodau as promoting useless and unnecessary objects, and as tending to separate nations united by one crown. He contended that no mere utilitarianism was capable of satisfying man's desires; that the cultivation of poetry and music gave much enjoyment as well as refinement and civilization; that the contemplation of models of moral and intellectual worth had an elevating effect, giving standards of excellence to be worked up to; and that whatever elevates the character would tend to lessen national animosities. He said England had the least cause of any nation to dispute the literary pretensions of other nations; but that as she is proud of her 'sons of immortality,' and enthusiastically attached to their productions, so the Welsh cling to their own language, literature, and historical associations, and for the same reason because they inherited them from their fathers, and they wished to transmit them to their children.

As to the objections urged against this particular mode of accomplishing their object, he remarked on the difference between a reading and a hearing age. This, he said, was essentially a reading age, but it had been otherwise in the days of their forefathers, and that they had addressed themselves to the ear of the assembly with much advantage; and

* 'Eisteddfod,'—a sitting, or an assembly sitting together. Eisteddfodau are publicly convoked at stated periods in the Principality. Their special object is the promotion of Cambrian literature, rhetoric, poetry, music, and all ingenious and useful arts. These meetings have been held from time immemorial among the Cymry, and historic records of them date from the sixth century of the Christian era. *See Literary Remains of Rev. J. Price (Carnhuanawc), vol. ii., p. 105.*

he called attention to the different effects produced by a drama acted and a powerful oration delivered, and the same drama and oration read, as showing that while the effect of print might be more enduring, that of speech must often be much greater. So, he asked, might not their Eisteddfodau kindle in some of their fellow-countrymen the latent, but inextinguishable spark of that genius which conquers whatever it attempts, illuminates whatever it touches ? *

His health being now far from strong, he decided on travelling for a year, and the Provost of King's used his interest to obtain for him a Travelling Scholarship ; but the application was too late, and he consequently relinquished his cherished desire of visiting the East, and started for a tour on the Continent, which he commenced as a pedestrian, and of which the following extracts give some account :—

When first I conceived the idea of travelling, it would be difficult to say ; but I have had for some years an earnest longing to traverse alone both the crowded haunts of men and also the unfrequented forests and mountains of distant countries. Like Ulysses gathered wisdom, or like Shelley makes his old man a traveller both in deserts and cities—like Leighton learnt gentleness and tolerance by observing a different church, so I have fancied much might be gained by breaking for a time the manifold ties which connect us with home ; but my old day-dreams always dwelt upon something like a moving hermitage, or entire freedom at times from everything human, with occasional opportunities of observing the play of the passions and the actual effect on society.

* From the report of the *Liverpool Mail*.

I not only was to visit all Europe, but to meditate amid the ruins of all famous cities, Jerusalem, Palmyra, Babylon, Tyre, and Carthage. Alas ! for our dreams and plans. Such a scheme as I imagined would absorb half my life, and throw me far into the vale of years, before I began to exercise my energies in my profession, such as duty and interest alike demand. Accordingly I am learning, slowly and reluctantly, to clip the wings of my wandering fancies, to draw in my thoughts and teach them to dwell at home, while in the mean time, I attempt to compress into a single year what fragments I can allow myself of my scheme, which was once so large, and is now so broken and disjointed.

On Monday, August 10th, I left home with all the hope natural on such an occasion.

In the omnibus which took me from Regent Circus there were two Frenchmen, from whom I picked up a word or two of French, which constituted almost my entire stock. In fact, I had never ventured to confess my utter deficiency on the point, and used to evade all inquiries as quietly as possible. In the steam carriage, again, there were four Frenchmen, and under their auspices I commenced in earnest my French education, imagining all manner of dialogues, referring first to my dictionary for the words, then to my companions for the mode of pronouncing them.

TO R. W. ESSINGTON, Esq.

Lucerne, Oct. 4, 1840.—I devoutly hope you are at Cambridge, where I mean to direct my letter. Here I am in the heart of Switzerland, where I walk a great deal. I went from Havre up the Seine to Paris, from whence, after a short stay, I travelled (generally on foot) to Lausanne,* and am now seeing what is possible before winter sets in with severity. I have had some magnificent Alpine views from the Faulhorn and Rhigi, &c., and heard avalanches, the sight of which disappointed me, they being like nothing so much as distant waterfalls ; but the *sound*

* He had stayed a short time at Lausanne in order to learn French grammatically.

is very impressive. One or two of the difficult passes I have traversed alone, and was once benighted and deluded by Will-o'-the-wisps, when the mere chance of my resignation* would have been worth a thousand pounds. It would amuse you to see me knapsacked and equipt like a German 'wanderer,' toiling up hills, and surprise you rather to hear that I am perpetually taken for a foreigner. An English gentleman and lady I regularly deluded, or rather suffered them to delude themselves, giving them information about the Continent for a whole evening, and undeceiving them the next morning before we parted. It is true no one takes me for the nation he belongs to, but the French think me a German, and the Germans, a Frenchman, or sometimes a *Pole*. After some doubt, I have determined on returning (by Brussels) to Paris, when I will write to you again; and from thence I go by the South of France to Italy, so as to see the carnival at Rome, and then visit Naples. I am altogether much delighted with my travels, only sometimes feel rather lonely with not a soul to exchange a word with. If you, or any one else I know, are likely to be moving about in Germany or North Italy early next summer, I will try to join you, notwithstanding I profess to call myself 'nunquam minus solum quam cum solus.' My two greatest perplexities are money and language. I set out on the principle of learning as I went along, but behold! as soon as I knew enough French to be understood, I found myself surrounded by German. Your little book would have been useful, but, in my excessive care for your present, I left it safely at home. Still I say *Ya*, and ask for *Brod*, &c., with tolerable success. My other difficulty had its share in common with other inducements in making me decide to travel generally on foot. In France I prospered wonderfully, conning† often with waggoners, and getting them to carry my baggage, and sleeping at little 'auberges,' where my company was rather rustic than select. Once I bivouacked in the open air, and once I slept in a

* Of his fellowship.

† An Eton term for conversing.

barn, for each of which modes of sleeping much may be said, but I found them, on the whole, inferior to a good bed. At present I am very nearly cleared out, and am going to write for supplies; so that if you or Lawrence *have* any money of mine in hand, it should, without a day's delay, be transferred to Mortlock.

To-day I fell in with my friend B——, who was very anxious to go to church, but as there was no service, characteristically determined to take the theatre instead. In general I have been unlucky in missing every one, though I see many names, such as Goulburn, &c., &c. The Swiss do not appear to me so degenerate as they are represented, though it is true travellers have created a class who live by begging of different kinds, and other polite occupations. But how could it be otherwise? On the whole I like them, and I liked the French particularly, excepting [at] Paris, where most things are abominable. The common country people are quite as simple as our own, with more civility.

Remember me *particularly* to Walker, and say I intend to write to him soon. The same to Mountain, if you have an opportunity. Good wishes to all King's men, and I shall be glad to hear even trifles which interest them. As I walk all day and sleep all night, I have little time to spare, which must be my apology for not writing oftener.

Returning to his journal, the following description of his enthusiastic search for the ruins of Abelard's foundation of the Paraclete may find place:—

From misunderstanding my directions, I went beyond the right turning, but could not regret it, since my new way was through a gentleman's grounds, passing a house in fields, such as statesmen would wish to see inhabited, rather than overgrown capitals. Then through woodlands and trees with the slightest possible turning, until a woman insisted on my turning up the road. This led me near the village St. Aubyn, with a rustic cross, and passing on, I came to a low, but very neat and old looking mansion facing the

road. This, with old castellated towers of the stable-yard, convinced me that the object of my search was now a private house, and I lay down in the road to concert measures. Just then the sound of music reached me from the house, which my fancy converted into an omen of encouragement. Going up and making inquiries, I was told, after troublesome explanations, that the master was from home, but a little barefooted girl was deputed to conduct me to the wonderful sight. She reminded me of the creature Scott describes as guiding Moreton to Balfour's retreat in 'Old Mortality.' But what does not remind one of something of Scott's? Every day I meet with some incident, some beggar or innkeeper, who recalls this master of modern fiction.

She guided me through a sort of pleasure ground, and after one or two turnings showed me, with some parade—conceive my disappointment!—the veriest plaything—a mere modern stone or obelisk erected by the master of the mansion. Below it was a little grass cave, with a couple of skulls, procured, possibly, from some neighbouring churchyard. And this was all! It was not only the walk for nearly a league, and my deviation from the route to Troyes, though these were considerations, but that Abelard, the keen scholar and too passionate lover, the object of a thousand fanciful thoughts, should have his foundation replaced by such a mere toy, seemed a greater disappointment than I can express. I returned to the house, and obtained, with some difficulty, permission to go over the stable-yard, and *there* I found the object of my search. There were stables and cowhouses, with the exact semicircular arch—oftener imitated than equalled—and all the style intended for an ecclesiastical foundation; there were towers too at the sides, and a large one near the centre of the yard. I ventured to open this, and was startled by a multitude of pigeons, which fluttered about in consternation. I thought of the 'suppliant birds' whom Aristophanes frightened in Apollo's temple, but these were more like the 'obscænas volucres' of Virgil, polluting what ought to have been kept sacred . . . and so Abelard's foundation had been turned into the lowest outhouses of a common farm. The thing I know

most like it in England is the old castle and abbey (?) of Ottford, in Kent, now a farmhouse, but which once belonged to Thomas à Becket, whose lofty character deserves to be restored from the misrepresentation of Hume. After all, was this the true Abelard? Whether or not, what a failure! They think their house shall endure after them. After satiating my curiosity, I found my way back to the obelisk, which on second inspection seemed pretty enough, and then I remained consuming what provision I had, and writing a long letter.

TO HIS MOTHER.

I am now writing to you from the ruins of the Paraclete, founded by Abelard, near Nogent-sur-Seine. My luggage has gone on to Troyes, which I am to reach to-morrow, and intend to stay Sunday there. I am writing with the pedestal of an obelisk for my table, with the deep blue sky above me, tall poplar and other trees around me, and a subterranean cave below with human skulls in it. Solitude in such a place makes me feel more immediately in the presence of our heavenly Father, and the melancholy sort of pleasure with which I often think of you all at home is brightened by a hope that He, who is a God afar off as well as a God at hand, will bring us together again in safety.

Oct. 1840.— I must try to give you a notion of crossing a mountain, taking for instance the Wengern Alp. You ascend a steep winding path, with wood supporting steps of earth, until having passed generally through fir woods, you emerge in high mountain pastures, watered by troughs of hollowed larch or fir, conducted for a great distance between the different rills or torrents. Then you come to fragments of snow, with more stunted fir, or perhaps limes. The snow increases until you are surrounded by an appearance of entire desolation. At the top you generally find some kind of inn, and having traversed uneven slopes of snow, hearing, perhaps, the wonderful sound of avalanches, you descend

on another side not unlike what you have previously seen. The highest tree is pine, second fir, third sycamore, fourth a mixture of alder or plantains, with occasionally oak, and, on the Italian side, chestnut trees in abundance. In a pass such as the Grimsel you have every stage of natural beauty,—precipitous rocks, with woods, overhanging and walling you in, with the torrent foaming down the centre, and barrenness gradually taking the place of vegetation, until you come to rocks and snow, where winter has established a perpetual kingdom.

A misunderstanding with a guide, whom he had engaged to carry his knapsack over the Simplon, led to a sufficiently annoying detention, which, however, enlarged his experience, as he became acquainted with the interior of a Sardinian prison. He thus tells the story:—

At Isella my attendant declined coming any further, and put down my baggage just when I began to have need of his services. As thereby he broke his contract, not having come half-way, I only gave him half what we had agreed on. When I had gone a little way he attempted to stop me, putting his hand on my arm, but I proceeded. Soon afterwards he again tried to stop me, seizing my arm, and preventing me from proceeding. As I had now got further from Isella, I began to apprehend personal violence, and that I might be prepared to defend myself, I threw down my baggage and took from my great coat pocket a loaded pistol, which I put in my waistcoat pocket. I find it here asserted that I pointed it at him, but this as a gentleman and a Christian I solemnly deny, declaring that I merely placed it in a pocket where, in an extra emergency, it would be within my reach. He ran back, however, and soon I was overtaken by a soldier, who approached me with an appearance of civility, but suddenly seizing me with a violence and behaved with an insolence which was quite unnecessary, and more than his duty called for. Though I made

no attempt at resistance, he *shook* me and threatened me with handcuffs, and for the greater part of the way to the guard-room assailed me with personal invectives. Then came another soldier, who held me on the other side, so that I was led pinioned until very near this place, where they suffered me to walk between them. Here my story and that of my peasant companion were told; and after a little time the tone of the soldiers moderated into a sort of official civility. I was told to consider myself under arrest; my knapsack was searched, and my pistols and flask taken away. One of the soldiers has threatened me with handcuffs and prison, but the others, especially the first, are now sufficiently civil. Whether this change of tone is produced by my threat of a formal complaint, or is the result of natural moderation, I do not know; they have now allowed me to write. I will add a word as to my pistols. From Paris to Lausanne and through great part of Switzerland I have travelled *chiefly* on foot, and generally alone, and the possession of loaded pistols under such circumstances cannot with fairness be supposed to argue any criminal intention.

Oct. 8, 1840.—The soldiers and I became great friends, especially my captor. He told several stories, saying he had great difficulties with the English, and accounted for it by saying that in England the military profession was not much respected. The moral of his stories was, I might as well be contented. He had some good tobacco, and we smoked together. By degrees I felt very comfortable, and drew up my statements (as above given) at one end of the table, while he did the same at the other end, and we disputed laughing as to which was most likely to succeed.

Charles, of Sardinia, is the only person who has given me lodging and clean sheets gratis on my travels. I wish his liberality had extended to supper.

Oct. 9.—The soldiers had advised me to hire a carriage, which I declined, and accordingly they did so. We drove over early [to Domo d'Ossola], and in the freshness of the morning I admired

the scenery even more than yesterday : vast fragments of rocks displaced as if by a convulsion of nature.

The commandant gave me rather a military reception, said my case was not clear, and he must imprison me till he had orders from his superiors at Novara. This is pleasant and lenient : a few days' imprisonment by way of mere preparation, and, if by any caprice or mistake I am voted guilty of some indefinite crime, a few weeks more by way of proceeding in earnest. I should be a thousand times better martyr than John Thorogood ; as, however, there was no remedy, I submitted quietly and walked off with the brigadier to prison. He coolly took a receipt for me, and said good morning, having evidently the best of it. I am treated with a kind of indulgence, perhaps as a wealthy culprit, perhaps on the chance of my being innocent ; at all events, I am allowed the run of the yard and the gaoler's kitchen. There is an under gaoler or turnkey, who seems to consider this an encroachment of his prerogative, and I see plainly by the twinkle in his eye he anticipates the pleasure of putting me in a cell yet. If I said I were pleased with my prospects it would be far from true, but I must try to be patient.

Oct. 10.—To-day, term begins at Cambridge, and some of my friends have probably asked for me, little thinking that I am enjoying myself in a Sardinian prison. If the Sardinians were Englishmen, they would give me liberty on parole until the official answer arrives ; but perhaps they think it impossible for any one not to break his parole. On the whole, I am as comfortable as could be expected. I should like more books than my knapsack affords, but I try to keep my mind as much employed as possible. I have taken a Grison legend, and am trying to work it into a poem, though I am afraid it will not turn out very well. I have got an Italian grammar, but for want of a dictionary make very little progress, though it is so like Latin there cannot be much difficulty. I dine and sup with the gaoler, or rather with my host, for I have determined to call this only an hotel. As the fish was long on the table, I inadvertently asked for meat, and found it was Friday, my host telling

me quietly that he professed the Christian religion. I put in our claim for a share of the same profession, and he said, 'Oh, I understand,' with a smile implying a doubt whether we were of any religion at all. If I am only a few days here I may pick up the flesh I have lost in walking, so as to come out in good condition. The little yard has generally sun over half of it, and I walk up and down fifty-two times in an hour, the length being an easy stroll of rather more than half a minute. The other prisoners, who are cooped in cells, evidently envy my comparative freedom, and certainly I ought to be not only contented, but thankful. Here is now an opportunity of seeing human nature, since little is wanting of the natural inmates of a prison—guilt, want, and misery. There are several men who have been here two years for smuggling and have four to come. 'Ah ! a few days will do for you, monsieur,' said one of the poor fellows ; '*we* have got four years.' They seem to employ themselves in knitting, and thought it charity in me to buy a pair of braces, which I intend to keep as a souvenir. A child, too, contented enough, though cradled in misery.

I cannot help pining as I look on the glorious blue sky and remember that I am losing the last fair season of the year, and shall not now see some of the grandest scenery which I had reserved for these few days. There is a little balcony from which I have a partial view of the vale and mountains in which I love to ramble.

Oct. 11, Sunday.—To-day mass was performed in a little chapel, but the prisoners had only such benefit as they could reap by looking through their windows opposite. Rather heathenish ! Later in the day there was more of indulgence, those who could afford to pay for it being allowed to walk in the yard, and dine in my host's kitchen. Surely this ought not to be ? These poor fellows can have done nothing so bad that the authorities might not allow them a Sunday's walk (and why not every day ?) in such fresh air as the yard affords. Or if it be possible for them to have sinned so utterly beyond indulgence, then, again, the gaoler ought not to sell it them. There may be room for another Howard even

now. I have myself nothing to complain of in point of treatment, but shall have my bill in a day or two, as at an hotel. It seems not only my food, but my *air* in the yard is to form an item in it. Last night I went out, and the moon was, if possible, more lovely than I had ever seen her before. I thought of those far away, on whom she was also shining.

Oct. 12.—Nothing remarkable, except that I had my evil-doing tooth extracted at the King of Sardinia's expense. As a prisoner, I am entitled to medical attendance gratis. . . .

Oct. 13, *Sempione*.—I may yet finish my Swiss tour. This morning I was summoned to the commandant, who received me graciously, and said he had orders to release me—sentence curious, and not unfair. It supposed, not unreasonably, that my rustic porter had misunderstood our agreement, and ordered me to give him another franc. Then it assumed that I had really pointed my pistol at his head, but forgave me in consideration of my youth, and advised more caution in future. Considering the view he took of the story, this was lenient to excess, and I had reason to be thankful; nor was it any use quarrelling with an officer sixty miles off, who believed his soldiers' falsehoods rather than a stranger's *true*, but unsupported affirmation. Accordingly, I thanked the commandant for his personal courtesy, and prepared to depart, though not quite contented.

He now crossed the Simplon to Visp, and Mount Cervin into Piedmont; then returned over the Simplon into Switzerland, visited Chamouni, became seriously knocked up by fatigue, and exposure to the severity of the season, hastened to Geneva for medical advice, and rest and care being recommended, gave up walking and proceeded to Paris.

Paris, Nov. 17, 1840.—Here I am, domesticated in Paris.

. . . .

There are several things here which must necessarily be admired, but which an Englishman can scarcely help looking at captiously ; for instance, Napoleon's triumphal arch, and the column cast out of captured cannon, each of which, in their kind, are faultlessly beautiful. Other things, such as the Louvre, I can admire without any interruption from national spleen. . . . The English papers, of which I have seen a leaf for the last two days, have given me various news, such as Lyttleton's defeat.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1840.—To the theatres I went very little, though I was one night much delighted with Mdle. Rachel's acting in Racine's *Andromache*. It was more perfect than anything of the kind I have ever seen. The French theatres in general seem better conducted than ours, the acting more easy, and the audience more decorous. The Louvre is not so rich in Italian as in the Dutch and Spanish schools, including a great many large pictures by Rubens, most of which I endure rather than admire. His crucifixion, however, is very fine. There are very good Murillos here, and among the French artists, some beautiful landscapes by Claude. I have got what I fancy is a tolerable notion of the different styles of the most eminent masters, though the collection is so large as to be almost wearisome from the necessary abundance of inferior pictures.

Versailles is now not a palace, but turned into a series of galleries, in which French painters have emblazoned the glories of their nation from Clovis to Napoleon. Some of the chasms in the later history are very amusing. You have the battles of Lodi, Marengo, &c., and then suddenly the return of Napoleon from Elba, without the slightest sketch of any misfortune which led him there ; such battles as Leipsic and Waterloo being purely imaginary events, which a Frenchman hardly believes to have ever taken place.

I saw the sepulchres of most of the kings of France, where Napoleon, too, intended to be buried ; but his ashes are to be buried in the chapel of (the French Chelsea) the hospital for invalid

soldiers. The number and the magnitude of the libraries, the hospitals, and all manner of public buildings in Paris almost exceed belief. Nearly everything is thrown open to foreigners even on the private days, when the French public are not admitted. All the world here is in agitation about the debate in the Chambers and the reception of Napoleon's ashes. On the whole, things appear tranquil; there are quantities of soldiers everywhere, and the ministers speak with the firmness of peace. I could not get admittance to the Chambers without waiting longer, because for the first week of the debates they are so thronged that even the nobility and relations of the deputies with difficulty get tickets, and I did not think it worth waiting for. The very road along which the ashes of Napoleon will pass is to be lined with colossal statues of the most eminent monarchs and worthies of France.

Chalons-sur-Saone, Dec. 5, 1840.—I said something to you of the picture-galleries of Versailles. I should have added that in the long list of Bonaparte's triumphs every European nation of any importance is introduced in some shape or other, either as conquered or making peace, excepting only England. It was with something of pride that I noticed her name absent in the various representations. The Pantheon is a new building in Paris, and intended to be a sort of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, except that it is not a church, but a general mausoleum for all great Frenchmen. It is in the form of a cross, with a dome; therefore, in some respects, it resembles St. Paul's. The vaults are very large.

The Palais Royal is a thing peculiar; it belongs to the king, not as his palace, but as his private house by inheritance. All around its large courts are galleries of shops and coffee-houses, the most brilliant in Paris. Of course the colonnades along these are a constant promenade, and not only the ground floor is let for the superior kind of shops, but the upper stories fetch separate rents for some purpose or other, and as the rents here are extremely

high, it is hence that Louis Philippe derives the greater part of his immense private fortune. You are aware, of course, that the royal palace or Tuileries is a distinct thing. There is no end to the French palaces; yet it was only in the reign of the present king that the streets had water underground, so disproportionate was the care which the French had bestowed on matters of display and matters of comfort.

Toulon, Dec. 22, 1840. — I had a voyage for the most part rather uninteresting to Lyons. I stayed there a day, exploring the ruins of the ancient Lugdunum, &c., and then proceeded down the Rhine. The whole course of the river is very beautiful, being lined with hills of all shapes, with vineyards where the strongest wines in France are made, and with an unusual number of picturesque castles, most of which have fallen into ruins. At present, however, there are some traces of the ravages made by the late floods. The inhabitants of the South are not so simple and honest as those in the North, but are more exorbitant, and have in general more of the faults which in Great Britain we attribute to the French indiscriminately. . . . I went to Nismes to see the antiquities, a Corinthian temple of the age of Augustus, so perfect as to be now used for a museum, and an immense amphitheatre of which all the outward walls are preserved entire. . . . I got to Marseilles, and you can scarcely conceive the delight with which I looked on the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the most famous of all seas, the centre and nurse of European civilization. The sight of the Rhine had before made me feel something of the same kind. Marseilles is perhaps the third town in France, situated in a plain, backed by low rocky hills, with the harbour also studded by a few rocks. Here the vegetation is different, olives and fig trees being common. . . . I intended to have gone on to Nice this morning, but found no means of proceeding by sea or land, so I took a boat and went to look at the French fleet, of which I saw all the finest vessels, three of them 160 guns. It is curious that *Englishmen* are still not allowed to see the arsenal here, though

all other foreigners are admitted without scruple. This looks like a symptom of warlike jealousy. The people here speak a vile patois, putting Italian terminations to the end of French words, and using an accent which appears very harsh. I have often seen, in country parts of France, the short skirt behind like that worn by women in Flintshire, except that here it is cut rather shorter. Again, in Piedmont, most of the men dressed exactly like our elder peasantry or small farmers. In France the most usual countrymen's dress is a blue smock, something like our butchers.

If you notice the Cambridge subject for the Hulsean essay for 1841, I wish you would mention it when you write. A merry Christmas, and everything desirable at home.

Nice, Dec. 28, 1840.—I got away from Toulon, and, in a wretched slow cabriolet, found my way to Frejus, where there are various antiquities; from hence a sort of mail carrier brought me here on Christmas morning, too late for church, but in time for dinner. This heathenish travelling on such a day was against my will, and contrary to my usual practice, but it happened to be then necessary. Nice is in some respects the most delightful place you can conceive. It is in sight of the snow Alps, yet sheltered from them by hills wooded with olive trees, and basking on a little steep of land between these hills and a corner of the Mediterranean. The sunshine is as warm as with us after a summer shower, and the sky generally blue, with its colour reflected by the sea. The common trees are olives; the orange trees are covered with golden fruit, while roses and all the flowers of the field are in luxuriant blossom. Even aloes and palm trees grow here; so that it seems almost an eastern land. Unfortunately there is a great difference between the temperature of the sunshine and the atmosphere in general, so that for many invalids it is not a good place. There is something melancholy too in the numbers of feeble and delicate-looking persons who seem as if they had come here only to die. Almost every one goes daily to *sun* themselves along the beach,

where the sea is more beautiful than I ever saw it before, its deep blue contrasting with the white breakers which foam upon the shore.

This is a place in which all languages seem to mix, it being on the confines between France and Italy, while English is attempted in the hotels, and some words resembling German enter into the patois of the country people.

Genoa, Jan. 23, 1841. — Genoa is a very singular town, most of its streets being mere passages traversed by sedan chairs more than by carriages, but the number of scattered palaces and churches profusely ornamented give it a fair title to its name of Genoa Superba. Marble is almost like brick with us; and the floor, the stairs, the columns in houses and churches, some even of the exterior walls, are entirely composed of it. The magnificence of the churches, lofty, well-proportioned, and profusely ornamented in the Greco-Italian style, is such as to shake my old allegiance to the sacred Gothic, though, perhaps, a very pure taste would say their beauty was theatrical rather than religious. But the principal attraction here is the multitude of famous paintings and works of art in which the private palaces abound; they are generally shown as a matter of course, and you become tired of admiring room after room.

. It seems to me the execution of the Italian painters, and the finished beauty they throw over their paintings, is superior to their conceptions, which are generally wanting in ideal grandeur. I keep, however, a rough journal of my favourites. There are some promenades here with oleanders in the open air, and yet the cold is pretty severe, too. The town is especially rich in hospitals, and the nobility have the character of great munificence. It is strange that many of them reside at Paris and such places, while strangers, again, from England and elsewhere come here to reside. The town is still partly fortified, but its navy, so famous in the days of the Doria family, has dwindled into a few small galleys and merchantmen. I have learnt a little Italian. The people here speak

a sort of Piedmontese patois, more Italian than anything else. The opera is pretty good, and costs only a couple of francs. There is a theatre like those of antiquity, in which the actors only are under cover, and the spectators sit in the open air, but I do not know that they act at present; certainly if they do, I had rather be excused attending, even if it were gratis. I like the Italian cookery, garlic and all, not to omit macaroni; at the same time it is not so luxurious as the French. I live as much as possible at coffee-houses and restaurants rather than at the hotels, seeing that the latter are twice as expensive. . . . Perhaps you will want to know whether I am struck with the beauty of the Italian women, and to tell the truth I am a good deal disappointed. I have nowhere hitherto seen so much beauty as in England. Their dress, however, here is rather striking; very few wear bonnets, but a flowing sort of veil or mantilla thrown across the head and shoulders. Amongst the better dressed, the favourite material for this is white muslin or gauze, while with the lower class it is a sort of coloured and figured thing like the patterns on china or porcelain, in fact, not unlike a bed-curtain. This gives the streets and promenades a very lively appearance, and I believe foreigners in general think it very *triste* for ladies to wear bonnets. Neither the features or figures are in general good, nor should I call the men so handsome a race as the well-born English or Germans. A great feature at the theatre is a pavilion or throne for the king, in the centre of the boxes, and when he appears there it is with something like the air of a father amongst his family. At present Genoa is under the King of Sardinia's rule, and he not unfrequently resides here.

Rome, Feb. 8, 1841.—From Genoa I went to Leghorn, and took the opportunity of going over to Pisa and saw there the cathedral, a vast and curious building, the Campo Santo, an extraordinary burial-ground surrounded by a cloistered arcade, and the celebrated leaning tower, which much surpassed my expectations. It has eight stories, six of them being sur-

rounded by successive tiers of columns. The inclination is considerable, and an English architect appears lately to have proved that it is the effect of design, the columns being found to be uniformly shorter upon the leaning side. Hence each story or tier contributes to produce the inclination of the whole, while each is in itself so far independent of the others as not to derange the architectural balance. There is another handsome building, a large octagon with a dome, used only for baptism. The whole town, on the banks of the Arno, is very pleasing and much frequented in winter by English invalids. Again I took steam to Civita Vecchia, a dirty little port, and from thence I passed through forty miles of uninteresting country to Rome. Tuscany has the credit of being better and the Papal States of being worse cultivated than any other part of Italy. This may proceed from the pestilential nature of the soil, or from other reasons, which you will readily suggest. Well, I am now at the goal of most European travellers, and have found a thousand objects of interest, though as yet I incline to a belief that the usual descriptions of them are somewhat highly coloured.

The principal gate opens into a large square, with its obelisk and tolerably handsome buildings. From hence three principal streets diverge through modern Rome, the central *Corso*, extending in a straight line almost to the Capitol. The greater part of Rome now inhabited is in the old Campus Martius. On reaching the Capitol, you have at hand the great bulk of the ruins, columns, arches, steps, and porticos; while behind is the old Palatine Mount, and at some distance to the left, the great amphitheatre, or Coliseum, by far the finest ruin in Rome. Considerably on your left, before you reach the Capitol, is the Quirinal Hill, and adjoining the *Corso* is Antonine's splendid column, surmounted now by a statue of Saint Paul, that of Trajan being near the Capitol, and having a statue of Saint Peter. It is most strange to see Christian saints and images usurping the place of emperors. By far the greater part of Rome is on the left bank of the Tiber, though far to your right, as you enter the city, rises the stupendous dome of St.

Peter's, with the Vatican close at hand. So much for topography in general. The interior of St. Peter's is grand beyond description, it being far loftier than St. Paul's, and adorned with the most lavish abundance of precious marbles, gold and mosaic copies of famous paintings, so wonderfully and exquisitely finished, that my eye could never have distinguished them from the work of oil and canvas. Yet the stones are necessarily very minute in order to represent the various colours. The exterior, however, has been spoilt by too many hands, the dome is thrown behind the body and concealed in such a way, that you cannot, when near, get a full view of it, and there is no prejudice in saying that the exterior of St. Paul's makes a more striking impression. Here, however, you have in front a vast semicircular colonnade, very superior to our rows of shops, around the building. The Vatican treasures of sculpture and painting are open twice a week, and I have seen the famous Apollo, Laocoon, and other masterpieces, but am as yet only on the threshold, as far as exploring goes. I have taken lodgings for a month, and am more comfortable than I have yet been during my travels. Walking in the Corso, I met Mr. Corbett; he recognized me and asked me to dinner, and I spent a most delightful evening, the eldest son being there, and various ladies giving us English songs, such as I have not heard for many a month. I expect every day my letters from Florence, and when they arrive shall call on Cardinal Mezzofanti. It is said he will be very glad to see a Welshman, since he sent lately for Mr. Gibson, a Carnarvonshire man by birth, and the second sculptor in Rome.—Hurrah for Wales!—The Cardinal's object was to hear Welsh. I ascended the highest ball of St. Peter's to-day, in company with some people I met at Mr. C.'s, and with Sandbach, an Eton friend. Rome swarms with English, and of course they walk about as if the place were their own, and seem to think it an act of presumption in an Italian to do anything except to minister to their comfort. I shall be here certainly for a month, and I then must visit Naples, Pompeii, and return by Florence, Venice, Milan, and through Germany. I went out last night and ascended

one of the seven hills to look for the full moon, but she was not visible, it being only upon paper that the Italian sky is always cloudless. I thought of you all at home nevertheless. It is curious there is a post at Rome only three times a week, while at Ysceifog you have one every day.

Rome, Via della Corso, Feb. 24, 1841.—It is Ash Wednesday, and the carnival is just over. It has been a scene of great amusement and great absurdity; you would call it very silly. People seem all determined to laugh and run about, without knowing why; in fact, the merit of the thing is its entire absence of meaning and free license of and in everything. For eight days people throng the principal streets on foot and in carriages, many of them masked, and almost all pelting each other with a sort of chalk sweetmeat, or flowers if they wish to be more complimentary. Anybody may do anything they like. The windows and balconies are all decorated and crowded with people, especially women, who delight in having flowers thrown at them. The English are not behindhand in the sport, and the Italians say that everybody is mad during carnival, but the English most mad of all. Each day before evening there are what they call races, that is the people are all pushed close to the sides and kept in by soldiers, when about a dozen horses are let loose at one end of the street, with some sort of tin appendages by way of spurs attached to them, and then *sans* riders are sent galloping down the street at their utmost speed, while everybody gazes with the most intense delight, and adds shouts and screams by way of accelerating the ill-starred creatures' pace. Yesterday evening was the most striking of all; the people in carriages and at the windows as soon as it was dark, all holding up lighted torches, so as to produce for nearly half a mile the most peculiar sort of moving illumination that can well be imagined. In the mean time people on foot who have no torches think themselves bound to extinguish those of other people, and there is a regular contest between those who have and those who have

not, while whenever one is successfully extinguished the crowd near shout with delight. In short, it is very amusing, very brilliant, and very silly. I of course played only the part of Democritus, philosophically looking on and laughing. In the evening are fancy balls, where the people go masked, and enact all kinds of absurdity. There is a good deal of dancing at Rome, and if it had been one of my accomplishments, I might have had plenty of opportunity for its exercise. You may tell C. my fellowship was never safer than at present; my only danger being that of falling in love with every English girl I see, from their delightful contrast to the perpetually rolling black eyes and harsh voices of the Italian women, of whom all I can say is that they are not quite so ugly as the French. I spend my time chiefly in looking at different ruins and exploring places in the neighbourhood, as well as paying some attention to pictures and palaces, churches, and music. I went the other day to Tivoli, once the 'pleasant Tibur,' where they show a villa of Mæcenas, and there is a pretty temple with several waterfalls, the largest of them being artificial. For a considerable distance round Rome the Campagna is a desolate and nearly uninhabited plain, pestilential in summer, and abounding (would you believe it, within twenty miles of a capital?) in wild boars and porcupines. Upon crossing this extent you come to the olive hills, which are, as it were, the outworks of the Apennines, and where are various places of interest, such as Tibur, Tusculum, Alba, and others. You get almost tired here of dubious columns and towers, and discussions as to what they belonged. It is wonderful that people can make out so much as they do, but there are inscriptions for some things, and descriptions or traditions for others. I have walked over the hills to which the Plebeians seceded, and seen the place where Manlius killed the Gaul. Anything of the republic interests me; but the most frequent remains are relics only of the bloated emperors. They show an old temple here, now converted into a church, which they declare was built by the first Romulus, and it is almost as improper here to doubt the Roman

belief in antiquities as in theology. You are aware of the true cross being here, and the judgment steps of Pilate. These last may be ascended only on the knees, and an Irishman is said once to have been chased by a sentinel for breaking the rule, but the sentinel being obliged to mount on his knees, the profane Paddy had an advantage in being able to leap over his head, which he accordingly did.

The relics here are not all to be despised, since there are here immense catacombs, or subterranean cemeteries, where the early Christians took refuge and buried their dead. Their extent is prodigious, and persons have been even lost in them, there being greater and lesser streets, like in a town. The place also where St. Paul suffered is said to be known. There is an English church, outside the gates, very well attended, and the numerous carriages make it like a London fashionable place. The duchess of Cambridge has just left for Naples, her suite requiring twenty horses. I saw the ex-Queen of Spain the other night so close, that I could have touched her. She is not so beautiful as I had been led to expect, but has lovely eyes, and a good-natured, domestic sort of manner. She is very little.

Naples, March 10, 1841.—At the close of the carnival, I stayed a week longer in Rome, and after being asked again to dine with the Corbetts and seeing the Seymours, I set off for Naples. I stayed a day or two at Mola, where Cicero had a villa, and where they show a column as his cenotaph on the spot where he is said to have been killed, and some extensive ruins which have a very fair claim to be considered as the remains of his villa. From thence I visited Gaeta, a place celebrated by Virgil, and remarkable for a chapel built deep in a narrow chasm or rent of the rock, which the local guides declare was made by the Madonna, and show the mark of her hand upon each of the rocky sides, which she is said to have rent asunder. On my asking a priest whether he himself believed this, he gave an improved version of the miracle,

and said it was caused by the earthquake at our Saviour's death. Perhaps some persons may admit a third creed, believing only in the action of the sea, which is close at hand.

From Mola, I trod in some degree in the steps of Horace on his journey to Brundisium, passing through Fondi and other places which he mentions. Through modern Capua I came to Naples, which I reached last night; and here, to-day, I suffered the greatest misfortune which has befallen me in my travels. Being divided from my baggage, and having no stronghold of my own, I foolishly enough, instead of giving my money to the master of the hotel, carried it about my person; within twenty-four hours of my being here, my bag of dollars, amounting to about £9, was stolen from me. Alas! I have gone to the police, who will do what they can, but I fear I have little chance of recovering them. You see travelling, like all other things in this world, has its lights and its shades.

Naples, March 22, 1841.—I have heard nothing of my money, but found Hutchings and Thornhill here, whom I met at Nice and afterwards at Rome, and who knew several of my King's and Eton acquaintances. Hence they lent me some money, and gave me a room in their apartments; so I have been living with them and going about with them in several excursions, which has made my stay at Naples exceedingly pleasant. We went one day to Baïæ and to the Lake of Avernus, where there is a most mysterious subterranean passage, extending to an immense distance; whence Virgil is said to have taken his notion of an entrance into the shades below. They show other places here, which they rather unwarrantably identify with the Elysian fields, and the most famous scenes of the sixth Eneid. I have seen Virgil's tomb and many of the places most consecrated by ancient song. Another day we went to Pompeii, and walked through houses and temples laid open to-day after being buried in ashes for seventeen centuries. Nothing can well be imagined more interesting or curious. In the museum here, they have most of the household utensils and works

of art which are now in common use here ; they have discovered pictures, too, which fully justify what we had before believed of the great excellence of the ancient painters. After my friends had left Naples, I crossed the bay to Sorrento, and saw the now songless islands of the Sirens and visited Amalfi, one of the most beautiful places in the world, with rocks and pines and ravines, and blue sea and bluer sky. From thence I went to Salerno, and from thence to Pæstum, where the ruins are interesting beyond all description. There are three immense temples in the simplest and yet most magnificent style, with immense massive columns, the average stones being five feet in length and a full foot broad. They were visited as ruins in the time of Augustus, nor was it then known who built them, still less do we know now ; but after the lapse of two thousand years, you meet men of all nations who have come to this barren solitude to walk amongst the lonely columns, and gaze and wonder at their massive grandeur. What is Stonehenge, or what are our Welsh antiquities compared to this ? Some people think they are Asiatic, but I can scarcely doubt they are Grecian, the architecture is essentially Doric, and there was once at Pæstum a Dorian colony. This would make them only two thousand five hundred years old, the other theory making them much older. From thence I returned by land to Naples. I have a good deal to do in looking at the immense museum of antiquities and pictures, and the lively appearance of the streets and the quaint humours of the population abundantly fill up empty spaces of time. They are the most amusing people possible, not unlike the Irish in wit, good humour, laziness, and roguery. The great nuisances are the beggars. It is difficult to say who does not beg here, and you are assailed everywhere with cries for ‘ *Qualcosa*,’ ‘ *Signorino mio, date mi qualcosa cosa !*’ Again, in no part of the world are the pickpockets more alert, and you must either go with empty pockets or be perpetually on the watch. I caught one fellow in the act, at least, I caught the handkerchief, and my friend took to his heels : I wish I had been equally lucky in the case of my money. The English here, as usual abroad, occupy the

new and most showy quarter of the town, but it is not a good situation for invalids. Indeed, the climate generally here is so fickle and variable, that for complaints of the chest it is the worst possible; yet, just across the bay, Sorrento is considered equal to any place in Europe. . . . I have seen the Grotto del Cane, where a dog went into due convulsions and recovered in a minute or two, appearing to be well used to the experiment; what, perhaps, was still more curious, was a lighted torch, which if held a couple of yards above the ground burnt freely, but if lowered to about a foot within reach of the vapour, was immediately extinguished, the vapour moving along the ground like water, and not rising above a certain level.

There was found at Pompeii, piles of charcoal placed above each other in regular rows; by degrees it appeared that they were burnt MSS., and a machine having been invented for unrolling them, many have been partially read and printed, containing lost books of ancient authors. What will my mother say to this laborious preservation of 'more useless books?'

TO HIS BROTHER.

Rome, April 7, 1841.—If for a moment I had forgotten you, which was far from being the case, your pleasant fragments of letters would have reminded me that it was high time for me to write to your floating palace [the Dreadnought]. . . . Since I last wrote, I visited Mount Vesuvius, and was much interested, though far from fortunate in my day. The ascent is for some time easy, and we rode till within a mile of the top, the utter desolation from the lava of different eruptions perpetually increasing. We had then a very rough and steep walk till, on reaching the top, we were nearly suffocated by the sulphureous smoke which issues always, night and day, in a dense cloud, except before dangerous eruptions. Owing to the wind, which blew the smoke about more than usual, we could not descend to the inner and smaller crater, but stood within the larger one, which is a vast round hollow like a basin, some

miles round. We there saw the white smoke rushing out of the smaller crater, but without flame, which is only occasionally seen in the daytime, unless you descend to the inner crater. I also saw Herculaneum, which, being buried in lava, and not in ashes like Pompeii, is harder to excavate, and much less interesting, as you have little except a theatre to explore, whereas at Pompeii you have whole streets thrown open to-day. After finishing Naples, I began a gradual journey to Rome, stopping first to see the palace at Caserta, perhaps the most splendid in Europe, certainly the only one I have ever seen which is like the palaces of story-books, full of marble columns and gorgeous staircases, and sculptured lions which seem ready to devour you on each side, like those in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Next I saw the amphitheatre at ancient Capua, which was curious; then the abbey of Monte Casino, one of the most princely in Italy, crowning a mountain, and containing rare MSS., and offering hospitality without charge to all strangers who require it. I then made a detour to Arpino, the birthplace of Marius and Cicero, where the villa of the latter is of course shown, and you have the most extraordinary remains of Pelasgic walls, earlier than the foundation of Rome, and built of stones incredibly massive without mortar or cement. ('*Senza calce*,' as the inhabitants say; N.B. Is not this our word for lime?) Then we come to Sora, where we see the falls of the Livis, then to Veroli, then Alatri, where the walls are still more massive. One single stone from the ground was higher than my head, and the architrave of the gateway, also a single stone, about twenty palmi (200 inches) in length. There being no inn near, I claimed the hospitality of a convent, which was granted, and would have been continued, if I had wished it, for three days. You would have been amused to see me sitting at supper amidst various reverend looking monks in white robes and caps, like night-clothes, with two Capuchins in coarse grey, *all* of them (except myself) with immense unshorn beards, like so many goats. We talked very little, which the nature of my Italian acquirements will readily account for. By

Frosinone, I came to Ferentino, another Pelasgic fortress, and from thence to Rome.

. . . . I have been introduced to Mr. Gibson. He left Wales when nine or ten years old, but speaks a few words of Welsh. With respect to the MSS., I will try to execute my father's commission,* but must not visit the cardinal during Passion week.

Early on Palm Sunday (it being necessary to go *drest*), I found St. Peter's lined with soldiers and crowds of people. Then came an immense procession of divers ecclesiastics, then the Pope borne on men's shoulders to his chair. His robes are then held up that he may walk to kneel down, then that he may walk back. After this he sits on his throne, and palms are presented to him, of which he blesses a great number, which are given to persons of the highest distinction, and sent into foreign countries. I had a good view of it all, and thought it a splendid pageant, but would scarcely walk across the room to see it a second time. To-day we had splendid chanting, followed by the solemn exhibition of various apocryphal relics, the true cross, and the fatal spear, and a handkerchief with the mark of our Saviour's face ! Would you *believe* that as each of these is shown, all the people of the Church of Rome fell down on their knees like before Nebuchadnezzar's image ! I scarcely like to accuse Christians of idolatry, but this is very like it. So much of this for the present.

Can they from home give me news of the university scholarship this year ? Other news at present I have none, except that I can read easy Italian, and talk a sort of mezzo-Francheso dialect in which my hearers are amused and puzzled to find French and Italian alternately presenting themselves.

* His father had written, begging him to endeavour to find out if there were any Welsh MSS. in the Vatican library. In former times there was a constant communication between Wales and Rome, and it was supposed that many of the monks and priests who emigrated to Rome and died there, must have carried with them MSS. relating to Wales. There was at Llanfyllin a celebrated Welsh antiquarian named Price, a Roman Catholic, who is believed to have been a great collector of Welsh books and MSS., and it is supposed that these all found their way to Rome.

TO HIS SISTERS.

Palazzuolo, Tuscany, May 2, 1841.—I have been travelling 'en voiturin' with a Frenchman, a Swiss, a Spaniard, and two Italians. Our pace is little better than a walk. We are off at four or five, halt at some little place, either to see it, or for the horses to bait, and get in only in time for supper and bed. I saw plenty of church ceremonies at Rome. The most impressive are, first, the one in which the Pope is carried on men's shoulders to the window, and, extending his arms to heaven, gives his blessing to the vast crowd assembled below. Next, the splendid sight of St. Peter's all illuminated as if with an instant blaze of flame; and the fireworks, which are of the most splendid kind. After all this we began our journey in the way which I have described, and reached Terni and went on donkeys to see the famous fall. It is purely artificial, but perhaps no more beautiful fall exists. This was made by the Romans to draw off the waters of the volcanic lakes, and after thus crossing through a mountain, the water falls over a precipice into a deep and beautifully wooded vale below. From Terni we passed Spoleto, from whence Hannibal was repulsed, and Foligno to Perugia, where there were many interesting paintings of the early Italian school. Then came the lake where was fought the great battle of Thrasymene, and we soon entered Tuscany, where there is less utter poverty than in any other part of Italy, the property being constantly subdivided, and the people appearing industrious and contented, and very civil to strangers. The women here wear hats, most of them of straw, but sometimes black, looking very much like the women in parts of Wales. The soil is often so fertile that each field serves at the same time for a corn-ground and for vineyard, the vines being trained round trees, with their branches properly clipt for the purpose, and the corn growing underneath. I am now at Siena. Here is said to be spoken the most perfect Italian, uniting the correct Tuscan and the softer pronunciation of Rome. The cathedral here, like many in Tuscany, is built with alternate

layers of black and white marble, which gives them a zebra-like appearance, rather curious than beautiful. At Rome Cardinal Mezzofanti was for a long time ill, and despairing of being able to see him, I contrived an application to Dr. Baggs, the head of the English college, and therefore a person of influence. He answered, however, that all possible search [for MSS.] had been made, with the assistance of Cardinal Mezzofanti, on the application of a Mr. Baines, and there now certainly were none. At last, the day before I left, I saw the Cardinal, an old man of very pleasant manners, and talked to him, or rather heard him talk English and read Welsh, in which I had often to correct him. He would not assent to Archdeacon Williams' theory,* but said Welsh was evidently a very ancient and interesting language, the same as Bas Breton, but only distantly related to the Erse and Gaelic.

Padua, May 18, 1841.—There are not many things to see in Florence, but there are two of the most perfect galleries of painting and sculpture in the world, each of them requiring a good deal of study. In the first is the celebrated Venus, which is all very well, but which I am not in love with, and a remarkable ancient statue of Niobe protecting her young children. Most celebrated painters have masterpieces here, but nothing pleased me more than a Madonna by Raphael, in the royal gallery. It is a picture of which I had often seen prints, and I recognized it immediately as an old acquaintance, but never, except in the original, have I seen the divine expression which belongs to the Madonna of the Church of Rome so beautifully and indescribably mixed with human and material tenderness. I am afraid, little E., this is all Greek to you, but you must be content to suppose it is something wise. Perhaps, however, you can understand that I visited Vallombrosa, a convent celebrated by Milton, situated amidst woods and hills, about seven-

* Of the obligations of the Latin to the Welsh language.

teen miles from Florence. There are about forty monks here, who have very hospitably built a separate set of rooms outside the walls to receive lady visitors, such dangerous persons not being allowed to enter the monastery. Of course English visitors flock here, and, as they come for mere curiosity, it is considered fair they should make a present in return for the refreshments which are provided. Altogether this was a very interesting day. Some of the palaces at Florence are built with stones of stupendous bulk, almost in the old Etruscan style. Here are also statues by Michael Angelo, and a splendid chapel begun by the Medici, and not yet finished. The cathedral is in some respects grand, but also unfinished. From the dome here, was taken the idea both of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London, while this again was probably suggested by the ancient Pantheon. It would be unpardonable not to mention the Church of Sante Croce, where probably are monuments to as illustrious a collection of great men as in any place in the world. Galileo, Machiavelli, Aretino, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, and Dante, though the last was not buried here, have each his monument in this mausoleum of the great. Truly Florence has been the Athens of Italy, and no encouragement or assistance to art is now withheld by the Grand Duke. Altogether this is the most liberal and gentlemanlike government I have seen in Italy, or perhaps anywhere abroad. After a week at Florence, I set off for Bologna with a whole family of French chatterers, who were amusing enough, and in whose company I found my French not quite so perfect as latterly, from comparison with Italians, I had began to fancy. In crossing the Apennines we had the most beautiful country, not so sterile as the Alps, and on a larger and more beautiful scale than Wales. At Bologna there are beautiful pictures by Guido and the three Caraccis. I was tempted to make a circuit by Parma and Mantua, but prudence brought me straight through Ferrara to Padua. At Ferrara I was much interested by seeing Ariosto's house, chair, and tomb, with Tasso's cell, where Byron shut himself up for several hours alone, when writing the 'Lament of Tasso.' The English poet's name

is scratched by himself upon the wall. Padua was the birthplace of the Roman Livy, and the residence of Petrarch.

The foreign press seem to calculate on our ministers being turned out by the corn and sugar matters, but at the same time think that, if they are, it will be a bad thing for England.

TO HIS FATHER.

Milan, June 4, 1841.—I have to-day the letter informing me of Mr. ——'s offer.* If I were guided merely by my own feelings, I should probably accept it, though with some *hesitation*; but when I throw your wishes into the scale, they at once overbalance any reluctant doubts, so that I will hasten to Innsbruck and at once answer any letters I may find there. At the same time I trust you will not cherish any hopes of my either retaining it very long, or of my stepping from thence into any permanent engagement at Eton. My own view of it is that it may be useful in enabling me to save a little money, and, at the same time, to follow out such an extensive field of reading, as will send me into my profession more *πανταρκής*, or with more general literary resources than I could have if I entered at once on the laborious care of a parish. Of this, therefore, enough for the present.

With Venice I was delighted, not only with its unique situation, but with its splendid barbaric architecture and the reminiscences of the republic which arrested the march of the Saracens and enriched Christendom both with the spoils and civilization of Constantinople. It appears first like an island of mere houses, and on approaching it you find numerous canals intersecting the town and bridged over, so that you may go almost everywhere either by land or water. The gondolas are pleasant, and at the same time considerably cheaper than London *cabs*, of which they are here

* This was an offer, through the recommendation of Dr. Hawtrey, of a private tutorship at Eton, which his father, who was most anxious he should keep up his connection with Eton, strongly urged him to accept. It fell through from his terms of £300 per annum not being agreed to.

the substitute. The Church of St. Mark's is very beautiful, with Saracenic columns, gates of Corinthian brass, and numerous pictures in mosaic. Of the monkish inscriptions, take a characteristic one. If not classical, it is at least ingenious, and must have given the good author some trouble.

Ablue cuncta *reæ* mentis mala Sancte *Mathæ*
 Sis nobis *Marce* cœlesti gratus in *arce*
 Quo lucet *Lucas*, nos, Christe piissime *ducas*
 Quo sine fine *manes*, purduc nos, virgo *Joannes*.

Above the principal gateway are the famous horses, possibly by Lysippus, in bronze gilt. They are very spirited and interesting as works of art, though, considered as horses, scarcely equal to a good modern Ceffyl.*

I crossed the now harmless Bridge of Sighs, which has two passages, one said to have been for greater criminals, the other for lesser offenders. I am told it is not true that no one ever returned, since, in fact, this was the ordinary passage by which prisoners crossed from the gaol to the ducal palace for the purpose of being examined, after which in ordinary cases they would, as a matter of course, return. Here are the houses of Dandolo, Marino, Falieri, &c., &c., and that of the last Doge, who, as my boatman remarked, 'sold the republic.' It is extraordinary in Italy to what an extent the common people remember and repeat the events of their own history. In some degree this is owing to the great number of travellers, and the local cicerones who are hence required. I went to Vicenza, and from thence to Verona, the city of Catullus. Here are several Roman remains, especially a large amphitheatre, with the seats of the interior as perfect as if the games had been celebrated yesterday. Passing on to Desenzano, I saw the beautiful Lago di Garda, with the promontory of Sermione, celebrated by Catullus. At Brescia there is a museum with a most interesting and characteristic temple, with columns erect and prostrate, acting as a vestibule; within is a fine ancient statue of Victory. Through

* *Ceffyl*—Welsh for horse.

Bergamo, where Tasso's father was once postmaster, and whence Harlequin is said to have been derived, I came to Milan, where this is my second day. The town is chiefly modern, and has comparatively little of splendid architecture excepting a cathedral which is built entirely of marble in regular Gothic, and is wonderfully grand. Perhaps I should have been more pleased with the interior, if my eye had not become accustomed to the more graceful curve of the circular arch, such as is used in St. Peter's and most Italian churches. There is a little chapel here with the remains of St. Carlo Borromeo, all lined with silver, at a cost of four millions of francs ; but for these kind of wonders I have no taste. I walk round and round the outside, devouring with greedy eyes the fretted marble, the buttresses, pinnacles, niches, and statues, which are magnificent beyond description. There is here also Napoleon's Marengo arch, and the great triumphal arch to celebrate the conquest of Italy, now adorned with bassi-relievi, one of which represents the entry of the allies into Paris, and with lying inscriptions declaring that it was built in honour of the Austrian Emperor. 'Tempora mutantur.' Only think, an Italian at Brescia told me the result of *the* boat race. I will write from Innspruck to thank Hawtrey for his kindness, which is really more than I expected, though I fancy he intends it to break in gradually the Welsh colt for a mastership ; if so, he will be mistaken.

Innspruck, June 18, 1841.— About two days after I last wrote, I set out for the Lago Maggiore, which I partly traversed and admired exceedingly. I then, in company with an Englishman, crossed by Lugano to Como, and thought the lake even still more beautiful, on the whole the very finest of the lakes I have seen. I found various means of conveyance to Bormio, a sort of Alpine Spa at the foot of a pass, yet higher than the top of Snowdon. Here I stayed Sunday, tasting the mineral waters and enjoying the small Swiss and Italian society collected there. On Monday, in a little cart gig, I crossed the highest mountain road in Europe, called the Stelvio. It ought

to have wound through a Grison valley, but the little republic naturally refused its territory to Austria as a military high road, so that one is literally obliged to *climb* one of the Alps, about nine thousand feet high. The cold was not oppressive, and the view from the top, with precipices and glaciers below our feet, will bear comparison in point of grandeur with anything I have seen, except perhaps Chamouni. There are miles of covered galleries, so that if an avalanche fell while you passed, it would glide harmless over your head, though it might cross the road, perhaps, a dozen times, so winding are the zigzags. The beauty of the scenery is beyond all description, and would repay more time than I can give it. I have seen, however, three of the finest things—the Stelvio, the Finstermünz pass, and Innsprück itself. I have now crossed the great Alpine ridge in five different places, besides a great number of smaller, yet some of them very grand passes; altogether about sixteen, in the Alps, that is, and not counting Apennines, &c., &c.

TO HIS SISTER.

Munich, June 26, 1841.— Let me now give some account of what is before my eyes. I rather rejoice in the northern side of the Alps, since the heat of the Italian summer was beginning to be very oppressive. In the style of living, two changes particularly strike me, the use of wood instead of stone for flooring, and that of beer instead of wine. The men in parts of Bavaria and the Tyrol are, like the sons of Anak, with huge forms cast in a gigantic mould. Munich ranks very high amongst the most interesting places I have seen. The present king has done more for the fine arts than any one since the time of Pericles. Many arts said to have been lost, but which had only languished for want of proper encouragement, have here arisen in all their splendour. There are windows of painted glass equal in richness of colour to the finest specimens in our old cathedrals, and superior in correctness of design. Again, there are frescoes on walls in the open air, which, if not

absolutely equal to those of Raphael, infinitely surpass most modern attempts. The new galleries are built in the most classical styles of architecture, and numbers of new streets are laid out, not according to private caprice, but on a plan provided by government with the advice of the best architects. The public gallery has about fifteen hundred paintings, which are only the choice ones from various collections throughout the kingdom. The women wear a head-dress consisting of a little bag of gold or silver spangles, in which the superfluous hair is deposited, and which hangs backward from the crown of the head. The Church of Rome seems to have great power here, the processions being only second in splendour to those of Rome, and her spirit appearing to animate everything. At the same time the churches are well attended, and there is a great deal of primitive earnestness in much of the people's devotion. I saw the other day a troop of labourers, as soon as they had finished dinner, in a public room, kneel down and chant their grace aloud. This, however, was not in the capital, but on my way here. I believe at present Germany, not only in music, but in almost all the fine arts, has shot greatly ahead of other European nations, and certainly no native artists of Italy are to be compared at present with those of Germany. The genius of the people seems universally musical. I have not yet heard the song you mention, but believe it to be very popular. When the French talked (under M. Thiers) of extending their frontier to the Rhine, the German spirit took fire, and this song [*Deutsches Rheinland*], 'Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,' 'They shall not have the Rhine,' was one of the modes in which their patriotism vented itself. The king of Bavaria sent the author a cup in token of his admiration. If I can get any good advice on the subject, I will bring you one or two of their popular things. I am taking a few lessons in German, and am promised, in a few hours, sufficient progress to enable me to study it alone; at the same time I have nowhere hitherto abroad suffered so much inconvenience from want of a language as since I crossed the Alps, but I can now ask for the necessaries of life. In my present inn French is spoken, but often

neither French or Italian are of any use. Such a hat-doffing country I never saw, even in France, and my poor old hat cannot stand it. The politeness of the people is almost oppressive, but, at the same time, there is a kindliness about their manners which is very pleasant. They appear good-natured in the extreme, and ready to go out of the way to serve you, without being mercenary like the English (I do not say the Welsh). I have now finished my budget, and am so far better off than the ministers are. I am sorry to hear such dubious anticipation about Sir S. Glynne's election. I will bet any one at home sixpence that Lord J. Russell will get in for London, but they must take the bet the day you get this, or not at all. I fancy, on the whole, from the papers, that the Whigs will lose, but I do not well see what their successors will do when they get into office. Prince Albert's patronage of Eton is a new leaf in the history of the present reign.*

Vienna, July 17, 1841.— I have already given you my first impression as to Munich, and will only say a word more as to the new palace. Everything in it is by German artists on classical models. The walls are painted in fresco, like those at Pompeii—altogether, there is a perfection of daring originality with classical taste and good sense, such as is the rarest thing in the world. When satiated with Munich, I went to Ratisbon, and visited the Valhalla, a temple of fame for all the great men of Germany in all ages, copied from the Parthenon, and built on a hill overlooking the Danube. When finished, it will probably equal the very finest remains of antiquity. We reached Vienna, and having had the sanctities of my trunk rudely rifled by the custom-house people, I am safely quartered in an airy hotel outside Vienna proper. The place is by far the most merry-making I have ever seen,

* This refers to an annual prize of £50 offered by Prince Albert to the Eton boy who made the greatest proficiency in the modern languages.

music, dancing, and promenading being universally the order of the day. The worst part of it is the terrible mixture of wind and sunshine with clouds of dust, which realize all my notions of a tropical sirocco.

I see it is beyond doubt that the Conservatives will have a majority, and the only question is as to its number. The papers abroad talk of twenty, but from their own account I should guess three times the number.

Of all the Shrewsbury men who in the last few months have taken second rate honours at Cambridge, not one had escaped being beaten when they met King's men, and peculiar Cambridge circumstances have given very inferior men an opportunity of distinction. Still I would not strongly press Mrs. — to enter her son at Eton, unless she feels herself inclined to do so.

Prague, July 30, 1841.—I had expected to find this an interesting place, and am not disappointed. It is situated in a sort of basin with walled hills around, and the palace of the Bohemian kings overlooking it. The river is crossed by a bridge of eighteen hundred feet in length, with no less than fifty-six statues on the sides; and the whole town is full of domes and spires, with old feudal-looking houses ornamented in a sort of half Italian style. One quarter of the town is inhabited by Jews, who have two synagogues, one of great antiquity, this being, it is said, their oldest settlement in Europe. The people are very musical, it is said, even more so than the Germans in general. I heard to-day part of a sermon in Bohemian, and have no fault to find with the doctrine, seeing that I failed to understand a single word of it. Its sound is rather soft, and in singing it is said (by Bohemians) to resemble that of Italian. There are some relics of John Huss here, but only two Protestant churches, his work having been overthrown by the subsequent war. Here, as at Munich, the prevailing Church allows nothing unfavourable to her to make its appearance, and the opera of the 'Huguenots' is

metamorphosed into the 'Anglicaners and Puritans,' *we* being the true persecutors.

I should think Selwyn a person well chosen for the New Zealand Bishopric, since he has a great deal of fervid zeal joined to a very cool, calculating head.

Did you know that German was in many respects very like Greek? and if, according to Archdeacon Williams, the Latins were Celts, it is quite as probable on the other side that the Greeks were Goths, and German stands in the same relation to Greek as Welsh to Latin. The German has a reduplication exactly like the Greek.

Since I left Venice, for a longer interval than any hitherto in the course of my travels, I have not heard the English Liturgy, but hope to do so next Sunday at Dresden.

Dresden, Aug. 10, 1841.—From Prague I went to Teplitz, one of the principal German watering-places. Passing over the field of Culm, where forty thousand Frenchmen were annihilated in the war,* I came to Tetschen, and here began a short voyage down the Elbe. The scenery for some miles downward is of the most peculiar character, and bears the same relation to mountain scenery as a pony to a horse; that is, very small, but perfect in its kind. The highest mountains are not above sea-level, but they stand up so abruptly, and are so broken into rocky columns, that they make a greater impression than many mountains which are far higher. They are not volcanic, but formed by water, and most of them are cloven into numerous pillars or columns of rock, from one of which you can only cross to another by means of artificial bridges. I loitered a day among this peculiar scenery, and found myself able to walk better than I expected. Dresden is, for a city north of the Alps, remarkably rich in works of the best Italian painters, especially in those of Correggio. There is also a celebrated exhibition here,

* August 29, 30, 1813.

called the *Green Vaults*, a series of rooms full of expensive curiosities, 'rich and rare,' which kings and children delight in—pieces of ivory cut into all manner of figures, pearls, diamonds, and all manner of precious stones in profusion. . . . There are some tolerable ancient statues, and porcelain, china, &c., to be admired. The soldiers have red uniforms like our own. I am told that green was the English colour, but that they adopted red as conquerors of France, and in consequence the French gave it up. The people here rejoice in a Constitution, but their Chambers at present are not open, or I should go and hear them. I really feel glad to be out of Austria, though I cannot complain of having suffered any flagrant instance of despotism, but I dislike the magisterial way in which everything is done. . . . The town has the usual abundance of promenades, bands of music, and people who drink tea or beer in the evening. The people throughout Germany seem to enjoy what they have more than the English do. I had intended to be here some ten days, but having seen quite enough shall go by railway to-morrow to Leipzig, thence to Magdeburg, Potsdam, and Berlin, get to Hamburg, and to London the last Friday in the month, and home on the Saturday or Monday. On the Sunday I may perhaps drop down to Eton. I am greatly tempted to go direct from here by the Elbe to Hamburg, since I am now tired of sight-seeing, and as I get nearer home my longing for it increases.

I have thought over the grave part of my father's letter, but cannot persuade myself that a dozen years at Eton are at all likely to suit me; in fact it does not appear to be my natural vocation. As long, however, as the grapes are hung up quietly out of my reach, there is no great use in calling them sour, though I really think them so.

* * * * *

In his Journal, when abroad, he sketches out a future line of work for himself as follows:—

Rome, 1841, Good Friday.—If I live, let me have something like a practicable plan for my life.

Return to King's in October — take pupils — read Early Fathers, History of Church, Milman, Burton, and enough of divinity for orders. I am then twenty-five. Read Plato and Aristotle (as well as parish duties, &c.) in a year and a half; Gibbon, with a glance at authorities, half a year. Study literature from Cicero, with new Platonists, downwards to Council of Nice, another year. Allow two years more to complete this, and a year more for Fathers; also Josephus by thirty years old. Possibly a year for mathematics, and a work on induction as applied to religious creeds. Study Bacon. Possibly a year for sermons in high style. From thirty-one to thirty-five, Masters of English Divinity and English Ecclesiastical History. Begin my work. In five years, down to Charles I.; five years more of English divinity, then five to finish it by forty-five. Then consider:—

If I take a year for Hebrew, a year for modern history, a year for travelling, and two years for Welsh literature and history, this would make me fifty, when it would be time to look about me.

Later in the year he thus describes his politics:—

My politics have certainly undergone a great revolution; not that I am become a Radical, or that my votes now would be apparently very different, but questions have changed their relative importance, and I look upon men of different sides with more equal eye. Instead of thinking monarchy, &c., was most essential, and free press, &c., a lateral convenience, I now invert the order, and put freedom first, government afterwards, and look with more sympathy on Liberal ideas generally. Again, O'Connell I can endure, and even admire, while some of the leading Whigs, such as Lord J. Russell, I trust *as much as* Sir R. Peel, and certainly more than the mob of Tories. I am not sure that I might not be called a Russellite. Mem.—*Rather* a Peelite, i.e. a bare Conservative, but not a Tory.

CHAPTER IV.

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE:
1841—1850.

‘Nor swift, nor slow to change.’—*Tennyson*.

HE had not been mistaken in thinking there was some idea on Dr. Hawtrey's part of securing his services for Eton, and, upon his return to England, the offer of a mastership was made to him, and with considerable reluctance on his part accepted, and he went to Eton as assistant-master in January, 1842. But the work was not to his taste, and he seems to have undertaken the post chiefly in deference to the strongly expressed wishes of his parents and the advice of friends, so he writes to his father :—

Cambridge, Guy Fawkes' Day, 1841.—After the tone in which you wrote to me it appeared I could not well do anything but comply with the wish you so strongly expressed. Accordingly I have despatched a letter of acceptance, but have in return two remarks to make. *One* is that you have pressed upon me only the *trial*; and, much as I dislike the inconsistency which would be involved in such a proceeding, it is not impossible that, *according to your promise*, I may claim in a year's time the right of finally adopting for myself such a mode of life as I appear to be best fitted for. Secondly, my own judgment has neither altered nor wavered.

As, when a boy at Eton, he had foreseen he should not care for the position, so now it proved ; and, though he would probably have persevered in it for a time, a very serious attack of inflammation of the lungs decided the question otherwise. Dr. (the late Sir Henry) Holland said he considered his leaving Eton an absolute necessity ; that to remain there would be to sacrifice his life, and we find him therefore not unwillingly returning to Cambridge.

Anxious not needlessly to alarm his mother, who was at the time in London, nursing one of his sisters in dangerous illness, he wrote as lightly as possible of the matter in the following letter :—

TO HIS MOTHER.

Eton College, Thursday.— The state of my health has made it necessary for me to resign my place here, and my visit to you will be on my way to Cambridge, where I shall hope gradually to recover. At all events, I have no cause for immediate alarm, though the nature of my duties here is such as to compel me to leave. You must not try to persuade me to go home, since I am convinced the Cambridge air will agree with me better, and Dr. Holland said he should recommend it rather than the seaside. It is satisfactory that I part on the best of terms with Dr. Hawtrey, who has promised (when I get stronger again) to do anything in his power for me. Only it is obvious I must not think of remaining, or even of returning here, though Dr. Hawtrey has offered to keep the place open until the summer.

In order to escape the cold winds of spring, he now spent a short time in Jersey, from whence he crossed into Brittany for a few days.

The latter part of the next letter is striking in that,

while it shows the direction in which his theological sympathies now lay, it indicates also the individuality of the standing-point he assumed and maintained through life, with regard to the different parties in the Church.

TO HIS FATHER.

Crescent, St. Heliers, April 4, 1842.—On my return here yesterday, I found Archdeacon Williams' book,* which seems a very scholar-like production, and will give him a high place among the most original and learned theorists on the Homeric poems. I agree with most of the verbal criticisms, but have doubts as to the general theory. He maintains with confidence the unity of the author, and makes the destruction of Troy a divine judgment, to which the moral principles of the Bible may fairly be applied. I do not like the abuse of our old favourites, the Trojans, or the way in which Helen, Paris, and even Venus are made persons to be strongly condemned.

I read also, at Guernsey, Dr. Pusey's letter to the archbishop, which I think you would consider a very manly and Christian-like expression of feeling; only the part relating to the Bishopric of Jerusalem is the least satisfactory.

I do not intend ever to attach myself to any party in the Church, or to become responsible for the particular doctrine which Mr. Simeon may have made popular at one time, and Dr. Pusey at another. On the whole, however, I certainly think these Oxford men are fighting over again the battle of the Church against the Nonconformists and the Puritans; there seems a constant struggle between the principles of order and unity on one hand, and that of unlimited private judgment on the other. There may be extreme points, and faults as well as merits on both sides; but on the whole I prefer Jeremy Taylor and South to Baxter and Bunyan, and I had rather go with Tractarians than with their opponents. Such, at least, is my feeling, and I am inclined to think your own would not be far different.

* *Homerus.* London, 1842.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Dinant, Brittany, May 8, 1842. — Dinant is surrounded by the most romantic scenery, being situated on a steep hill almost insulated, with the little river winding through the ravines below. I know no town in Great Britain like it. It is a sort of improved Denbigh, but on a far fairer hill, with a number of other hills separated only by beautiful vales and dingles. As an addition to its pretty situation, it has the recommendation of great cheapness. You may easily believe it is haunted by numerous Angles, who pursue even here the noble Bretons with their prejudices and pride, outraging, as usual, the feelings of the people amongst whom they live. I am sorry to find it is sixty miles from hence to what may be called the Welsh part of this Wales in France. The state of my finances, therefore, coupled with the colder climate here, and other considerations, will prevent me from following my heart into the wilder districts, where our countrymen yet retain their language and command the unwilling respect of their more sophisticated neighbours. I have had, however, the pleasure of talking to an old Breton, with a white beard and a Grecian cast of countenance, who was related to 'La Tour d'Auvergne,' and taught me a few words of Breton. For instance, 'good-night' is 'nos mât,' and a 'horse' always 'march.' I heard also a Frenchman at St. Malo disclaiming all personal connection with the Bretons, but saying that they were often calumniated by those who did not know them, but were brave, honest, and faithful, though poor and little advanced in the refinements of life. I was told also that they were preferred as soldiers to the common French.

His health now seemed to be in great measure re-established, and he returned to Cambridge. Before going to Eton he had taken his B.A. degree (1841), and in October, 1842, he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Lincoln, the visitor of his college, upon his fellowship. The

following letter gives the news of the event, and shows also the desire he had for clerical work, as well as the causes which prevented his undertaking it, and decided his Cambridge career. He was ordained priest the next year by the Bishop of Lincoln.

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 4, 1842.—We got back from Lincoln last night, having been duly ordained on Sunday. . . . There were six King's men, all of whom satisfied the bishop in their first day's examination, so as to make it unnecessary for him to keep us in longer. He paid no particular compliments to ourselves personally, but expressed in conversation his high satisfaction at the way in which our men generally acquitted themselves, saying no set of men came to him so well prepared; and his chaplain, Mr. Jeremy, said they *now* did as well as they *once* did badly. Bacon and I dined with the bishop in private at his registrar's house (his own palace being some miles distant), which was probably intended as a compliment, the men in general dining with him at an inn. There were about forty candidates, and the service was rather long, but most solemn and impressive. It was impossible, indeed, not to feel what an awful undertaking we were engaged in, and I hope the serious feelings and earnest aspirations which accompanied it may not lightly pass away. I could wish very much to perform some actual clerical duty, but have serious fears that my lungs are scarcely in a state to render it practicable. This brings me to a passage in my mother's letter in which she protests against any plan of fixing my sphere of duty abroad. I certainly feel myself bound by so many ties to my own country, that I should consider my providential vocation as rather lying within it than elsewhere. At the same time, if my health does not enable me to make myself useful here, it may become a question whether divine and human consideration should not lead me to seek both health and an opportunity of working in some climate

better suited to me. This, at least, is the view at which I look at the case. I have determined, however, to make a careful trial here, and at present confine myself to doing so. If the trial fails, the other alternative will present itself, only that (as the bishop said to me) everything may sometimes be saved by an early removal elsewhere, rather than by deferring the remedy until it is too late to be of any service ; let us, however, hope for the best.

‘Though he had no regular preferment,’ writes a friend,* ‘he was not idle in his profession, either as a deacon or priest, but readily and gratuitously gave his aid to overworked clergymen at Cambridge and in the neighbourhood. He soon, if not at first, preached without any books or notes, and his style was much liked, especially by the farmers and labourers, upon whom his evident earnestness and power over language made a deep impression.’

TO HIS SISTER J.

King's College, Cambridge, Nov. 1st, 1842.—I have been trying my hand at a sermon, but find myself often embarrassed from not knowing to what kind of congregation it will be preached, as I should either raise or lower my language accordingly.

It is not impossible that, in the course of the next few weeks, I shall have begun to read or preach in a country parish.

It is curious all around Cambridge (as I think in Anglesey) the people desert almost entirely the morning service, and frequent only the afternoon, exactly the reverse of our case at Ysceiflog.

In other churches again, and in one where the living is 400 acres of glebe, there is only one weekly service. There is a clergyman in almost the next parish, one of the most rustic wights I ever saw ; and altogether, if you knew the way things are done in the rural parishes near here, you might think better of the Church of Wales in comparison. Then, if you bear in mind how little

* Rev. R. W. Essington.

instruction there is here in rural places to make up the deficiencies of the Church, you will not think Methodism so unmixed an evil, nor be so surprised at what I often maintain, that the Welsh peasantry are more intellectual and higher in the scale of humanity than the English. . . . They are now only beginning to build a school in connection with the church, to teach the people to read and write, in Barton, a parish three miles from Cambridge.

The Christmas vacation was passed in lodgings in London, where he took pupils and prepared them for the Eton examinations.

(Journal), *Fourth Sunday in Advent, December 18th, 1842.*—Wanting to borrow some books from Goodford, and to enjoy my comparative freedom to-day, I went down to Eton. Being at Slough ten minutes before eleven, and not thinking it right to attend a mutilated service at Eton, when I had the option of a whole one, I turned into Upton (new church, neat modern Norman). . . . Just then the sun began to shine, and the day was lovely until half-past four. I got my books, saw my good old dame. . . . A pleasant day altogether, and not ill spent. The chanting in the chapel was very good.

My thoughts in walking through the playing fields and over the sacred little bridge were full of deep emotion. The old trees and flowing Thames, the well-known fields, enlarged and improved, the ground I so often trod, all the same, and I—O Almighty God, I prayed earnestly from my heart, that the good seed sown there, the care and anxiety of my parents, the hopes, the resolutions, the sad years of my uneasy boyhood, might even now not be without fruit. Like St. Paul, like Augustine, like Bunyan, may I not too be converted and live, may I not yet work God's will in my generation? . . . Now, then, I begin *de novo*, having trodden to-day in simplicity of heart the doorway, the church, and the old places I trod while a boy, when I yearned to be a manly Christian. Now I return, renew my vows—and now God of His

infinite grace give me perseverance, heal my sickness, forgive my sins, make me His faithful minister, and first working in me, then reward in me His own work.

* * * * *

The Welsh Bishopric question referred to in the letters of this period which follow, was one which stirred the heart of every patriotic Welshman to the core; and not in Wales alone, but also in England, the matter was warmly espoused by those interested in the Church's welfare.

The question had its origin in 1835, when, under the administration of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, a commission was issued for the purpose of considering the most effectual means of improving the condition of the Established Church. Among the topics that then came under consideration was a project for establishing a Bishop of Manchester, and in connection with this, of uniting the two sees of Bangor and St. Asaph. The Commissioners made their reports in 1835, and the Act for carrying them into effect was passed in 1836.*

Both the clergy and laity of Wales were strongly opposed to the measure of the see of St. Asaph being merged in that of Bangor, and the founding of the bishopric of Manchester on the ruins of the Welsh see. They considered it would be subversive of their Church's best interest, in fact, nothing better than a spoliation. Neither did the proposal that the impropriation from these sees should be

* 'Act of 6th and 7th William IV., for carrying into effect the reports of the Commissioners appointed to consider the state of the Established Church in England and Wales, so far as they relate to Episcopal Dioceses, Revenues, and Patronages.'

applied to the augmentation of the bishoprics of St. David's and Llandaff, in South Wales, or to the better endowments of poor and populous vicarages in North Wales, at all reconcile them to the idea, and as the time approached when the Act would come into force, no exertion was spared to avert the calamity.

In 1843 the late Earl of Powis, as Welsh Commissioner, brought forward a bill in the House of Lords for 'continuing the bishoprics of St. Asaph and Bangor, and for erecting a see of Manchester.'

Numerous petitions in favour of the bill were presented during this and the ensuing years, from different parts of England and Wales. After a long speech, Lord Powis moved the second reading, May 23rd, but it was considered advisable to withdraw the bill for a time.

In 1845 the Earl of Powis again moved the second reading of the bill, which was lost by a majority of 32 ; 97 voting for, 129 against it.*

July 20, 1846, it was once more brought forward and very warmly debated, and a second reading carried in spite of the resistance of the Government (the Whig Ministers were then in power), by a majority of 38 to 28.†

Opposition, on the part of the Government, was now withdrawn, and on July 24, 1846, the Bill was read for a third time and passed.

Intensely interested in all that concerned their country, and especially her Church, the Rector of Ysceifiog and his son felt and took up this matter most warmly, and were among the chief promoters of resistance to the measure.

* *Times*, May 3, 1845.

† *Times*, July 21, 1846.

In the Principality, the father was active in organizing petitions to the Queen, the Archbishop, and Houses of Parliament, some of which were drawn up by his son; while at Cambridge, the latter by well-timed, vigorous letters in the papers, and personal influence among his friends, did much to raise and keep alive an interest in the subject, and was instrumental in getting petitions in favour of the bill, sent from the university and the surrounding archdeaconries.

TO HIS SISTER J.

King's College, Cambridge, Jan. 25, 1843.—I have got safe back to Cambridge with such civil speeches on the part of my pupils' parents as to make it probable that I may get a similar batch of pupils another vacation.

I want to call your attention to some rather spirited, though perhaps strongly expressed verses, which have appeared in London on the subject of our bishoprics. They are called *The Tears of Cambria*,* and are published at so cheap a rate, that the writer must evidently aim more at making a popular impression than at acquiring any profit.

Something has been done for us here, the Archdeaconry of Ely having petitioned in spite of Scholefield, who is a very *practical* and utilitarian sort of person, with great influence as a parochial clergyman. Our champions are rather the High Church and Tractarian party, whose assistance brings with it something suspicious in the eyes of some persons.

* *The Tears of Cambria*; or, 'the Ancient Church of West Britain against the Tyranny and Usurpation of the Ecclesiastical Commission.' Some verses from this were published in the *Lays from the Cimbric Lyre*, under the title of *St. Asaph and Bangor*. He calls them 'the least vehement among some crude and rude rhymes, which in my hot youth were published under another title, and intended to do the work of a pamphlet against the proposed union of the sees.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Feb. 8, 1843.—When I got your letter I had no copies of the ‘Tears’ to send, but have received two or three to-day. The demand, I fear, may have received a check from the printer’s inexcusable delay. Of course I cannot be answerable for any anonymous publications which my friends may attribute to me; but I think the verses not amiss in their way, and they contain very little which the Bishop of London might not smile at if he is good-humoured; though it cannot be expected that men, struggling like in a combat, should weigh their phrases as delicately as in a drawing-room exchange of compliments. I am much obliged to you for sending me the *Courant* criticism, which of course you did on the supposition that I was the author. . . . Curiously enough, the Conservative *Herald* and Radical *Sun* had articles on our question within twelve hours of each other; the *Sun* favoured, and *Grandmamma* opposed us.

I have three half pupils, and am also learning to fence, which was recommended me as likely to assist the lungs by expanding the chest. I shall have the option of doing some easy duty, that is *half* a service, in a few weeks, but am not sure if I shall venture. Between ourselves, I shall be almost afraid of coming home, because I shall have to run the gauntlet of invitations to read at Ysceifiog, and also of domestic criticism, which I consider the worst of all criticism. . . .

I have no news at present of our Cambridge petition, but believe it will be voted.

There is a clumsy, inconsistent article in the *British Magazine* for January, advocating our cause, but in a lukewarm tone. The tone of the magazine has changed, and become what some of my *high* friends call Garbettite, i.e. less Tractarian. I am anxious to hear concerning Manchester church.

In the autumn the following letter from his pen appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle* :—

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION AND THE PROPOSED
ANNIHILATION OF ONE OF THE WELSH BISHOPRICS.

To the Editor of the Cambridge Chronicle.

Cambridge, Nov. 24, 1843.—SIR,—I trust you will allow me, both as a Welshman and a member of the university, to ask, through the medium of your columns, ‘Will the university of Cambridge take any steps to avert the mutilation impending over the Apostolic Church of Great Britain?’ Other parts of the kingdom have awoke from their apathy respecting this painful subject, and a petition from our body could scarcely fail to produce a beneficial effect. It is possible, however, there may be many amongst us whose sense of justice and whose Church principles would be shocked by the atrocity of the measure, but who are either not aware of the facts or have not considered them with sufficient attention.

The Welsh bishoprics, including that of Hereford, may be traced either to the second century of the Christian era, or to a period immediately subsequent; they survived the tempest which spread the darkness of paganism over England, and anticipated by many centuries the protest of the Reformation against the usurped dominion of the papacy in these realms. They possess, therefore, a degree of ecclesiastical and antiquarian interest peculiar to themselves.

Many persons are of opinion that the benefits of episcopacy would have been better appreciated in Wales, if the bishops had been familiar with the language and genius of the people; but it is allowed on all hands that their local charities, their examples of decorous piety, and their general influence could be ill spared; it is also acknowledged that from peculiar circumstances the Principality has more than ordinary need of that episcopal guidance, which is the surest guarantee for the preservation of Christian truth in its integrity and the efficient administration of Church ordinances in all their beauty and regularity.

The existence of these ancient bishoprics is justly considered by

Welshmen both a national inheritance and an ecclesiastical benefit; and it would be in the highest degree lamentable if a precedent for spoliation, which might involve most fatal consequences, were to originate in a spot of all others most hallowed by the vestiges of antiquity, and least fitted for such a loss by present exigencies.

The right of presentation or preferment in North Wales is almost exclusively in episcopal hands, and the proposed measure would place an unexampled amount of patronage in the hands of one individual, and at the same moment diminish his opportunities of exercising it to advantage. For this reason alone, frequent intercourse between the Welsh clergy and their diocesan is peculiarly desirable, and under the proposed arrangement would become impossible; while the mountainous character of the country, the scattered population, and the comparative poverty of the clergy, would greatly aggravate the mischief arising from the diminution of episcopal superintendence.

The Church in North Wales has more need of encouragement than of mutilation; and to commence her reform by making a breach in her primitive constitution, by diminishing the number of her representatives, by cutting off her streams of charity, and by taking away those sources of wealth and dignity which must always have an influence upon human nature, is to think that sacrilege is doing God service.

We have societies which busy themselves with preserving the outward fabric of ancient churches; we have begun to boast almost proudly of Christian communities springing from our loins, and going out to the ends of the earth. Where, in the name of heaven and of our forefathers, is that justice, if not that charity, which should spare, if it will not cherish, the Apostolical constitution of our eldest and most venerable churches at home? Shall it be said that English churchmen are ambitious in their zeal, and will perform charities of renown, and go on to plunder or injure in the tenderest point those who have only the two greatest arguments for protection, their poverty and their simplicity, to recommend them as victims? Or can the Bishop of London

and his associates believe it no insult to the God of humanity, as well as of the Bible, to deprive, in His holy name, a loyal and religious nation of their fondly-cherished reminiscences, and to cripple their Church in her dignity and her resources?

The question resolves itself into two phases. The measure proposed is a mutilation of the United Church of Great Britain, and as such, there is no conscientious and enlightened churchman who will not think it his bounden duty to resist the consummation of such an evil. It is also an outrage upon the ancestral Church and the national feelings of the Principality. Is it wise thus to treat a people justly proud of their history, extremely sensitive in their patriotism, and singularly tenacious of their purpose? Is it wise to awaken those flames of animosity which, after the lapse of ages, have only just burnt out? Some men have already begun to inquire whether it will not be the duty of the clergy to elect a titular bishop, rather than submit to the mutilation of their Church.

There are hopes, however, that so much of the Act as provided for the obnoxious measure may yet be repealed by public feeling. Ministers cannot be reluctant, if they are only supported by public feeling. Meetings have been held at Carnarvon and in various parts of Wales, and the clergy have exhausted the subject by frequent remonstrances. They now look to their English brethren, and say with even more reason than the man of Macedonia, 'Come over and help us,'—'join your voices to avert the hand of sacrilege.'

I will only add, if the members of this university are deaf to such a cry—if they look on with more than English coldness, while we are injured by those of our own house, they may indeed never find that this blow was the prelude to greater things; but I know not how they will escape the charge of hypocrisy when they pray 'thy kingdom come,' or how their conscience can feel that 'they have done unto every man whatsoever they would should be done unto them.'

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

R. W.

When at last the battle of the Bishoprics was won, he took an active part in raising a testimonial to the Earl of Powis, and wrote the address of thanks which was presented to his lordship in recognition of the patriotic lead he had taken in the matter.*

At Easter we again find him in London with pupils, and part of the summer vacation was spent in a reading tour with pupils in North Wales, to which the following letters refer :—

TO HIS SISTER.

April 11, 1843.—I am at present settled at 89, Great Portland Street, the same street as at Christmas. . . . My time here is half over, and is passing not unpleasantly, though with a good deal of work. I am to dine to-morrow with Judge Patteson, whose son is one of my pupils. He is an old King's man, and very pleasant. . . .

There is nothing improbable in your having seen the comet, as its tail was visible to the naked eye for several nights about the tail of Orion ; indeed I was told that I saw it myself, and, as Professor Sedgwick was my authority, I fully believed it, only I always take such things on trust. This was on a bright night, after a field lecture on geology, in the course of which Cymræs carried me about two-and-thirty miles very well, most of it at a very good pace, not less than eight miles an hour. I also rode up twenty-six miles to Hockerel, and from thence took *rail* to London. The creature is in good spirits and behaving very well, though no amount of corn will ever make her look fat. She is a good deal admired even in Hyde Park. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

Llanberis, August 26, 1843.—I almost flattered myself I dis-

* Further reference to the Bishopric question will be found in letters pp. 114, 118, 126.

covered on the top of the round wooded hill above Aber traces of an old stone wall, as if it had been a town; and, as Mr. Williams had shown us a similar thing at Llandudno, I have constructed a theory that the earliest British towns were, like the earliest Italian, on the top of hills and also walled. The hill at Aber is called Maes-y-gaer; *one* of the Welsh names of the Orm's Head is Pen-y-gaer; at least, so it is given in a navigation map of the coast.

Aberdovey, Sept. 14.—Our tour has been on the whole a very satisfactory one, having combined with great variety of scenery and enjoyment as much reading as could fairly be expected. The banks of the Dovey here are very hilly and tolerably wooded and the sands stretching out towards Towyn are very pleasant. Plinlimmon is to be seen from the hills above.

In July he had been appointed Classical Tutor of King's College, and he took up the office on the following October 10th.

‘For the next six or seven years,’ writes Dr. Jessopp, ‘he continued to perform the duties of tutor of his college with an earnestness and zeal which soon established his reputation, and gave him no mean place even among that brilliant band of scholars who were at that time the pride and boast of the University of Cambridge. Dr. Thirlwall had been succeeded at Trinity by Thompson * and Blakesley,† and the present Dean of Ely‡ was at St. John's. Rowland Williams' lectures turned largely upon Aristotle and Plato, but, as he once said to me, “I think I threw more of my strength into my Aristotle lectures than into anything, and yet I dare say you never heard of them.” I

* Present Master of Trinity.

† Now Dean of Lincoln.

‡ Dr. Merivale.

had often heard of them, however, and I have a very vivid recollection of the first time he was pointed out to me, shortly after I went up to the university, in 1845, as "the only great Aristotelian lecturer in Cambridge."

Nov. 14.—I dined with the Provost, who was all kindness in his odd and occasionally polite way. The new Bishop of Lichfield was there, and spoke kindly to me of my quondam examination, and expressed pleasure that I was so usefully employed here. . . . Hence also some civil words from N. Grenville, who, sitting between Lonsdale and Romilly, turned his back on the latter all evening, addressing or hanging on the words of the bishop. If our dinner had been so much *overdone*, it would have been roasted to rags. The new master of Sydney kindly recognized me. There were plenty of dignitaries, but I thought them rather dull, as if awed by the bishop. Our good old host tried to relieve it by praising his champagne, asking about birds, and repeating old Eton jokes. Romilly is an extraordinary man. He goes largely into all society, and drinks wine apparently with his neighbours, yet for years it has scarcely crossed his lips. . . .

Lonsdale had his health drunk, got up and said briefly, 'I have not accepted the see of Lichfield as matter of gratification, but as a matter of business (!); it is, however, a gratification to me to have such expressions of kindness from such persons as I see around me, and in a place like the present, from which I have received so much of profit and of pleasure.'

To a lady who had asked his opinion as to the comparative merits of a public or a private education, he thus writes of the advantages of Eton training—a letter which, while some of the Eton system referred to in it has changed, in its main points holds good, or would rather be strengthened by the improved system which now prevails there:—

Dec. 20, 1843.—Upon the main question of sending or not sending a boy to Eton it is difficult to give decided advice. Some boys differ from others, and some particularly require home superintendence. For the general run, however, taking the average of boys, I can scarcely entertain a doubt that on the whole a public school is the best place, nor is any public school at present better than Eton. There are, indeed, temptations to do wrong; but they are not more, nor are they stronger in proportion to boys, than the temptations of the world are in proportion to men. For this very reason, such a school is the best preparation for the world; a boy comes, not out of a hotbed, but with a mind prepared and disciplined, into his sphere of trial. So whenever he meets temptation, which *must* be at *some* period, it is not a new enemy, but as one he has been accustomed to face, and which has only grown stronger as his strength to resist it has increased. As far as experience goes, I have seen no better men than those from public schools, and especially from Eton. At the same time the only room for doubt is between a public school and a home education, for private schools, in general, have all the danger of those on a larger scale with fewer advantages. Your son's chances of *learning* would depend partly upon his having a good tutor, such as Mr. Abraham or Mr. Balston, and also in a great measure upon his own exertions. A boy ought to be *willing*, and should be prepared rather on the Eton system if possible. The expenses vary according to the means of the parents and the economy or extravagance of the boys. From £80 to £100 a year for a collegier (that is a boy on the foundation), and from £30 to £50 more for an oppidan at a dame's house, is a fair average with economy. Your son's chances of being finally elected to King's would depend mainly upon his progress as a scholar, and partly upon contingencies beyond human foresight.

If you send him to Eton, I most strongly recommend it should be done as soon as possible; between ten and twelve is the golden period for entering, and Easter is a good time.

He ought to read, or be able to read, such books as Cæsar, Ovid, Greek Testament, Æsop's Fables, and Farnaby's Greek Epigrams, and be a tolerable master of the Greek and Latin Grammar, as now used at Eton (one of the recently altered). Especially, also, he should be able to translate English properly arranged for him into Latin verse; that is, what are called long and short—'more properly, hexameters and pentameters.' If this can be brought about by the second week after next Easter, so much the better; if otherwise, it should certainly be done by the same period a year later. If your son goes into college, he should be an oppidan for a year at first, and not much longer.

TO HIS SISTER J.

King's College, Cambridge, March 12, 1844.—In to-day's paper there is a very strong requisition to the archdeacon of the neighbourhood, desiring him to call a meeting to petition in favour of the bishopric question. Although there may be some opposition, I have little doubt a petition will be carried. . . .

The following letter has an interest beyond the subject connected with the Principality which called it forth, in giving expression to his feeling respecting the local association which, he thought, should generally govern the erection of monuments :—

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, May 23, 1844.—As you are good enough to ask my opinion respecting the proposed site for Dr. Davies' monument,* I can scarcely express in too strong terms

* Dr. John Davies, born about 1570, died in 1644. He was associated with Bishop Morgan in the translation of the first Welsh Bible, published in 1588, and afterwards was intrusted with the chief responsibility of the revision of the translation undertaken by Bishop Parry, and published 1620. He was also the author of a Welsh grammar composed in Latin, *Antiquæ Linguae Britannicæ*, 1621, and of a Welsh and Latin Dictionary, *Dictionarium Britannicæ*

the many reasons which incline me in favour of the parish in which he spent so large a portion of his life, rather than the Cathedral of St. Asaph. In the first place general opinion connects his name with Mallwyd, and the stranger looks with natural interest for some record of so distinguished a man in his own parish. Again, Mallwyd is in the heart of Wales, in a region likely to retain its old language and associations for many years; while St. Asaph is already semi-Anglicized. The people who frequent the cathedral have very few Welsh sympathies, and the language which Dr. Davies strove to perpetuate is never heard within its walls. Those whose curiosity leads them to look there for monuments of bishops and nobles will care little for the tokens of gratitude which men Welsh in heart as well as by descent, have offered to the illustrator of a decaying language and a neglected literature. There too your tablet will be lost amid the crowd of more glaring candidates for attention. At Mallwyd, on the contrary, it will stand out prominently as the well-deserved monument of the patriotic scholar and divine, the impress of whose mind is stamped upon the arrangements of the church to this day. It will give the passing stranger an additional reason for remembering the little church among the mountains, and it will be a subject of honest pride and a source of emulation, perhaps in some degree a link of connection with the church, to the simple inhabitants. They, at least, will not overlook or despise it; they will feel that their parish was the home of so distinguished a man; and as the 'genius loci' which inhabits the wild scenery of the place must have had its influence in moulding the mind of Dr. Davies, and in keeping alive the local attachments of a moun-

Latinum, folio, 1632. In recognition of his erudition and devotion to the interests of his country, in 1844-45 a public subscription was made in the Principality for a monument to his memory. The above letter refers to this, and according to its suggestions, Mallwyd church was chosen as the place for its erection. Dr. Davies had been rector of the parish forty years, and had built the chancel and tower of the church at his own expense. The inscription on this monument was the composition of Rowland Williams.

taineer, it has a right to receive in return some token of gratitude and some aid towards perpetuating and enhancing its influence over those who may come afterwards.

Such arguments, I think, apply with peculiar force to the present case ; and even on more general grounds I greatly prefer the principle of local associations in the erection of monuments to the mere ambition which would crowd them as ornaments in a metropolis. In my own case, for instance, if I lived at King's for thirty years, I had rather have a monument in our chapel than in Westminster Abbey. For if the subject of the monument be sufficiently great to be generally known, his local memorial will also attract due attention ; but if he is foisted into undue notoriety, his record is only the more out of place amid the mob of great men.

As to your scruple about the workmanship, such minor incongruities occur every day. Look, for instance, at Llandegai, where who is not more impressed by the tomb of the stately prelate,* amid the mountains to which his loyalty led him in his old age, than if it had been crowded among mediæval abbots at Lincoln or York ? Though, indeed, I grant and believe a marble tablet with something of Gothic shape (a half-raised screen of pointed archwork in *bas-relief*, for instance, around the inscription) would be more appropriate to the church, if (as I suppose) it is Gothic ; yet Grecian or Italian shapes are too common a species of incongruity to attract any peculiar or marked censure.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 28, 1844.— My classical lectures go on as usual, and I shall have to preach at St. Mary's (in the morning only, which is the least crowded time) on the 16th of next month, if I can muster courage to do so. My sermon is

* Dr. John Williams, Dean of Sarum, afterwards of Winchester, Privy Councillor and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1620, Bishop of Lincoln, and from thence translated to the Archiepiscopal see of York ; buried in the chancel of the parish church of Llandegai, near Bangor, 1650.

not yet written, though it will be on a subject of which I have been thinking for a long time.

The papers probably will have told you I am re-appointed, according to custom, examiner for the tripos in February next. This, however, neither greatly afflicts nor exalts me, though it may look well to people at a distance.

He had this year taken his M.A. degree.

TO HIS FATHER.

Jan. 28, 1845.—You will be sorry to hear poor Simonds' life is now almost despaired of. . . . To myself and others of his old schoolfellows this is a sad shock, as we always hoped he might rally so far as to survive for some years, if not to give the world some specimen of his very rare talents.

We shall probably have two or three more resignations soon, so that my lecture room is becoming comparatively crowded.

Upon hearing of Mr. Simonds' death he wrote the following lines :—

Of all who in the race had started,
Striving for the olive crown,
All bright of eye, all hopeful-hearted,
Ah, how many have sunk down,
Young in life's power !

One far away in wild lands fighting,
One in stormy waves o'erwhelmed,
One by the slow Destroyer's blighting,
Brave and gentle, gowned and helmed,
Met the dark hour.

But thou, who on thy presence borest
Stamp of immortalitie ;
O ! best beloved ; O ! wept for sorest !
Dark in death's captivitie
Thou too art bound.

We dreamed—vain dreams—of some great glorie,
 Dim, but wondrous as thy powers ;
 We held of all thy brightening storie
 Hopes, which like the storm-swept flowers
 Lie on the ground.

Thine was the dread and slow decaying,
 Life's vain shrinking from the tomb ;
 Sad hope, sad anguish, ill allaying ;
 Till the angel came in gloom
 All links to sever.

O Lord, our Lord, our helper onlie,
 Giver, taker of our breath ;
 All else Thou takest—leave us onlie
 Love and hope, in darkest death
 Quenched not for ever.*

1845.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Feb. 24, 1845.—The circulars you were so kind as to send here duly reached me, and I am going to disseminate them as much as possible. We have sent in our requisition to the heads, with the names, among others, of Professors Blunt and Ollivant, and we hope to be able to carry a petition.† I am very busy at present, for though our mere examination is over, we shall be ten days looking over papers. . . .

Dr. Mill has been preaching here some very remarkable and apparently successful sermons. No man is more eagerly listened to.

March 9, 1845.—The Senate here passed on Friday a petition to preserve our bishoprics by a very large majority ; one house passing it unanimously, and the other voting fifty in its favour and only *three* against it. Nothing could be more decisive.

* To A. B. S.—*Lays from the Cimbric Lyre*, p. 85.

† Against the amalgamation of the Welsh sees.

The question of the endowment of Maynooth was now under debate and deeply agitating the religious, and chiefly the evangelical world, amongst whom 'no Popery' was the watchword, which became the rallying cry for great Protestant demonstrations throughout the country. In answer to a letter which the Rev. Hugh McNeile,* the great orator of the party, had written to Lord Sandon in opposition to the grant, Rowland Williams published in its defence 'Another Letter to Lord Sandon.'†

In this he defended the grant chiefly on grounds of sympathy with Ireland, and of toleration of the Roman Catholic Church, so far as she is locally national and hereditary. Justice and equity, he thought, demanded that England should do for Ireland what under similar circumstances she would expect for herself;—the Irish people were sharers in the British Constitution, the main characteristic of which is self-government, and a free people could not be expected to maintain a religion opposed to their consciences.

Were the religion worse than a partially corrupted form of Christianity, and the idolatry of the monstrous and heathenish kind assumed, this would hold good, he argued, and it would be right to leave the people free, could it only be done by severing the cord which binds closely the two islands, giving them a distinct Parliament, and leaving them to the guidance of their conscience; but seeing that

* The present Dean of Ripon.

† *Another Letter* to the Viscount Sandon, M.P., containing a protest against some propositions laid down by the Rev. Hugh McNeile, by Rowland Williams, M.A., fellow and tutor of King's College, Cambridge. London: Whitaker & Co.; Liverpool: Joshua Walmsley; Cambridge: W. P. Grant. 1845.

their religion, though defaced by an accumulated mass of error and corruption, is essentially Christian, there could be no reason against their receiving back from the common fund, to which they had themselves contributed, some portion towards the maintenance of the religion of the majority, and he believed that by having an educated priesthood, the Irish laity would become better instructed and be less likely to cherish the corruptions of their religious system.

In a postscript he defended himself against any supposed coincidence between his views, and those of the Tractarian school.

He refers to this controversy in the following letter, and in one of May 12th.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, April 21, 1845.—The testimonials which I enclose will, I hope, gratify you as much as the nature of the case allows, especially that from the Bishop of Lichfield. Of course he speaks from kindness more than from judgment, but still I rejoice in having his general approval.

Mr. Shaw's speech I just glanced at without seeing anything to affect the broad question, but on your recommendation I will look at it more carefully. My own rule is simply this, do by the Irish as you would be done by. The selfish and narrow policy of making them the victims to English exclusiveness having failed for centuries, let us try the more Christian and reasonable course of suffering them to do what any people in their condition must be anxious to do.

The mere Protestants in Ireland are not a national Church, but an overbearing sect of foreigners. My whole sympathies are with the Celts, who are both abstractedly the injured party, and are my kinsmen, rather than the mere English.

We are getting here into the swing of work for the term. I have done duty twice at Isleham, and shall continue to do so as long as I feel strong enough. I am also learning *Sanskrit* for philological purposes, it being the great point of union between the Oriental and European languages, and throwing light upon the structure of every language in ancient and modern Europe, but especially upon the Greek. Hence I hope a little of it may be useful to me, and I constitute the entire class of *Professor Jarrett*, as Kirwan of our college alone represents another class in the Arabic. This looks not well for the Oriental studies of Cambridge; we, however, must make up in zeal what we want in number.

TO HIS SISTER J.

Blamster's Oak, Halstead, May 12, 1845.—It being Whitsuntide, when we have the first two days of the week without any lectures, I got on my horse and rode over here, a distance of some thirty-four or thirty-five miles from Cambridge. . . . I did a good deal of duty here yesterday, having at least earned my salt by taking some part in three services. Archdeacon Burney came over from a neighbouring parish to preach and assist at the sacrament; his son, the proper incumbent here, being absent. Kewley and I are to dine at the archdeacon's to-day, and to-morrow I must ride over to Cambridge.

I was much obliged by the various criticisms on my pamphlet, which are, on the whole, more favourable than I expected. The *Standard* bears traces of Mr. McNeile's style, and, though inconclusive, is not amiss for a newspaper. I wish there had been more of such attacks, with also a few defenders, such as the very complimentary writer of a leading article in the *Liverpool Albion*.

The only reason I value my views is because they are based upon general principles, and all such views make their way sooner or later; whereas it never would have been worth my while to put forward a mere defence on grounds of personal or temporary expediency, of a ministry with which I have no very strong or active

sympathy. I am not without hopes that a party from home may visit me at Cambridge, either during this term or at the beginning of next.

The prospects of our own old bishoprics look ill at present, but I suppose it will be open to us to try again another year, and if we do so, the conversion of the Bishop of London is an encouraging symptom. It is no use being angry, but we must do our best. I have been elected a member of the C. Philosophical Society; and my Sanscrit goes on tolerably.

I was present, as a *spectator* only, at the meeting of the Camden, when the old committee were confirmed, and their proceedings adopted by a large majority.

At the British Association, held at Cambridge, this year (June 24th, 1845), he read a paper in the sub-section for Ethnology, 'On Local and Hereditary Difference of Complexion in Great Britain; with an Incidental Notice of the Cimbri.' His paper appears to have been merely notes which, after his usual manner, he filled up at the time of reading. A report which he sent to the *Chester Courant* excited much interest, and was translated into Welsh in the *Protestant*. 'It would delight you,' wrote his father, 'to observe the skill with which some of your expressions, uncommon as they are, have been rendered into pure Welsh, without any obligation to the Greek tongue.'

A short sketch of the paper taken from the report of the British Association will serve to give an idea of the line he took up at a time when the study of ethnology was yet in its infancy. It was one in which he was always much interested. 'In truth,' he says, 'these regions of obscurity are like enchanted ground, on which the very difficulty of investigation presents a charm of its own, and on which no

one ventures to tread without being firmly possessed by the idea that he is the adventurous knight who is destined to discover and carry off the slumbering truth.*

BRITISH ASSOCIATION REPORT.

Mr. Williams commented on the fact, that in two districts of our own island, the same strongly-marked variety of complexion exists which was observed by Tacitus seventeen centuries ago. The primary agent of change was climate; which influenced first the skin, next the hair and eyes, and lastly, with the co-operation, perhaps, of other agents, changed the configuration of the skull. Next to our own climate, that of our ancestors, or the effect of *race*, was to be considered. It had been attempted to explain the xanthous complexion of the Scotch lowlanders by supposing them originally Gothic, and the darker hues of the South Wales Silurians by calling in the aid of Iberian intermixture. The last was wrong; for as the language of the Welsh contained no Basque elements, their physiology could not have been influenced by Biscayans. The former idea had been partially refuted by Chalmers; and looking to the names of the Pictish kings, of places in the Lowlands, comparing the Welsh Aber with Gaelic Suver, observing the intelligibility of Aneirins' poems among the Britons of the Clyde and those of South Wales, we must conclude that the whole western side of the island, from Glasgow to Cornwall, was inhabited by a people throughout akin, if not absolutely identical. Neither was it true that the Celts could be classed as dark, and the Teutons as xanthous. All ancient authors, and especially Strabo, made the Celts also xanthous. Strabo even thought their usages alike, and their blood akin to the Germans. He called the Britons of greater stature and less yellow-haired than the Gauls. On the whole, this singular phenomenon of a people *homoio*—if not *homoglottous*, yet differing physiologically so much as the Cale-

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 87, 1850, p. 347.

donians and Silurians, and their respective successors at this day, might be referred to the well-ascertained custom of the Celts of migrating in two large divisions, as in the case of Brennus, &c. ; one division, leaving the Caspian, entered Europe by the Euxine, and the other by the Mediterranean ; one acquired the characteristics of a northern, the others retained those of an oriental people. Mr. Williams proceeded to show, by tracing various names, that the whole people from Glasgow to Cornwall called themselves Cimbri or Cymry. This people comprehended the Belgæ, and (excepting only a Teuton inlet from the succeeding tide of population which forced itself along the Rhine) they must have extended from Denmark and the mouth of the Elbe across Belgic Gaul and England to Wales. It was very important to observe that, they were not hybrid, but yet formed, in blood and in language, as in geographical position, the connecting link between the Irish Celts who preceded, and the Goths who came after them. Adelung's idea of the Cumraic containing a Gothic infusion arose from the old fallacy of the Celts and Goths being radically alien ; whereas one family of languages extended from the Caspian Sea to Ireland and Portugal on the west, and to the extreme of India on the east. Certain peculiarities in the Celtic and Cumraic arose from the very early date at which they successively broke off from the præ-Sanscrit stock.

His own notes conclude with the remark that his theory tends in a small way (as one put forward by Dr. Latham * in the same section, in a great way) towards the unity of the human race, and refutes the pompous claim of favoured races. It shows one blood, one nature here, one hope hereafter.

The paper was followed by a discussion, in which the

* "On the Present Amount of Philological Evidence upon the Unity of the Human Race, and upon the Value of Ethnographical Groups."

Anglo-Saxon scholar, Mr. Kemble, admitted the justice of the main conclusion arrived at by Rowland Williams.

In a letter of November 30th, 1846,* it will be seen that he wavered a little as to the correctness of his theory of complexion; but in later years he became confirmed in it.† The main point of his argument, that the Cymry were an intermediate wave between the Gaul and the Goth, he saw no reason to doubt. A fuller account of it may be found in his preface to *Lays from the Cimbric Lyre*, and in his *Quarterly Review* Article, *The Church and Education in Wales*.‡ It recurs also in some letters in the present volumes.§

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, July 6, 1845.—Your letter found me in the very greatest crisis of business in our whole year, as I was then employed in preparing the papers for our examination, summing up all the results of lectures, and afterwards had to look over the answers which they happened to elicit. As if all this was not enough, I allowed our friend Latham to persuade me to give the ethnological section of the British Association the benefit of my ideas on black hair and red hair in general, and on the Celts and Cimbri in particular. Accordingly, I started what I believe to be an entirely new theory, of which the *Cambridge Advertiser* gives some account.

Pray do not be alarmed about the change of my plans this summer. . . . My present intention is to start very early to-morrow for Lynn, and after remaining there a week, get a steamer (perhaps by Hull) to Edinburgh; I shall then look out for some Scotch Pen-y-Coed, where I shall sit down in sight of the

* See Letter, p. 129.

† See Chap. xxi., Letter iii., with note.

‡ See notice of the Article, p. 181.

§ See Letters as above, and Letter ii., Chap. xxi.

sea, with my Sanscrit Maha-bharata and a few other books, so as both to be healthy and amused, and to enjoy a more continuous course of reading than the many little interruptions of term allow. I always thought the vacation was the true time for reading.

The British Association here went off very well. There were more really scientific persons present, and more scientific work done than usual. One chemist made ice freeze upon *red hot metal* (this I really saw), and another has discovered a new sort of element called *ozone*. There were a great number of ladies here, and it was rather interesting to see them composing their pretty faces into a look of intelligence while listening to all the heights and depths of philosophy. One young lady accomplished this so well, that on the strength of this and two evenings' introduction, I almost fell in love with her, but expect soon to recover such light and passing assaults of the malady, as Fellows of King's can afford to give way to.

TO HIS SISTER J.

Lynn, July 8th, 1845.—You will perhaps stare at the date of my letter, but this is my first stage towards Scotland.

I left Cambridge early yesterday, and dropt down the Cam here in a very light skiff, so as to have scarcely any trouble besides finding my boat; and the tide carried me for the last twelve miles which I came this morning.

There is not much to be said for the beauty of this river, though, like even the ugliest rivers, it presents occasional features of interest, in the shape of little villages, long lines of barges, and fens more or less drained by windmills (which, however, are giving place every day to steam-engines), with crops varying from mere peat and sedge used for faggots, to the richest hay and corn. I was singularly fortunate in the weather, without which I could not have ventured on this mode of travelling.

It is singular that, very early yesterday, the neighbourhood of Lynn was visited by one of those tremendous hailstorms which of late have almost revived the plague of Egypt in this part of

England, and which destroy corn and break everything frail, to the amount of thousands of pounds in value ; still the day afterwards was remarkably warm and fine. There exists here an insurance society expressly against the effects of hail, which may give you some idea of the extent of damage dreaded.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Edinburgh, August 9, 1845.—The Scott monument is one of the finest things here, being a large cross, like an insulated steeple of the decorated Gothic, with niches for figures, and a pedestal for a statue to be placed in the centre, as it were in an open belfry. I rode the other day to Roslyn, where there is a beautifully wooded ravine, and a little gem of a chapel, in which the Barons St. Clair were all buried in full armour. Their castle looks as if they meant to fight for it. I continued my ride with young Mr. Beaver, whom you have seen, over the Pentland hills, which are very like our Clwydian range. We saw several grouse, the next thing perhaps to shooting them. I have been paying some attention to the Scottish schools, which are very good, and which explain at once the better points in the character of the people.

TO HIS FATHER.

49 *Castle Street, Edinburgh, Aug. 9, 1845.*—I continue pottering about Edinburgh, scarcely realizing (I fear) the lofty idea of a traveller's duties which you suggest for my aspiration. I find however that the Established Church suffered the disruption to an extent you can scarcely conceive, its very life having almost gone out of it. Archdeacon Williams told me that last year there were about ten thousand sittings unappropriated (this taking of seats being the test of popularity here) in ten churches in Edinburgh alone ; and that this year, when they hoped the tide was turning, the increase amounted only to *fifteen*. Perhaps, however, the fever is cooling. The Episcopal Church would have gained more, but for a simultaneous alarm about tendencies to Rome. Some ground, perhaps, for this was given, and that exaggerated

by a thousand devices and fears, such as generally grow out of party passion. I went one day to the Secession Church, where the debate went on for many days on the impeachment of a principal leader (Dr. Brown). His crime was a suspicion of having thought, or implied, that Christ's atonement might have been available for all mankind; and on this dangerous heresy some speakers feared that Christianity would be shipwrecked. He was however finally acquitted. It struck me as remarkable that all the stronger Calvinists, being mostly past middle age, argued almost exclusively from the tests and formularies of their body (just as much as any Oxford divine could from tradition); while the younger and more numerous body, who are by degrees un-Calvinizing themselves, argued more from Scripture and grounds of natural feeling. The services at our own church are well done by Bishop Terrot, to whom I have been introduced, and who appears a man of rather superior order, well fitted for his very delicate post. At our academy dinner 'the clergy of all denominations' were drank, and a Presbyterian returned thanks: and so, in other matters more or less striking, the bishop figures only as a respectable Dissenter.

I am engaged to do duty at Paisley to-morrow week, for a clergyman who is ill.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Jan. 15, 1846.—I should have told you the vicar of Holywell thanked me for my kind assistance,* but acknowledged that he did not agree to the latter part of my sermon in making the Church a principle of action, and appealing on that ground, &c., &c. To this I hinted, rather than regularly replied, that our Saviour seemed not so much to have revealed a doctrine, as to have founded a society, and that the members of all societies must have motives connected with such membership.

* A sermon in aid of the S. P. G.

TO THE SAME.

King's College, Cambridge, May 26, 1846.—I have been continuing a course of Sanscrit with the Arabic Professor, and have made some progress, but do not know that (unless some particular call for it were to arise) I shall ever carry my researches very far.

In the spring of this year (1846) he published under the assumed name of Goronva Camlan, his 'Lays from the Cimblic Lyre.'* His original intention had been to embody in verse some of the floating legends of his country. By degrees other feelings, roused by patriotic indignation caused by the manner in which Wales and the Welsh were often scorned in England, found their relief in verse, and were also admitted into the volume. The chief poem is 'The Hall of the Nations,' in which an honourable place is claimed for Wales. The Preface contains some interesting remarks on the distribution of races, and a vindication of the Welsh character; and in the Appendix there is a plea for the preservation, or at least against the violent extinction, of the Welsh language. Some of the sonnets and fugitive poems were not those least liked—their subjective character gave many of them a special charm. A miserere, commencing, 'Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord,' was arranged and set as a song to a plaintive air by Mrs. Hemans' sister. The book had not a very large sale, but was well received and much appreciated by his personal friends in England as well as in Wales. Sir Thomas Phillips quotes from it as 'the book of a living writer of whom his countrymen are

* London: William Pickering. Rees, Llandovery; Seacombe and Prichard, Chester. 1846.

justly proud.* Professor Blunt, amongst others, wrote a humorous little letter requesting Rowland Williams to convey his thanks to Goronva Camlan for the book, if as a fellow-countryman he was acquainted with him. 'It would be strange,' he says, 'if I did not value a token of esteem from one who shows himself capable of speaking with such favour of his country, in such natural tenderness of his friend, with such loyalty of queen and prince, such affection of his Church, and such touching reverence of holy things.'

TO HIS SISTER.

King's College, June 9, 1846.— Is it not strange that we should have a daily paper so good as the *Daily News* for only twopence halfpenny?

The Welsh Bishopric question is to come on in the House of Lords on the second of next month, and it is still not too late for petitions.

I am heartily glad free trade is settled, partly because I hope what *little* (little compared to what people expect) effect it does produce will be good, and partly because the turmoil about it will be over.

Be sure while you are at Clifton to go and see the Redcliff Church at Bristol. You will be astonished by its beauty, which far transcends that of any parish church I have ever seen; I except, however, the *interior* arrangement of Dr. Hook's large church at Leeds, as that is admirable; but the funds did not allow of such rich and pretty stonework. The Redcliff Church and the banks of the Avon are both wonderful. You will also think of Chatterton—his genius, no doubt, was of a kind differing little from insanity.

King's College, June 18, 1846.—We are here just upon the

* *Wales*, by Sir Thomas Phillips, p. 11.

verge of our busiest time in the year. My last lecture for the term will probably be to-morrow. A week of hard and earnest work will then be devoted to preparing my examination papers; the next week will be employed in examining. Still there will remain the arrangement of our annual prizes, and I shall have no unoccupied time, except what the hall and combination-room and the other daily recreation (call it not idleness) of college life requires, or at least is apt to consume from day to day, until about the 10th of July. My present intention is, after that date, probably to wander for a fortnight on the eastern coast. I shall then, if all goes well, come fresh from the sea breezes, which in this strangely warm, yet genial summer, seem absolutely necessary for bracing up the health, and prepare my papers for Eton, having to make my appearance with all the dignity of *Poser* in 'that ancient seat of learning' (as the newspapers say) about the end of July.

We had a large party this evening after dinner, and the subject of 'Waterloo,' being appropriate to the day, employed the tongues of many ingenious people for an hour or two.

The mere news of Cambridge would scarcely interest you. We have been trying to get a new Botanical Garden, but have rather shrunk from the undertaking for want of funds, the subject proving to us, in this respect, a thorny rather than a flowery one.

TO HIS SISTER.

Rev. J. Wilder's, Eton College, Windsor, July 25th, 1846.—
. I went, as you knew was likely, from Scarborough to York, and saw the city under most favourable auspices as one of the Archæological Institute, having also an excellent lecture from Professor Willis, of Cambridge, on the history of the Minster. The Lord Mayor invited us *all* to an evening party, where judges in wigs, chaplains in bands, *and four* deans in aprons threw plenty of sombre dignity into the array of provincial (and commonplace) beauty.

From York I hastened down to Eton, where I find a great deal

of work prepared for us, but have now better hopes than I had that everything may pass off amicably. We have *fifty-four* candidates for college, and only *five* vacancies, so that rights of nomination and precedence may become delicate points to discuss. So far I wrote three days ago, and my incessant occupations have hitherto prevented me from continuing my story. All, I am happy to say, has hitherto gone smoothly; and we have this evening selected the twenty best out of fifty, and arranged their places for the chance of succession *according to* merit. The Provost of King's supported his *Posers*, and the Eton examiners did, on the whole, with more or less stretching, fall into our views. We have now only the upper boys to arrange for King's, which will require two days more, but is a matter in which we anticipate less difficulty. I bathe at seven, read papers from eight till nine, breakfast till ten, sit examining till three, dine till between five and six, examine again till nine, and meet the college at an old-fashioned supper at ten. Such is our day. The speeches went off well, and you may have seen our names in the paper. Two collegers got King's at the last moment, making up three in the year. We expect five resignations next year, of which three will *most probably* be among my seniors.

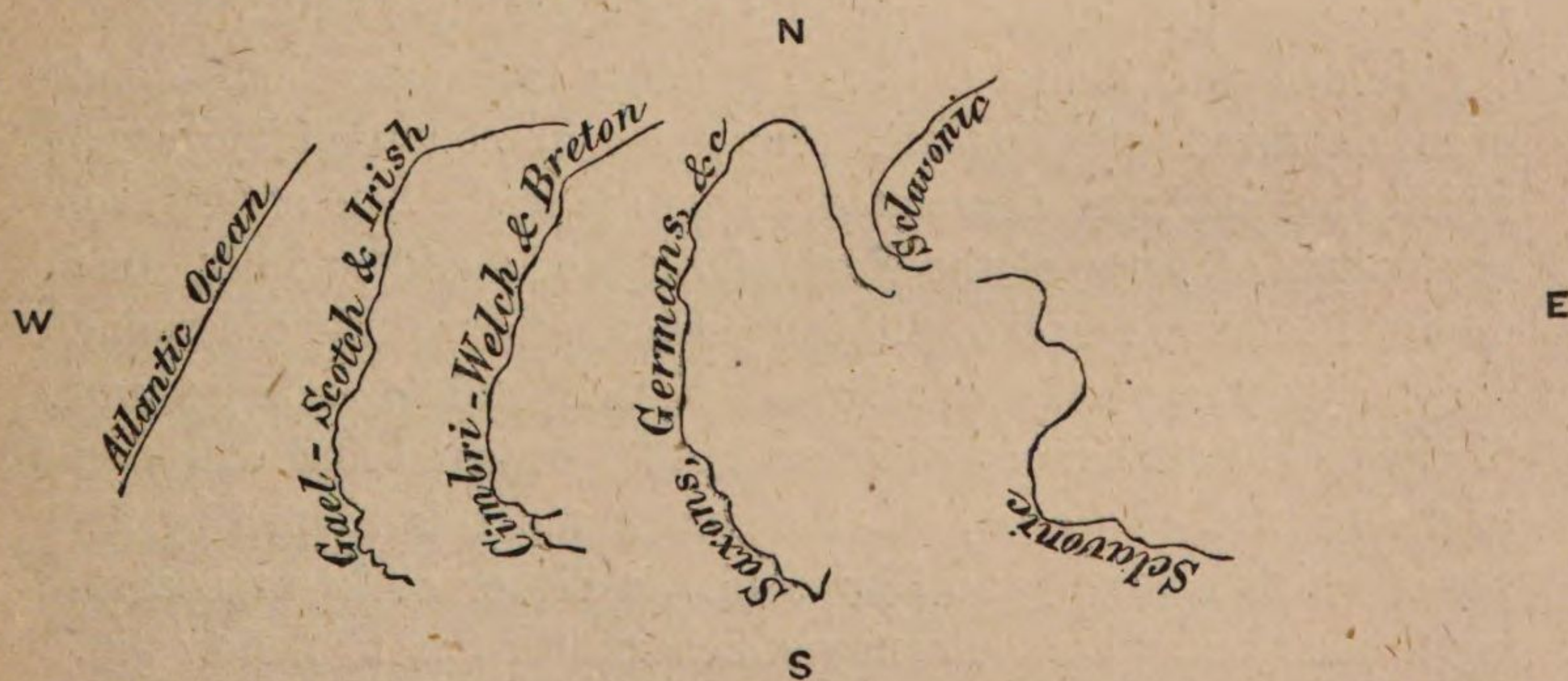
To an expedition which he and his father took together during the long vacation he thus alludes:—

Ysceifiog, Aug. 26, 1846.—Notwithstanding a good deal of rain, we made several excursions [from Mr. Bruce Pryce's, Dyffryn, Cardiff] to St. Donat's, an old castle at the head of a pretty little valley running down to the Channel, and Caerphilly, one of the largest (though not most perfect) ruins in Great Britain. We saw also Lantwit, or Llan-Illtud, the site of one of the oldest British schools or monasteries, where St. David, and according to some, St. Patrick, was educated.

My father preached at one service on Sunday in Welsh, and I in English. Having arrived on a Thursday, we left early on the Friday week, and went by Cardiff to Newport, when we passed on

to Chepstow, and found the scenery on the way for some miles from that town to Tintern really wonderful, as lovely as a dream. Once or twice the stream gets near the Severn, but being forced back by some stubborn cliffs, goes winding round like a snake, and clearing for itself a deep channel of wooded cliffs which enclose a circle like a natural amphitheatre. The abbey itself is a very much smaller ruin than Fountains, but more elegant perhaps in itself, as well as more romantic in situation, at the bottom of the wooded vale cloven by the Wye. We fell in with a most enthusiastic American named 'Elihu Burritt,'* who said, 'It is a mighty furrow, ploughed down;' meaning, that is, by nature.

King's College, Cambridge, Nov. 30, 1846.— I have no adequate report of my paper for Mr. Williams, or I would send it; nor indeed was the whole paper worth preserving. As far as the mere *complexion* is concerned, I rather mistrust my own position. But the main point, which I do think established, was the distinction between the Cymry and the Gael; the truth being, as I conceive, that when successive races spread themselves like undulations from the east, the Cymry were an intermediate race between the earlier Gaelic comers, and the later Teutons who followed. Thus each newer race pushed the earlier westward, until the Atlantic stopped them.



* The American blacksmith. He had learnt twenty-five languages, and said Russ and Welsh were the most difficult.

The following letters show his readiness to combine in any effort for the spread of knowledge among his countrymen, and the large spirit he desired to see infused in any such attempts.

TO REV. J. H. WYNNE,
All Soul's College, Oxford.

King's College, Feb. 12, 1847.—It gives me great pleasure to hear of any plan either for increasing the literary resources of our countrymen, an object which I have much at heart, or for rendering them, if possible, better churchmen. I thank you, therefore, cordially for your letter, which in the course of a day or two I will communicate to my father; and I beg you will consider me prepared to assist you, either by subscription or otherwise. . . .

It is true I entertain a view, which may appear paradoxical, and, as coming from a clergyman, perhaps misplaced, ἀλλ' ὁμῶς εἰρήσεται. It appears to me an evil that the literature of the Welsh is at present so exclusively religious. Undoubtedly the evil is enhanced by the peculiar—I would not say spurious—tone of religion which various causes, not altogether the fault of the people, have led them to adopt. Still, I doubt if the human mind, at least of the generality, is so constituted, as to be healthily employed upon religious questions alone, especially of a speculative kind.

One evil thus induced, is the tendency to express human and even depraved passions and sentiments in scriptural language, which thus becomes desecrated, as we see in the half antinomian population of parts of the East of England; and another, that the intellect, however thoughtful, does not seem capable of forming a right judgment even in religious matters, unless enlarged and disciplined by studies of a different kind. Not that I limit salvation to the learned μὴ γένοιτο, but the purest water is shaped by the vessel which holds it, and Christianity is higher or lower according to the standard of humanity which it attempts to hallow with its influence. A mere comparison of different theological parties in our own Church, and the history of our own country as compared

with that of Italy or the East, would explain and justify my meaning. Most eagerly, therefore, would I join in any attempt to spread, in our ancient language, such knowledge as would raise the imagination and touch the heart. So far do I carry this view, that if it were possible, I would give even translations from the classics or modern works of the highest literary stamp. Some such series, however, as Lardner's Cyclopædia, if freed from its quasi liberalizing tendency, and just tinged with a Christian tone, but giving broad views of history, and all that most interests the human mind, would sufficiently carry out my idea. Nor do I see why treatises on such subjects as emigration, agriculture, and manufacture should be excluded. I despair, however, of finding any number of men, of even any theological opinion, who would enter sufficiently into these views, to co-operate in carrying them out heartily. Suffice it, therefore, to have stated them.

A more serious and practical point, however, suggests itself for consideration. The precautions which you mentioned as to the selection of books appear highly judicious and satisfactory. It is impossible, however, not to notice that those hitherto selected are almost all such as bear in a particular direction. They are also the same works which the authors of the great movement in our Church, some years ago, printed contemporaneously with their first Tracts. This may not mean any mischief; nor do I venture to express any suspicion of any among your coadjutors, whose views may be as innocent as your own. I do not, however, know who they are; still less will the public with whom you have to deal; and you are aware there is at present a great deal of not unnatural alarm and suspicion afloat in men's minds as to the tendency of opinions in our Church. It is not therefore enough to mean innocently, but it must be manifest that you do so. You will say that Wilson and Taylor, &c., are among our best divines, and I grant it, though agreeing with Heber's criticism on the *Agenda* in the 'Golden Grove.' The edition, however, of the 'Golden Grove' printed at Oxford, in 1836, though not without its value, was garnished with a cross, which might alarm as

much as edify our compatriots, and had a little treatise inserted called 'A Guide for the Penitent,' which I cannot find in Heber's edition of Taylor's works, and which I have some doubts if he either wrote or edited. Its tone about confession is somewhat different from that of the 'Ductor Dubitantium,' and would probably also give offence. Add to this the selection of Thomas à Kempis, and consider whether, if the greater part of the books selected were of a similar tone, they might not be received less favourably than the good promoters of the project would wish. My own mind sympathizes on the whole more nearly with Jeremy Taylor than with any other English divine, but I cannot go beyond this in the direction of Laud and the nonjurors, still less in that of Rome. Nor does it matter much whether we submit ourselves, as the phrase is, to the teaching of the Church of Rome, or whether we adopt in our own communion a theology with similar defiance of reason and disregard of Scripture. Bad as may be the disease of Dissent, I can imagine a remedy worse. You will have, however, to deal with men of far lower views, so to speak, than myself, men less accustomed to the language of our great divines, and more blindly afraid of Rome. Suppose, then, in attempting to make our people churchmen, you attempt to make them so only according to the tendencies of the Caroline era. I almost fear for the result. Sometimes, I grant, the boldness of expression, which awakens hostility, is also useful in rousing attention; but this mode of treatment requires an audience more intellectual, and more independent of general prejudice, than you will find in our mountains. A large Romish college is in course of building near St. Asaph, and the clergy of the diocese feel some uneasiness. They might easily look upon you as meditating a series of Welsh Tracts for the Times, and imagine that when the work of preparation was done, by disseminating, *οἰκονομικῶς*, high views of unity and a visible Church, the cloven hoof might be disclosed, and a considerable defection brought about. Far be it from me to adopt such fears, or to think the recent abuse of High Church principles any reason for becoming a Puritan. I am aware that

the broken allegiance of some among our Church's children is due, not to any logical consequence of the principles which they once professed, but to a departure from them. Nevertheless I see great reason for acting with the utmost caution and prudence. Who could have expected Howel Lloyd (to take an instance from our common friends) would so soon have fallen away, or who foresaw that the men who began by disparaging Scripture, only in order, as they thought, to give the Church due authority, would so soon proceed to find the voice of the Fathers equally unsatisfactory?

Such are real dangers, nor would I disregard what may seem imaginary; even the groundless or ill-advised fears of good and evangelical men are in my judgment to be treated with the greatest tenderness: 'Woe to him that offendeth one of these little ones!'

Pray do not understand me as wishing to throw cold water upon so excellent a plan as the one you have mentioned. If, instead of bending all your efforts in a single direction, you endeavour to enter broadly into the spirit of our National Church; if the divines of Elizabeth have their share of consideration with those of Charles; if, in a word, you try to make men Christians as much as churchmen, and if at the same time you spread information which may prepare the soil for the seed of the Church's doctrine, and smother by a more wholesome growth the tares of irregular teachers, it is in your power to do our mountain-land and her primitive Church the greatest service they have received for centuries. In such an attempt I both wish you good luck and will co-operate to the best of my power.

Need I add that I heartily respond to the pleasure you have expressed at the renewal of the acquaintance of our school-days, and I shall be delighted if either a visit to Cambridge or a meeting elsewhere should give me the opportunity of greeting you in person as a friend.

I had almost forgotten to say, if you can work together with Sir T. Phillips, it would be (I think) advisable to do so. Many occupations have prevented me from writing sooner during the day, and I am obliged to spare my eyes at night.

TO THE SAME.

King's College, Cambridge, March 16, 1847.—I was so far from expecting acquiescence in my notions as to the desirability of general literature for the Welsh, that I am thankful to find they have not given positive offence. If you look back to that part of my letter, you will find an utter absence of expectation that my views would be adopted by others.

With respect to your scheme of more direct religious instruction, I need not repeat opinions which I retain, or trouble you by setting right one or two not very important misconceptions of my argument. As, upon the whole, I sympathize more than I differ, my obvious duty is, if you will allow me, to co-operate. My best mode of doing so at present will be by subscribing £10 annually, as long as you issue works, and while (of course) they continue reasonably orthodox, in the Anglican sense of the word. I should like to have about two copies of each work issued; but, living as I do at college, I will leave the overplus which might possibly be due for my subscription, *for the present at least*, at the disposal of the committee.

Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me at what time of the year it will be most convenient for my subscription to be considered due. This, indeed, is a point which should be generally understood. I will also endeavour to use such opportunities as may offer of recommending the scheme to others. *In case* you *should* issue any sort of prospectus, perhaps you would send me some copies of it.

With respect to Lord Powis, I have been for some months aware of the intended testimonial, and ventured to suggest that it should be deferred either until *the bill** were carried, or at least until the excitement of our election† should have cooled down. As a matter of fact, I believe it is to be promulgated after Easter, when, undoubtedly, no exertion on my part shall be wanting to promote a thing so good in its motives, and so happily directed.

* The Welsh Bishopric Bill.

† For the Vice-Chancellor.

If at one time his ecclesiastical leanings may have been towards what was then considered High Church, the sentiments expressed in the last two letters point to his theological position at this time, as being rather that which may be best described, as one of Anglican Protestantism.

The gradual modification of his views may be traced in some of the previous letters. In one of April 4th, 1842, he writes he would rather go with Tractarians than with their opponents. In his Maynooth letter of 1845 he guards himself carefully against the supposition that his views are Tractarian, and in these letters he expresses his dislike to the introduction of any Romanizing tendencies into the Church of England.

But in all such deductions from letters, allowance must be made for the point of view from which the person to whom he was writing would be likely to regard the matter, as this would influence materially his manner of treating it; for instance, the Rev. J. H. Wynne, to whom these letters were addressed, ultimately seceded to the Church of Rome, and it is not improbable that already there may have been a leaning in this direction which would account for the marked Protestant strain which pervades the letters to him.

The following letter from a friend, describing the effect produced by one of Rowland Williams' sermons, which he had lent him to preach in King's College Chapel, is too amusing to be withheld.

King's College, Cambridge, March 29th, 1847.—My dear Williams,—Your sermon gave unbounded satisfaction. Since its delivery I have heard but one opinion expressed of its merits, viz.

that 'it was the best sermon ever preached in the chapel,' or from those of a less sanguinous temperament, 'that it was as good a sermon as they had ever heard there.' I was perfectly prepared for such a verdict, although I had certain doubts as to my own capacity to do anything like justice to it. As far as it could be spoiled, all was done on my part, I am sure, to effect it. But what has surprised me most is that no single individual has questioned its genuineness; on the contrary, as I remember you anticipated, many have said they have traced my train of thought, but that it was more moderate on certain topics than they expected. G. W——s congratulated me upon the 'composition.' I replied that I was afraid he did not altogether approve of the doctrine, to which he rejoined, 'Non ego paucis offendar maculis.' W—— did not like the part which spoke of the authority of the Church in a sense of testimony, as if it was limited to that, and said that any Dissenter might have preached that portion of it. E—— was vehement in praising it, as was H. D. I have not as yet denied the authorship, but will be guided by you as to the expediency of doing so. I was on the point of doing so on the day it was preached, when I began to get tired of receiving such unmerited congratulations, but refrained, since which I have heard less about it, and begin to feel less uneasy on that score. P—— said it was a devilish good sermon; now, if you remember the terms in which he spoke of ——'s, you will think his praise not moderate. It lasted thirty-seven minutes without the bidding prayer, and I believe I was sufficiently rapid, according to your suggestion. There was rather a larger congregation than usual on such occasions, and I believe I was generally heard. The Provost told me he heard every word. In what he said about it he intended, I believe, to be eulogistic, although that would not be transparent to every mind. I do derive, I assure you, great satisfaction from having spared the audience my twaddle, supposing I had mustered up courage enough to have uttered it, and 'disclaiming all personal ambition,' I am delighted to feel that the fair fame of the college has not been tarnished by any unworthy

exhibition by one of its members. To your great kindness all this is owing, of which I am still sensible, and trust to continue so.

* * * * *

In the autumn of this year he seriously meditated leaving King's, partly for the sake of serving his country, and partly from the conviction that the luxuriousness of the life there was injurious. The Provost, however, wished him to remain, and he decided on doing so for a time. The following letters and extract from his journal refer to this subject :—

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 25, 1847.— My lines seem to have fallen for good or for evil in literature and theology. If, as I once hoped, I could prosecute these here, my residence would not be unpleasant. But, if the tendency of the place is only to make me laboriously idle, and clearly less fit for anything else, it becomes a serious matter for consideration whether next summer I had not better retire. If I delay much longer I shall scarcely retain courage or inclination for a curacy or any other active work ; but, if I get over this year here, I may, perhaps, be enabled to do moderate clerical work, and also something in the higher walk of divinity and letters.

Nov. 5, 1847.—A letter from Lord Lyttleton informs me that the subscriptions to the Powis testimonial will allow them to found two exhibitions at the close of this year, and we hope for a further increase of the fund. The regulations seem to be as good as can be adopted, and I hope the result may be beneficial to our Church and country.

Journal, Nov. 28, 1847.—To-day, talking with Ellis,* and see-

* Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., of Trinity, whose friendship he valued highly, and whose death in 1859 he felt deeply. Mr. Leslie Ellis sent him as a keepsake, July, 1857, a copy of *Poetæ Græci Gnomici*, in which he had written his name. Under this Rowland Williams has written, 'Ellis told me, July, 1858,

ing Trinity Chapel, and thinking how much might be done here by God's blessing, I have taken new courage and dared to form the hope of being new created in Christ, and by soberness and holiness doing His will here, and so rising to found, as it were, the College again; surely a great work, and I may not lightly throw away the apparent possibility. But, oh, Lord, Thou only knowest. To Thy great goodness and holy guidance I entirely commit myself, and Thy will be done. If it be possible, let me do such things as Bacon and Milton prayed, and be blest in my prayer like Solomon, and be Thy acceptable servant in that state of life to which Thou hast called me. Fight Thou with them that fight against me, and set my feet upon the rock, and order my goings. Even so, dearest Lord and Saviour, for Thy mercies' sake; as Thy beloved apostle prayed, so pray I now to Thee, by Thy Holy Spirit.

The 'Powis Scholarships' were instituted as a testimonial to the late Lord Powis for his active services in furthering the interests of the Welsh Church. Besides the part he had taken in averting the amalgamation of the Welsh sees, he had also been forward, on the death of the Bishop of Llandaff, in 1849, in endeavouring to gain a hearing for the earnest prayer of Wales, that she might have bishops who understood and could preach in the language of the people. Bishop Ollivant had already been appointed, and therefore the memorial got up on this occasion, instead of being formally presented, was sent to the Treasury with a

the above was quite or nearly the last thing he had written, and that my note of thanks from Eton Election was the very last he attempted, with his failing eyesight, to read. This he told me *coram sorore*, who showed me, by his desire, a ring engraven in Mæso-gothic, "Let not your heart be troubled." All is now externally dark to him. God help him, and keep his heart untroubled. August 12, 1858.'

letter from Lord Powis to Lord John Russell, expressing the sentiment so common in the Principality, of the advantage which would result to the Church in Wales from the appointment of Welsh bishops to her sees, and also a hope that, the next time his Lordship was called upon to make a similar recommendation to her Majesty, he would give due consideration to the wishes of the people.

These scholarships consisted of exhibitions of the value of £60 per annum, held at any college or hall at either of the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. A knowledge of Welsh is essential as a preliminary to further examination. This *form* of testimonial to Lord Powis was adopted in the hope that these scholarships would tend to promote an adequate supply of competent ministers for Wales.

The following letter also gives an account of his gaining the University prize for an essay of which 'Christianity and Hinduism' was afterwards the expansion.*

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1848.—I must fully enter into the regret you express at the death of Lord Powis, and the very painful circumstances which attended it. I was indeed a good deal shocked by it, and could fancy that God had taken away suddenly from us the defender of our Church as if on purpose that we might regret him more. At the same time we may be thankful that he had done his work, and I feel some sort of pleasure in the recollection that our university had made a vigorous effort to give him a token of the Church's gratitude.

At present I pass, as is the fashion of mankind, to matter of a more personal kind, and as also happens, of a more pleasing

* See Chap. x.

complexion. The Cambridge paper I sent you on Friday last may have surprised you by the mention of my name. You were probably not aware that a member of the Bengal Civil Service (of the name, I believe, of Muir) had offered the university a prize for the best treatise on Christian evidence adapted to the use of learned Hindús. A preliminary dissertation was to be written on the historical evidence which bears upon the subject; and if you look in about the third drawer of the wardrobe in my bedroom, you will find my attempt at such a dissertation. I left it there on purpose, with an eye to the event which has now taken place. It has been awarded the preliminary prize of £100 (out of which I have spent perhaps £20 in books and printing), and the examiner will recommend the Senate that I be appointed to write the larger and more complete work, and to receive, on its publication, the remaining £400. A similar prize had before been given to the University of Oxford; but the result had not satisfied the munificent donor. I must *try* to be more successful; and, indeed, I do hope and intend (if possible) to make it a regular standard work, which men shall read for ever.

The intelligence will, I hope, give you pleasure; at the same time, you must be aware I have gained not only a prize, but a labour, and that in a very intricate as well as interesting subject. However, it is both a step on the ladder, and also a possible means of doing great good to the cause of Christianity, and, trusting in the help of Almighty God, I hope to make the best of it.

The preliminary dissertation will not be printed by itself, but incorporated more or less in the larger work. The latter may perhaps occupy me for a couple of years, as nothing within the compass of my power shall induce me to do it in a hasty or slovenly way.

The notice of the subject for the preliminary dissertation was issued March 30th, 1846, as follows:—‘The Principles of Historical Evidence applied to discriminate

between the authority of the Christian Scriptures and of the religious books of the Hindús.'

The story is told that on May 20th, 1847, the last day of competition for this prize, all other essays had been previously sent in, when, just as the clock was on the stroke of twelve at midnight, the Vice-Chancellor was disturbed by his bell being loudly rung as by some one in urgent need, and the door being opened, Rowland Williams handed in his essay. He had been occupied in looking over it to the last moment, and only just reached the Vice-Chancellor's door before it was too late, and in his haste had omitted to enclose his signature.

Dr. Muir's letter to Dr. Whewell, stating his reasons for offering the prize, and the nature of the treatise he wished to see produced, with a copy of the special grace passed by the senate of the University of Cambridge, requesting Rowland Williams to proceed with the composition of the entire book, will be found in the Appendix.*

A copy of the dissertation was presented to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and graciously accepted by him.

The essay was remarkable for the amount of learning and patient research it evinced, as well as for the clearness of the argument adopted. The tone of mind in which he approached the subject cannot better be described than by quoting the aspiration after truth with which he prefaces the discussion.

O Almighty and Eternal Truth, whom not knowing we love, and not comprehending we desire to attain, since by Thee it is credible all things were made and are sustained, open our eyes to

* Appendix B.

behold the light ; give us Thy nourishment, that we may live. We are in darkness, but Thou art light ; we wander ignorantly, but Thou art the Way ; we are easily deceived, but Thou art the Truth ; we die, but Thou art the Life. If Thou art order, bring us into harmony with things eternal ; if Thou art the potter, as we are the clay, despise not the work of Thine own hands. May no darkness or passion blind us, nor pride pervert our understanding ; but as we seek in humility, let us find in joy ; as we ask, let it be given ; as we knock at the door of true life, let it be opened unto us. Loving therefore Thee, and trusting that Thou art able to enlighten even our dark being, we strive darkly to know Thee more and more. So, if our way be right, let us walk in it ; if there be a more excellent way, let us find it, with Thee for a guide to our feet, and a lamp to our path. If our alone strength is sufficient, let us rightly use it ; if Thou helpest man, and if Thou hast been incarnate for his sake, do Thou guide us, Thy children and Thy brethren, by Thy Spirit, into all truth.*

It was in consequence of this essay that early in 1848 Prince Albert offered him a chaplaincy in India. Having warmly espoused Earl Powis' cause in opposition to that of his Royal Highness, in the contest of the preceding year for the Chancellorship of the University—he was especially touched by the generosity shown by the Prince in making him this offer. His reasons for declining it are given in the next letter.

TO THE REV. H. PHILPOTT, D.D.

Ysceifiog Rectory, Holywell, Jan. 3, 1848.—You will readily conceive it is not easy for me to express the gratitude I feel for the very gracious and flattering offer from His Royal Highness Prince Albert, which you have been good enough to communi-

* R. Leslie Ellis, of Trinity College, Cambridge, said the grave eloquence of this imagined prayer reminded him of Edward Herbert, of Cherbury, and his *De Veritate*.

cate ; and I must beg you to say, in better language than I can find, how sensible I am of this princely act of condescension.

India presents many attractions to the scholar, and to the divine. There are, however, family reasons, which render it not advisable for me to encounter—at least from any earthly motive—a tropical climate ; not to mention my own local attachments, which would make me prefer a cottage on the Severn or the Menai, to a palace on the banks of the Ganges.

It may be proper to add that my slight acquaintance with the ancient languages of India—which His Royal Highness has viewed, perhaps, through too favourable a medium—was acquired for the sake of its classical bearings, and the performance of my duties as a teacher of Greek, rather than with any idea of a career in the East.

While, upon the whole, I would request permission respectfully to decline the honour which His Royal Highness would have deigned to confer upon me, let me earnestly entreat that I may not be thought insensible to its value, nor ungrateful for the princely beneficence with which it has been offered.

May I beg that you will be pleased to convey to His Royal Highness this imperfect expression of my sincerest thanks for an act of kindness, of which the impression will not easily be effaced from my mind.

The following prayer seems to have been written in contemplation of preaching at his college on Founder's day.

Feb. 13, for March 25, 1848.—Almighty God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who didst separate me from my mother's womb and bring me to the knowledge of Thy dear Son, engrafting me into His Church by baptism, and persuading me by Thy Spirit to consecrate myself anew to Thee in holy orders : I repent, O God, and am heartily ashamed with sorrow and confusion of face of all my backslidings and wanderings. But, for Thy dear Son's sake, be Thou merciful to me a

sinner, and restore me by repentance, and enable me, in Thy strength, to fulfil all my vows. Thou didst turn away Thy face, and I was troubled; and now, O Lord, if Thou make as if Thou hearest not, I become like them that go down into the pit. For Thy tender mercy and Thy name's sake, do Thou come nearer, though I have gone farther from Thee; forgive me, purge me, guide me, and teach me by Thy only begotten Son and Thy Holy Spirit; and now give me grace (as for many years I have prayed before Thee) to preach Thy true word effectually to the saving of souls, and benediction of this Thy servant King Henry's College, and the edification of Thy Holy Church. Thee, then, O Lord, I pray, and in Thee trust, to make this and all my sermons faithful, effectual, and acceptable, and all my life henceforward answerable to them, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

King's College, Cambridge, March 1, 1848.—My sermon is on the stocks, and I am gathering myself for a great effort, but not without fear of giving some persons offence by notions which I shall think it right to put forward.

TO HIS SISTER.

King's College, Cambridge, April 10, 1848.—My sermon came off in grand style. It was very long, rather too long, and not altogether audible; some of its matter, also, touching upon college matters, caused great surprise, not to say offence; but on the whole it passed off without any great harm. Being chiefly about college statutes and their interpretation, it would scarcely interest you. . . . What a world of revolutions we seem to be living in; nobody knows what will happen next! Happily our free constitution, which gives us the chronic disease of party strife and occasional reform bills, saves us from the more violent vent of political fever required in revolutions. I do hope the Italians may maintain their freedom, but don't know what to make of the political horizon.

I have had some correspondence with Archdeacon Williams,

who has sent me his *Claudia*, which I am going to review, and some alcaics, scarcely of first-rate inspiration, which are to be published with his inaugural sermon.

All was quiet in London to-day, up to three in the afternoon. A Chartist meeting here, two days ago, was also a great failure.

Llantrisant Rectory, Anglesey, Sept. 12, 1848.—I have heard from Lord Powis, and once from Archdeacon Williams; and the result of our correspondence is that I am to examine, in conjunction with the latter gentleman, for the Powis scholarships. There are two to be given away, and we are to meet for the first ten days of October at Birmingham. This is very interesting, and I am rather proud of being chosen to assist at the first inauguration, as it were, of so important an institution.

In October, 1848, he contested the Public Oratorship with Dr. Bateson, of St. John's. In prospect of the election he writes: 'All is very uncertain, and the calmness of a perfect philosopher would be now a state of mind greatly to be desired.'

Of his defeat (owing, it was said, to the Johnians' support of their own candidate) * he writes to his mother:—

King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 27, 1848.—Thankful as I am for all the marks of kind interest shown me by my father and yourself, nothing touched me more than your little P.S. wishing

* A friend of his father's thus wrote to him of the result of the contest:—
'It was a stirring scene yesterday at Cambridge; and although I have not to congratulate you on your son's election to the office he sought, yet I have to congratulate you on his great popularity in the university, which the tremendous cheers and general excitement amply evinced. The Johnians are united as one man, and therefore are formidable antagonists. They twice defeated Trinity. When you consider the comparative smallness of King's and the number and union of the Johnians, it was no small thing to get so *near* Mr. Bateson. All the Johnians, or nearly all, supported him simply because he was a Johnian.'

me success, so far as it might be in the highest sense good for me. With such a feeling I am not very sorry to announce, nor will you be overmuch disappointed to hear, that Mr. Bateson was yesterday elected Public Orator. He polled *about* four hundred and fifty odd votes, and I about three hundred and ninety-four, being about sixty less; but I ceased for some time before the close to take accurate count of the number. I received during the day many compliments and marks of civility from both friends and opponents; and my defeat has altogether been as little mortifying, perhaps I ought to say as gratifying, as a defeat ever can be. Dr. Whewell, Philpot, Dr. Chapman, Thackeray, Prof. Sedgwick, W. Martin, of Trinity, Lords Lyttleton, Hereford, Ernest Bruce, Archdeacon Hare, Thorpe Robinson, and other great and good people, voted for me. The Simeonites mostly stood aloof, hating Bateson, and not much loving me.

— did me a world of harm; I prefer, however, dwelling on the thankful side. K. and M. came from Dublin and Okehampton. Every member of my college, not prevented by some unavoidable obstacle, voted for me. I should after all have won, but for the great liberality and truly gentlemanly feelings of the members and Fellows of Trinity, which did not allow them to join in a mere body against St. John's, but made each person choose according to his fancy or opinion. Such a cause of defeat is no bad one, and I am, on the whole, very contented.

Observe, set aside King's and St. John's, and we have a majority.

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Nov. 2, 1848.—Though having no particular intelligence, I write a line to say all is going on well, and I hope soon to resume my usual habits of regular and quiet industry, being as yet a little listless from the reaction after excitement. We shall not, I think, in the long run regret our failure, and I am better off, rather than worse, for having made the attempt.

You will have seen in the papers an account of the most important change introduced into our university system for very many years. I voted for it, and scarcely ever remember such general interest created by any similar question, either among the residents or other members of the university.

A rather cutting article in the *Times* on the subject is (I suspect) by my friend B——, being highly characteristic both of his sentiments and style.

This mention of changes in the university system refers to a decree passed by the senate of the university of Cambridge, at a congregation holden October 31, 1848, by which greater encouragement was given to other studies besides mathematics and classics.

Two new honour triposes were established: the moral science tripos, places in which were to be determined by examinations in moral philosophy, political economy, modern history, general jurisprudence, and the laws of England; and the natural science tripos, in which places were to be determined by examinations in anatomy, comparative anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, and geology. The first examinations for these triposes were to commence in 1851.

Measures for enforcing attendance on mathematical and theological lectures were also recommended.

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, May 7, 1849.—There is a new book out upon Wales, by Sir Thos. Phillips, chiefly in reference to education, but with very copious details and statistics upon almost every subject of interest, such as mines, Methodism, and the state of the Church, with its merits and misfortunes.

May 13, 1849.—There was a meeting here, about three days ago, of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and, by desire of the arrangers thereof, I made rather a long speech, the only one of the kind I have ever made in Cambridge. The papers say it was long and eloquent, but it does not seem to have been eloquent enough to reach their ears, for they do not report a word of it, otherwise I would have sent you a paper.

May 7, 1849.—We have twice met already in our syndicate to consider the classical tripos, so I begin to have hopes that some practical compromise may be come to, between the old restriction and the promoters of free trade in classics.

King's College, Cambridge, Feb. 9, 1849.—I am just now having my papers printed for the classical tripos, which comes on in about ten days.

We have had quite a carnival of dinners. Yesterday with the Vice-Chancellor, and the day before with Professor Blunt, when we had an unusually pleasant evening, and I met several people worth seeing. Amongst other things I got talked to as Goronva Camlan, which was rather provokingly amusing. I have received my £100 and a very handsome letter from Mr. Muir, who seems to be anxious (yet almost sanguine) about the book.

King's College, June 18, 1849.—I am at this moment sitting in examination, and for the next five days I shall be very busy here. On Saturday I am going to examine at Rugby, where I am likely to remain until the following Thursday, having been appointed to the office of examiner for the Rugby exhibition, by the Vice-Chancellor.

It is with some satisfaction that I find the university year drawing to a close, though the sharpest pull of the race (as it were) is still to come, just at the end.

You know I have long intended to pick out for myself some quiet place to write my book in during the vacation, but the dis-

turbed state of many places now almost makes it difficult to choose.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, July 3, 1849.—You will be glad to hear that I had a very agreeable, though rather laborious, time at Rugby. Dr. Tait was very pleasant and kind, and my colleague and I agreed thoroughly. Among the trustees who came to the oral examination were Lords Aylesford, Warwick, and Leigh. The boy we put first was the nephew of a journeyman hatter in the town, and Lord A. received him with peculiar and marked kindness. They had three exhibitions to give away for seven years, and two for a smaller period ; so that these must have nearly the effect upon Rugby which we hope to see the Powis scholarships have some day upon our grammar schools.

The long vacation of 1849 was spent on the Continent, from whence he writes to one of his sisters :—

Bruges, Monday, July 14, 1849.—I found Bruges the picture of a Flemish town, with rather a decayed air ; being now too large for its inhabitants, but still tolerably prosperous, with tall white gabled houses, and no end of good specimens of Van Eyck and Hemling,* about the two earliest Flemish painters, who, although in the infancy of the art, attained, about 1400 odd, a strength of colour and minuteness of finish which have never been surpassed. Hemling's great work is a full representation of the history of St. Ursula and her 1000 companions. Many English families live at Bruges, either for economy or for quiet's sake. I got to Ghent, which is a large and more flourishing specimen of the same sort of town. Here, again, I saw a great painting, by Van Eyck, representing the Lamb of the Apocalypse, literally as a lamb, surrounded by all the patriots, prophets, and apostles of Christianity, among whom the founders of monastic orders occupy a fourth of the place. There is a sort of offensive

* Hans Hemling or Memling.

simplicity in the strictly literal representations which Romish painters give of many metaphors intended by Scripture spiritually. For instance, the Virgin has a great sword represented sticking in her heart, and so a heart in flames is put for devotion, &c., &c. At Ghent, however, are also some fine pictures in the more glowing style of Rubens; and some, which please me better, by his master, Otto Vennius. There are also some good living painters in Flanders, *alias* Belgium, and one, lately dead, has painted the finding of the Cross by the Empress Helena in a style which, perhaps, posterity will value as much as we do the great masters.

There also I saw the Sisters of Mercy; not pensive and romantic young ladies, as you might suppose, but good old women in black gowns, with large towels on their heads by way of veils, washing and sweeping away in the most homely and practical manner. Nevertheless they do a great deal of good in their own fashion.

From Ghent I came to *Aix la Chapelle*, where now I am. . . . The most perfect political tranquillity prevails here; and the singing of a song of some loyal kind was received by our Landwehr guests with great clapping of hands. They are rather dirty-looking, but well-grown men, with enormous pipes, and some with beards, the two latter articles being very common here. The scenery is pleasing, rather than grand, with undulating sort of folds, like a table-cloth crumpled. I have had a German lesson for three francs, and intend to have about three more here, then some more at Bonn. I have not yet tasted the water here, which is boiling hot, and much stronger sulphur than Harrogate. The Belgic newspapers have the same polemics going on about Flemish and Walloon, which is nearly old French, as we about Welsh and English, only here the Walloon, *as represented by modern French*, gets the best of it.

Coblentz, July 27, 1849.—The great attraction of Cologne is the cathedral. Only its choir is finished. The west-end tower is a colossal fragment, and the middle part or nave, until lately,

was a mere hovel in comparison, and, after a vast expenditure of money, is still low in proportion to the choir and west end. Hence the building is the opposite of a torso, having a glorious head and gigantic feet, but with a meagre and shrunken body. Still, the painted windows from Munich in the nave are very beautiful, the only ones I have ever seen as good as those of King's in richness of colour, and far better as pictures in design and effect. After all, there are many finer cathedrals now complete. But the glory now consists in the idea of what would have been if the conception had been carried out. I attended a service there on Sunday, which was gorgeous in its kind; but I am now less than ever fascinated by the profuse display of dramatic forms, which (although *all intended* to have a *meaning*) so easily degenerate into theatrical show. . . .

At Bonn I went over the university library and museum, and stood by the graves of Niebuhr and Schlegel, and called upon Professor Lassen, thus paying my homage to German learning. The latter, who is a great Sanscrit scholar, received me kindly, though I began by saying I had no letters of introduction, and conversed with me for half an hour on Sanscrit literature. . . .

I am now not far from the centre of the Rhineland. The legend of Rolandsech is that Charlemagne's nephew lived there as a hermit, to look on the nunnery in which his betrothed love had immured herself, supposing he was dead. The truth is, it was a baronial robber's nest.

You know that all this time from Aix I have been in Prussia, but a little higher up the Rhine I should get into Nassau and Frankfort. The people do not seem at all outwardly disturbed by politics, though the literature and tone of thought is rather of what we should call a radical cast.

I should not be surprised if I came home early in September, being already almost tired of the country, where dinners last *an hour and a half daily*, and that at *one* o'clock. Only think, what an occasion of ennui and indigestion! I don't so much dislike

the beds, though they are contrived ingeniously with a view to discomfort.

TO THE REV. CH. WILLIAMS.

August 18, 1849.— Schwalbach is a pretty enough place, though the descriptions of it in the 'Bubbles from the Brunnen' are wonderfully tinged with rose-water. I intend to stay here till the 25th, and be at Heidelberg about the 2nd September. I sat the other day at dinner by the Master* of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was very civil (as indeed I have always found him) in his way, of which, however, this is a specimen. 'It is interesting,' said I, 'in walking here, to guess at the possible causes which twisted the hills into so many strange shapes.' 'Ja-h-es, it is interesting,' he answered, 'but probably such guesses have little to do with scientific geology.' This is what one gets by talking to a mathematician. May I fare better in talking to you about criticism and divinity.

All uproar in Germany is at present put down, but the sentiments of the people are what we should call very Radical, and I suspect they will some day have another shy at their darling *Einigkeit*. A German (Dr. Flathe), whose history I have been trying to read, says, about A.D. 1 : 'It already appears clear how little union or combination there ever is among Germans.' It amused me to find a complaint, which I have so often heard nearer home, repeated as peculiarly applicable here. The more I live the more I see, *ὅτι πολὺ διαφέρει ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου*, and what we call *race* is really *circumstance*. But I hope good works itself out of our blind struggles.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Schwalbach, August 24, 1849.—The lower classes here have sense enough to know upon what their bread depends, and so in the summer they work quietly and behave civilly; but in the winter they get up small revolutions in the pot-houses, and show a very mischievous spirit.

* Dr. Whewell.

The great movement of Ronge is said to have been half democratic in its nature ; and he is now settled in Breslau, as an Unitarian of the most decided stamp. His coadjutor, who lives in Posen, was more of a proper religious reformer, and contented himself with denying celibacy and the papal supremacy. The country clergymen are not at all learned, though the professors in the universities are so.

I have read a little for my book * and thought a good deal, as well as put something upon paper, but most of my time has been devoted to German, or else spent in lounging valetudinarianism.

We get *roebuck* often for dinner, but it is thought recent changes in the Nassau game-laws will now lead to the extinction of the species hereabouts. The Germans are, if possible, greater Radicals than the French. Perhaps, however, it is creditable to them that they sympathize with Hungary against Austria, and the Russian Czar, whom I cannot help considering a sort of Sennacherib.

TO HIS FATHER.

Dusseldorf, Sept. 23, 1849.—The circle of country extending for about thirty miles northward from hence is the most prosperous scene of German manufactures, and the people have all the English bustle, as if they were compounded of French and German. There is a school of painting here, with about a hundred pupils, and some of the best modern artists have come from hence. Fresco painting particularly flourishes. The churches here are crowded, and I saw at the Dominican church here what I never saw anywhere else. It was thronged, so that many could not enter ; and, the west door being thrown open, about a hundred persons stood in the street with their hats off, listening to the mass which was being celebrated. Their devotion had what appears to an English eye a mixture of fervency and flippancy. They took snuff, and took cool glances all around them, yet kept repeating their prayers, and in some cases counting their beads. In these half Protestant parts, the Romish Church allows her members books of devotion, and trans-

* *Christianity and Hinduism.*

lations of the service in their own language, though the language of the mass is Latin. The Epistle and Gospel, which, both in the Lutheran and Roman Communion, are the same as our own, are read in German. In the morning there was no sermon; but in the afternoon a preacher discoursed rather eloquently on Christ's raising the widow's son at Nain, but dwelt chiefly on the use of death in general to the survivors, as being the school from which we were to learn three things—to *live*, to *love*, and to *die*. There was barely a sentence in it which might not have been preached either at Cambridge or Ysceifiog.

Frankfort, August 29; Heidelberg, October 2, 1849.—On the 28th of August I was engaged with thousands in celebrating at Frankfort the birthday of the poet Goethe, who was born August 28th, 1749. It was a great show of popular feeling, all the houses festooned, with no end of processions, bell-ringing, and singing. In the evening his *Iphigenie* was acted. To go back, however, after spending nearly a month at Schwalbach, and being somewhat braced by the air and water, I set off on the 25th for Wiesbaden. This I found to be a much gayer and more pretentious place, but not so pleasant as Schwalbach, from which it differs as much as Cheltenham from Llandrindod. Two days were enough for me here, and on the 27th I came on to Frankfort, which is one of the finest commercial cities in Germany, and is, indeed, an excellent illustration of the advantages of freedom. The old and quaint middle-age buildings, surrounded by new mansions like palaces, tell of trade and prosperity unshackled and uninterrupted for centuries. Of course it is not so much a place for art; but there are some tolerable pictures here, and one of the greatest triumphs of modern sculpture, in the *Ariadne* of Danneker. It is a beautiful statue, with the light made to fall on it, through red Bohemian glass, so as to give the stone the warm, and rosy tint of living flesh. I left Frankfort on the 30th, and came to Heidelberg. This is one of the most really beautiful places in all Germany, situated on the romantic banks of the

Neckar, a few miles above Mannheim, where it joins the Rhine. The hills have every variety of shape, and an abundance of wood, while the view of the opening plain in which the valleys of the Rhine and the Neckar meet is very striking. The castle, boldly crowning a brow on the side of the hill, is one of the finest mediæval ruins I have ever seen. In fact, I know no castle in ruins which is at once so extensive and so varied in its architecture. The massive style of the darker ages is blended with the rich revival of the half Italian period of Inigo Jones. It is of red stone, and is pretty much what Powis Castle would be if it were shattered suddenly by war or by lightning, both of which have scathed Heidelberg. Heidelberg has been in times past a place of sedition, but is now perfectly quiet, though no university in Germany has so bad a repute as regards heterodoxy amongst the professors, and want of discipline amongst the students.

London, Oct. 5.—I got to London only last night—having had a rough passage from Ostend, and been obliged to land at Deal instead of Dover.

I had my lectures not only to prepare, but even to decide upon, and also my act to write; so that, could I be transported by telegraph to Ysceifiog, I should still be uneasy for want of a few days at Cambridge before term actually begins. Hence it is quite necessary I should go down at once.

King's College, Oct. 26, 1849.—You will see that I have been re-elected Examiner, probably for the last time, as I have no desire, nor is it advisable, to arrogate the office too often.

I met at dinner Sir J. Stephen, our new professor of modern history. He wore no end of stars and red ribbon, and had rather the air of wishing to appear *distingué*. He is a clever, hard-headed man, and has done much work in the colonial office, besides sundry articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, of which the sympathies are evangelical, but the opinions rather latitudinarian. Luther, Loyola, and Simeon are alike his saints; and a friend remarked

of him that 'he is tolerant to everything, except to the Church of England.'

It seems generally believed the ministers are set upon 'liberalizing' Church theology, and particularly Church views of education, as is thought to be shown by their selection of Hampden, Hind, and the young Stanley, Milman, and Tait. We must hope it may turn out for the best.

The next letter refers to the first article he contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, entitled 'Methodism in Wales.' *

The review was written before he went abroad, and was passing through the press while he was at Schwalbach; his father corrected the proofs. He describes in it the lethargic state into which the Church in Wales had fallen, and the revival movement which commenced within her own pale (1740—1762), but which, owing to the want of elasticity in her formularies, 'degenerated into a schism,' and led to the rise and rapid progress of Methodism. He gives an animated and graphic account of the early Methodist leaders, and when, with his habitual regard for truth, he touches the shortcomings of the sectarians, it is done with a tenderness which shows his sympathy with the earnestness and honesty of the men, and his reluctance to wound the feelings of his countrymen, among whom Methodism had exercised so great an influence. The article caused much sensation in the Principality. He endeavoured to keep the authorship a secret, but from the knowledge of facts

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 85, No. clxx., p. 313. The books noticed were—1. *Wales*, by Sir Thomas Phillips, 1849. 2. *Drych yr Amseroedd* (the Mirror of the Times), by Robert Jones, 1820. 3. *Hanes Bywyd, Daniel Rowlands* (Life of D. R.), 1839. 4. *Y Traethodydd* (the Tractarian), 1845, 1846.

manifested, as well as from the ability with which it was written, it was not possible this could long remain a matter of doubt.

King's College, Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1849.—The *Daily News* is rather amusing, and a fair specimen of the way in which controversialists make quotations. I had already taken, in a letter to Sir Thomas Phillips, the line of defence which you suggest, and which is obviously the true one. Moreover, I was convinced that the wholesale abuse of old times does involve exaggeration, and that Methodism, like most human movements, was a tangled skein of good and ill. Yet I am quite aware that we are not to look for perfection, but to allow for that vast recoil of contrary extremes, by the mutual reaction of which human nature seems to be allowed to work out remedies, the true middle point being scarcely ever attained or long preserved. . . .

We have lately carried a grace relaxing the restrictions under which candidates may compete for the classical tripos, a measure which may some day have an important effect upon this college of ours.

It is very important to keep my authorship of the *Quarterly Review* article as secret as possible, both because I can write more freely when less known, and because the influence of the articles is far greater when they may be attributed to Gladstone, or to any other great person.

His days at Cambridge were now drawing to a close. In the autumn of 1849 the Vice-Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter, was advertised as likely to become vacant by the proposed resignation of the Rev. Harold Browne. Then all the eyes of his countrymen turned instinctively to Rowland Williams as the man of all others fitted to fill the post. His career at Cambridge, where he had gained the reputation of occupying a pro-

minent position among the first classical scholars of the day, had long been considered an honour to his country, and he was looked upon as one who, from his learning, together with his patriotism, would accomplish great things for Wales. That he would some day return as one of her bishops, none doubted—since Lord John Russell had recognized the necessity for Welsh bishops, the point seemed gained that no properly qualified Welshman could well now be passed over, and this very year Lord —— had written, ‘You must go down to Ysceifiog next long vacation and keep up your Welsh, and then you may some day get the Eton fellows a holiday as bishop—I hope of St. Asaph.’ This feeling was very generally shared, and the present opening seemed to afford a fitting opportunity for bringing him back to Wales. The only question in the minds of his friends was,—would he forego the ease and intellectual charms of Cambridge, with the honourable career open to him there, for the uncertain future, and the certainly more laborious life, and up-hill work of a not over prosperous college* in the out-of-the-way wilds of Cardiganshire? They reckoned on his patriotism as stronger than all such considerations, and they were not mistaken. He had for some time felt a longing for a bolder, less luxurious life than that of King’s College, and he now saw, in the suggestions made to him by Sir Thomas Phillips and others, a call to the service of his country, and it was one which his ardent enthusiasm made him not slow to answer. By the close of 1849 he had applied for, and been elected to the vacant office at

* Before he went to Lampeter it used to be remarked that ‘the college was on the brink of dissolution.’

St. David's College, and was immediately requested by the Bishop of Llandaff to become one of his Chaplains.

He left Cambridge amidst the regrets and good wishes of all his friends. 'You will be much missed,' wrote one, 'both in your public and private capacity. Who, for example, will give evidence in favour of King's College, to Mr. Heywood or friend Bright?'

He continued, however, to take a lively and practical interest in Cambridge matters, especially in those concerning his own College, where he retained his Fellowship. In all schemes of reform connected with both King's and Eton his opinion was constantly consulted, and his suggestions were frequently adopted. He gave evidence to Her Majesty's Commissioners on the subject of the classical studies of the University,* and took an active part in the deliberations of the Governing Body at King's in preparing the new statutes to be laid before the Commissioners.† The proceedings dragged on their weary length for about ten years. The new statutes of King's came into force May, 1861. They were the work of the Commissioners (as the College could not agree on a perfect scheme), but in the main, the opinion of the majority of the Fellows was adopted.

In all the deliberations connected therewith, Rowland Williams occupied a middle position, and preserved a just balance between the advanced Liberals, who would have swept all ruthlessly before them, and the laggard Conservatives, who desired that things should continue as they were.

* See Letter, p. 212.

† See Letters, Feb. 25, 1854; June 4, 1857; March 24, 1859.

CHAPTER V.

*LAMPETER—VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. DAVID'S
COLLEGE: 1850—1854.*

‘Hope like a fiery column before him the dark side not yet turned.’

—*C. Lamb.*

‘He did his duty, come good or come evil, and made no question on which side the preponderance would be.’—*The Friend.*

IT was in the spring of 1850 that Rowland Williams came to Lampeter as Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew in the Welsh Theological College of St. David's,—with high hopes and ardent resolves, ready to do and venture much, if only he might be of some use to his countrymen; and for twelve years he gave himself up to the work with all the ardour and earnestness of his character. The history of these years at Lampeter is that of by no means the least important part of his life, whether we look at the results to the college, and the influence exercised on his pupils, or at the struggles and sacrifices entailed upon himself. As regards the latter—had he foreseen at the first all the trouble Lampeter would bring forth, even his stout heart might well have quailed; as regards the former—if some of his high hopes were not destined to be fully realized, even here he had his reward.

For the information of those who do not know much of Lampeter, some little account of the place and college may here be given.

Lampeter is a corruption of the word Llanbedr—Llan, church—Bedr, Peter, the parish or church of St. Peter.

It is situated in the vale of the Teify, one of the most beautiful salmon rivers of South Wales. The bridge over the river, near the town, takes its name, according to one account, from King Stephen, who is said to have had it built in some of his excursions into Wales. According to another account, from a man named Steven, who built it in the beginning of the fifteenth century at his own expense;* from the bridge the place derived its later name, Llanbedr-Pont-Stephen. The river rises about thirteen miles above the town, in the north-eastern extremity of Cardigan-shire, amidst the wild mountain range which separates this county from Montgomery, Radnor, and a part of Brecknockshire, and pursues a winding course among very varying, and in some parts exceedingly picturesque, banks for a distance of about eighty miles, till it empties itself into the sea below Cardigan.

It was anciently famous as the home of the beaver.†

* *Cambrian Journal*, part. xiii. p. 64.

† Giraldus says the river has the singular particularity of being the only river in Wales, or even in England, which has beavers.—Vol. ii. p. 49.

Sir R. C. Hoare, in his annotations on Giraldus, adds, that ‘the beaver no longer exists in Wales. That it did exist in the days of Howel Dha (though even then a rarity) the mention made of it in his laws and the high price set upon its skin most clearly evince.’ While the skin of the stag, wolf, fox, and otter were 8d. each, the beaver’s skin was 120d.—*The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin*, by Giraldus. A.D. MCLXXXVIII. vol. ii. p. 56. Translated by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart. 1806.

The otter also was to be found there, and otter hunts are still held on its banks.

Lampeter at one time appears to have been a place of some importance. 'Gwyr Lampet' are often mentioned in the 'Welsh Chronicles' as performing some feats of arms; and Giraldus Cambrensis speaks of a sermon having been preached there by himself in furtherance of the crusade.* There was formerly a castle at Lampeter, which was demolished in 1137 by Owen Gwynhedd, but of which some traces yet remain. Several old camps, both British and Roman, may be seen on the neighbouring hills. Allt Goch is especially rich in its remains of a druidical circle and large entrenchments which are said, on one side of the hill, to be those of a Roman, and on the other of a still larger British encampment. Near Olwen there is a Roman camp, while a Roman road may be traced on the west side of the river. The mountains, without attaining to the grandeur of those in North Wales, are for the most part wild and picturesque, and, in the direction of the Towy valley, of considerable height.

The town itself, though a corporate market town, being associated with Cardigan in returning a member to Parliament, was, in 1851, little more than a village consisting of one long wide street of small stone houses, which numbered among them a town hall, inn, bank, reading-room, and a few shops containing the necessaries of life (but which did not include among them a butcher's shop), and 17 public-houses. It was a poor neighbourhood, thinly inhabited. A few gentry, whose houses lay at long distances

* *Cambrian Journal*, vol. iv. p. 62. 1859.

apart, small farmers, with their labourers scattered here and there, and the inhabitants of the town—which, after the clergyman and lawyer, were mostly of the poorer classes—made up the population.*

Here, in 1822, Dr. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, had founded a Welsh Theological College with the view of providing an educated class of ministers for the Church in Wales.† The college was completed in 1827, at a cost of £20,000, incorporated by royal charter in 1828, and opened in 1829.‡ It is picturesquely situated on the site of the ancient castle§ (the old keep still forms a considerable mound in the vice-principal's || garden), with the Teify in the vale below—the Dulas, a small but pretty little trout stream, at the back—fir woods on the hills just above, while in front a *bryn* of short ascent led to the site of the old church, near which was a tumulus supposed to be the remains of another castle.¶ In its retirement the place

* This account refers to Lampeter at the time Rowland Williams first went there. It is now a station on the Milford and Manchester line of railway, and the aspect of the place is said to be much changed.

In 1851, the population of the parish was 907.—Knight's *Encyclopædia*.

† For eighteen years Bishop Burgess set apart a tenth of his episcopal revenues, and persuaded his clergy to do the same out of their benefices, towards founding a theological college. This sum was increased by subscriptions from the Principality and donations from England, in which one of £1000 from George IV. was included, and Lampeter College was the result.—Mosheim's *History* by Soames, xix. § 21.

‡ The buildings consist of hall, chapel, church, library (containing 30,000 vols.), accommodation for students, and houses for professors.

§ The land on which the college stands was given by the Harfords of Blaise Castle as a free-will offering to the Church in Wales.

|| This mound was prettily planted with larch and firs, and its banks covered with wild flowers. A winding path round it led to a seat embowered among trees at the top, which was Rowland Williams' favourite resort.

¶ The old church has now given place to a modern and more ecclesiastical building.

had seemed well suited for a theological college, presenting few inducements to divert the student from his studies, but in the difficulty of access to it, the seclusion proved one of the hindrances to any great rise in its numbers. In 1850 the nearest railroad was at Carmarthen, a distance of twenty-two miles.

A scheme* (originated by Sir Thomas Phillips) for amalgamating the college with that of Christ Church, Brecon, was frequently under serious consideration. In his *Quarterly Review* article,† ‘The Church and Education in Wales,’ Rowland Williams suggested that ‘the funds so long misapplied, belonging to the college of Brecon, should, in accordance with recent legislation, be applied to the enlargement of Lampeter.’ Later on, the scheme was, that St. David’s College should be removed to Brecon, and incorporated with that college, where, besides the advantage which would have accrued from the endowment belonging to the older foundation, it would also have been more accessible; but, though frequently contemplated, the opposition to the plan, both on the part of those who wished to keep the college at Lampeter, and on that of the people of Carmarthen, who tried to bring forward a claim (with, however, little to recommend it) for its removal to their town, was sufficiently great, together with the want of funds for

* The ‘*Christ College of Brecknock Act*, 1853,’ gave permissive power to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with the sanction of her Majesty, to frame schemes for such a union.

In 1856 the draft of a memorial to be laid before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, drawn up by Sir J. S. Lefevre from notes suggested by Rowland Williams, contained a clause respecting the union of St. David’s College with that of Brecknock.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. 87, 1850, p. 331.

such a removal,* to prevent its ever being carried out, though from time to time the question has arisen, and still continues to be discussed.

Other obstacles in a still greater degree had, from the first opening of the college, stood in the way of, and indeed proved nearly fatal to, its success. These were, according to the report of the Charity Commissioners, in 1834, 'the want of an adequate endowment, the circumstance of its not possessing the power of conferring degrees, and the fact of its members not being generally admitted as candidates for ordination by the bishops of England and North Wales dioceses.' Quoting this in 1849, Sir Thomas Phillips says: 'Though twelve years have elapsed since that report was made, it may be doubted if the efficiency of the college has been since materially increased, and many impediments still obstruct the good which so important an institution might be expected to confer on the Principality.'†

The needs of the Church in Wales had now, however, obliged the bishops to recognize the importance of the college, and to look to it for a large proportion of their clergy. The North Wales bishops admitted its students to holy orders, and some of the English prelates also expressed their readiness to confer ordination on members of the college, if fitly prepared.

The other difficulties remained unaltered.

The college, according to its charter, was to consist of a Principal, two or more Tutors, and two or more Professors,

* Rowland Williams had offered £100 towards it.

† *Wales*, by Sir Thomas Phillips, p. 319. London: Parker. 1849.

but, owing to the want of funds, up to this time the resident officers had been limited to a Principal, a Senior Tutor (the Vice-Principal), and one other Tutor or Professor.

Rowland Williams was the third Vice-Principal of the college, Dr. Ollivant* and Mr. Harold Browne† having preceded him in the office. At the time of his coming to Lampeter, though the college was still young, many abuses had crept into its administration. Much criticism of previous management was even then agitating the press, and, through the agency of Sir Benjamin Hall (afterwards Lord Llanover) and others, making itself heard in the House of Commons.

Mr. Harold Browne, on his appointment to Lampeter in 1843, had found the college in the worst possible condition. He moved for, and with difficulty succeeded in obtaining (1847), examiners from Oxford and Cambridge, which helped a little; but still all was irregular in studies, finance, and everything. He did much in the way of palliation and remonstrance, and, when leaving, got a new constitution for the working of the college drawn up. But it needed a man of indomitable will to carry it out.‡ The reformation was left as a legacy to Rowland Williams. He at once set himself to the work, and, in spite of many and great obstacles, the entire system of the college, in education and finance, was remodelled in his hands.

Besides the drawbacks to the success of the college

* The present Bishop of Llandaff.

† Late Bishop of Ely, now of Winchester.

‡ Mr. Harold Browne writes soon after leaving, May 28, 1850: 'I know that I have left you a troublesome work to do; but I did as much of it before I went as I could, and I confidently hope that my successors will never find the difficulties which made me feel the post all but untenable.'

already mentioned, another difficulty arose from the want of early education and training in the students with whom it had to deal. And this, if not from the very first, at least but a few years after its opening, had formed one of its main difficulties. Men advanced in years, broken-down farmers, blacksmiths, Wesleyan preachers coming direct from their own homes, without any previous preparation—were amongst those who sought admission to the college. Education, both in national and grammar* schools throughout the Principality, was at the very lowest ebb, and from these many of the scholars came to Lampeter so badly prepared, that it became a question whether men knowing next to nothing were to be admitted, so that the college might be filled, or the standard of examination raised, and candidates rejected who could not come up to it. †

Regarding St. David's College as the lever by which the education of Wales generally was to be raised, Rowland Williams felt there was no doubt of the latter course being the right one to pursue. He raised the standard of the entrance examination, and as long as he continued there it was maintained with a strictness which often caused him to incur the reproach of lessening the number of students, from those who cared rather that the college roll should present a good face to the world, than for the efficiency of its members.

Another frequent matter of debate was the three years' system, which he always strongly advocated, and which,

* Some of these Rowland Williams describes as 'the struggling ghosts of grammar schools.'—*The Church and Education in Wales*.

† See Letter, Feb. 25, 1854, p. 219.

owing to the two years' system adopted by other theological colleges, there was much difficulty in carrying out. Men, finding they could attain orders by an easier and shorter route, would go to St. Bees and Birkenhead in preference, and not unfrequently left St. David's College for the purpose. So he writes :—

Our course being one of three years, and requiring a preliminary examination, it was always in the power of bishops to cut off our supplies by accepting a two years' course elsewhere, with little preliminary requirements for holy orders. But although some adopted such measures, the good working of the college kept, during five years of frowns, our numbers above the standard at which I found them, until in December, 1859, Bishop Campbell, of Bangor, accepted from Birmingham candidates whom we had rejected here. On this hint, even students whom we had examined for entry, and postponed for a few months' farther reading, started from under our very wing, and hastened to a shorter and easier cut. I then felt the hour of darkness had triumphed.

There was no minutiae of internal administration of the college into which the new Vice-Principal did not carry his reform. He arranged with the utmost care and most scrupulous integrity for the management of college funds ; and in order to meet the needs of men whose means were small, he reduced the cost of maintenance to a minimum. A summary of these reforms he gives in a pamphlet entitled, *Some Account of the Actual Working of St. David's College*.

In effecting all this great work, it cannot be wondered at that he met with much opposition, but he had the sympathy more or less cordial of the *Visitors* of the college, and of others who were aware of existing evils,

and glad to have a Vice-Principal with the manliness to denounce abuses that called loudly for reform.

The effect of the influence he exercised over the college, in its literary and moral character, rapidly began to tell, and extended to the grammar schools from which the college was fed, and in which he manifested great interest.*

Still, this reformation was not accomplished without much anxiety and annoyance. The constant irritation of petty disputes, and the controversies entailed, were like a perpetual blister. The very earnestness of his nature, which made him throw himself heart and soul into anything he undertook, rendered it impossible to him to be unconcerned or take matters lightly. The prejudices which existed previously against the college, and to which the gross mismanagement of its affairs had laid it open, were not to be easily overcome. It was not uncommon, even now, when the causes for most of these no longer existed, to hear them still repeated. This stung him to the quick. So, he writes in June, 1852, after a fresh attack upon the college in the House of Commons: 'My indignation at the constant attacks upon us is breaking down my temper—soured by a sense of the ungrateful treachery of some and the unworthiness of others.'

On first coming to Lampeter he was quite alone. With

* Nov., 1853, the Bishop of Llandaff wrote: 'The announcement of your increasing numbers this term gave me great pleasure, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that both Archdeacon H. Williams and myself thought your men passed a very good examination on the last occasion. Eight out of my ten deacons were St. David's College men, so that, in fact, you educate the clergy of at least two dioceses. Cowbridge is flourishing, and upon the whole things are looking up.'

a philosophical disdain of luxury, he furnished somewhat barely two rooms in his house, and was waited upon by the college servants ; and for a time he seems to have rejoiced in the freedom of the place and the unconventional sort of life he led as regards society, of which, with the exception of the college professors, there was very little. But the change from Cambridge was great, and he soon began to feel the loneliness of the place. As early as June, 1850, in answer to what must have been a somewhat desponding letter from him, his predecessor wrote, 'I am afraid Lampeter no longer looks so very bright to you—your troubles of business will in time, I hope, blow over. If you have no wife, sister, horse, or dog, you must sadly want company. I had wife, sisters, horses, and dogs, and had not too much company then. I confess a post at St. David's College is something like a missionary station.' A friend writing of his position at this time at St. David's College, says, 'He went to Lampeter with the same spirit which induced Bishop Heber to go to India.'

Soon after this he was joined by his sisters. In expectation of their arrival he wrote to his mother :—

There is no denying this solitary system is to me what it is to a prisoner. You are perhaps scarcely aware I never had anything like it before.

Though my life is in some respects happier than at King's, in that it is more wholesomely employed, yet in this utter absence of any confidential friend to whom I can utter a natural word, it is of course far worse.

Both for this, then, and also because I think my sisters would enjoy a visit here, and I should do my best to make them comfortable, I hope to see them.

From this time his eldest sister, with one of the others, continued to live with him till his marriage, and this change in his bachelor establishment, with the addition subsequently of a horse and a dog, made Lampeter much less dreary. His days were now fully occupied, commencing with the eight o'clock chapel, which did not leave much time for breakfast before the nine o'clock bell rang for lecture, after which there was an hour's interval and then two and sometimes three lectures followed. Then came the anxiously-expected post, when, as a rule, the papers were opened before the letters, so eager was he always for the news of the day. A walk or ride followed, a three or four o'clock dinner, after which coffee took the place of wine; a stroll, or seeing students, evening chapel, and reading or writing, filled up the evening, or, as was too often the case, his studies were continued far into the night.

In his rides he was never weary of exploring the country, till he knew every feature of interest, whether ancient or modern, natural or the work of man, for miles around. They were often prolonged much after the time he was expected home, and to the terror of his sisters in the dark winter afternoons; not altogether a groundless alarm, considering the narrow escapes from bogs which in those cross-country rides so frequently occurred, and also the wild sort of horse * he rode, which had an inveterate

* This horse was a great favourite, notwithstanding his rebellious character, and was really fond of his master, and would *follow* him anywhere. In later years, seeming more tractable with a lady's hand, he was made over to me, till one day some of his old fire returning on the top of the Wiltshire downs, he threw me, and he was hence doomed to be sold, and gradually descended in the scale of society, till he came to draw the cart of

habit of rearing, and with whom there were constant battles.

His interest in his pupils was deep and unceasing. He tells them he considered neither his time or his library his own, if of any use to them. The opening lecture to his divinity class in 1850 was published in 'Lampeter Theology,' and gives a specimen of what these lectures were; and some reminiscences of his pupils will bear witness to the effect upon his hearers, and to the enthusiasm with which he inspired all who were capable of it. Beyond his lecture-room, also, he carried his interest in their welfare, ever being ready to assist them, now with a word of advice, and now of warning; and, by his ready sympathy and kindness of manner, totally devoid of all donnishness, he won from them a love and reverence which, with many at least, did not pass away with college days. Their success in after years was always a subject of deepest interest to him, and he used to say it was one of the sorrows of his life that, owing to the entanglements of his theological position, he was able to do so little for his pupils.

It may not be amiss here to record some few of their affectionate reminiscences of him.

Of the moral influence of his lecture-room one writes:—

We appreciated the honest straightforwardness so unobtrusively visible in all he said or did in the capacity of tutor and lecturer. The manly, honest straightforwardness of his lectures touched us more deeply than the knowledge displayed in them.

the Sidney Herbert Co-operative Society, which brought provisions from Wilton to Chalke. Poor Felix! it was pretty to see him prick up his ears and look round as he recognized his old master's voice when we used to take him a handful of corn to beguile his waiting for the unloading of the cart.

Another of his pupils, some time after leaving St. David's College, wrote to him as follows :—

I must thank you with all the warmth of which my heart is capable for the sound instruction you gave me at Lampeter, and which I have extracted from your books. With fear and trembling I say it, but for your teaching I should certainly have become by this time a confirmed sceptic. Always of an independent turn of mind, had I not been taught to recognize and account for a human element pervading the sacred Scriptures, the difficulties inexplicable and unsurmountable, on any other hypothesis, which of necessity must present themselves to any attentive student, would have cast, and I am afraid left, me on some dismal shore horrible to contemplate. Now, thank God, all is clear and intelligible; or, if unfathomable, nothing to *shock* reason and conscience, no difficulty that need *stagger* any man.

The present Welsh Professor* at St. David's College writes thus to me :—

Oct. 24, 1871.—. . . . I never knew a man for whom I had such profound respect as I had and continue to have for my former Tutor and benefactor, whose premature death will ever be lamented by those who knew him best. At the commencement of the year 1853 I had the honour of making his acquaintance as student at St. David's College. From the day of my admission to the last moment of my college career I never ceased thankfully to congratulate myself upon the privilege of being under the tuition of such a complete master of the work he had undertaken. The profound and varied character of his attainments, the singular gift he possessed of imparting knowledge to others, the honesty of purpose and perfect disinterestedness which characterized all his actions, could not fail to inspire all who came in contact with him with a deep sense

* Rev. Joseph Hughes.

of his worth as a man and as a tutor. He possessed to a degree that rarely falls to the lot of a college authority such a personal influence over his pupils as almost rendered severity of discipline unnecessary. He ruled by love and not by fear; or whenever the latter was felt, it was that fear which comes of respect and sense of duty. Most truly may it be said of him that he never spared himself, if he saw an opportunity of benefiting those who had placed themselves under his care; hence the readiness ever shown by the latter to obey his orders and to avail themselves of his valuable guidance in their studies. Often do I look back with extreme gratitude to the hours I spent in his lecture-room, listening now to his very able discourses on the chief characters and events in universal history, now to the happy and successful manner he had adopted of unfolding the mysteries and solving the difficulties of the Hebrew prophets, regarded in the light of contemporary history, at another time to his suggestive comments on St. Paul's Epistles; and I shall ever feel thankful for the assistance he rendered me in perusing such books as Butler's Analogy, Paley's Moral Philosophy, Pearson on the Creed, E. H. Browne on the Articles, &c., &c. In all matters of criticism he displayed the utmost fairness in stating both sides of every question, and never attempted to cramp private judgment by unduly forcing upon other minds the conclusions at which he had himself arrived. He allowed their due weight to authors with whom he had but little sympathy, and hesitated not to point out the defects of such as were generally acceptable to him.

Another old pupil shortly after his death wrote thus:—

Aug. 23rd, 1870.—A voluminous account of what we knew and thought, at Lampeter, of our beloved Vice-Principal would not be necessary, and I will gladly say what most readily occurs to my mind.

We felt that he was sternly but kindly just; we had the most unqualified faith in his mental powers, believing him to be a giant in intellect. His lectures were sought and carefully attended,

we felt they were what we could not afford to lose. His industry was indefatigable. He used to write out questions on foolscap paper, and hang them up in the lecture room; we copied them, and wrote analyses of the books read. The paper questions often referred us to standard authorities such as he frequently quotes in his books, the old divines of our Church, and more ancient writers.

In the lecture he appeared to carry the whole matter in his mind, there was not much dependence on books then. He walked round the room, peered into the men's faces with his shrewd, inquiring smile, and endeavoured to extract information in any form or degree from the not too cultivated majority of many of us. He would catch at a half-uttered word, and try in every way to get information into the minds so much in want of it.

These lectures had somewhat of a liberal tone. There was a something, I know not what, that answered to something within myself at the time. He used to say 'the spirit was greater than the letter,' and other kindred expressions.

As for the multitude of his pupils, their parents had no need to be anxious about them; they were glad to scrape together enough matter to get orders, and never troubled themselves afterwards, carefully adhering to a good sound Evangelicalism as the most paying thing, desiring to be '*safe*' men with 'no extreme views.' Some of my own sermons of the first years of my ministry are what a Wesleyan conference would find no fault with.

Those of us who strayed at all from the old ways were led by a spirit moving in our age, and Dr. Rowland Williams arrested our wild tendencies, guided us, and comforted us in our uneasy new positions.

But it was not only those who sympathized with his views who believed in him, as they used to say, 'as a man;' every one respected him, and many who had anything but liberal views admired him as an intellectual wonder.

He used to give pleasant parties, and saw all the men at his house. Some 'came out' at the Vice-Principal's who had never

been at a party before—the Welshiest, ruggedest ‘Cardy’* was certain to be asked, and when present, everything was done to make him comfortable. The host would go round and talk to every one, but in no formal or patronizing way.

Dr. Williams was ‘a muscular Christian,’ though not one of Mr. Kingsley’s sort; he took long walks, going fast, taking very wide steps, expanding the chest, throwing out the arms.

The immense development of the head made the face look thin, and the large hat he wore made the body look smaller than it was. He kept excellent horses, and rode fast. When he passed any one on the road, he spoke first, not waiting to be ‘capped.’ He would go among the country people and reason with them. He was greatly esteemed in the town.

A Cambridge friend, writing to him of a tour in Wales, mentions having met one of his pupils:—‘He manifestly revered you, and entertained most grateful and pleasing recollections of Lampeter. One of these simple-minded people is, I think, a better evidence of what a man’s real influence is than the whole bench of bishops.’

The following account of his lectures is taken from an obituary notice which appeared in the ‘Welshman’ immediately after his death, from the pen of an old pupil:—

He was always a hard student, and generally read far into the night; but most days of the week he was punctually in the lecture room at nine o’clock, and here he shone. His old pupils will bear out our statement that as a lecturer he was unsurpassed, whatever the subject in hand—whether Hebrew, or Greek Testament, or dogma, or history—out of his great mind came forth a flood of light, illuminating the dullest intellect in his presence. Who that ever heard him put questions can forget how their sharp points entered

* A Cardiganshire man.

the mind, and clung there until answered, often after many hours' painful reading? Who can forget the readiness with which he answered questions, out of the fulness of his learning? Who can forget his statement of Butler's arguments, or Hooker's; all so exquisitely simple, so beautifully clear? We shall revive happy recollections in many a breast when we allude to his extempore lectures on ancient and modern history; recollections of a crowded room, deeply attentive listeners, still silence broken only by one penetrative voice and many hurrying pens. Seldom did a student, however careless, 'cut' his Vice-Principal's lectures. If he cared little for instruction, he could not be insensible to the deep learning, the polished irony, the biting sarcasm, the profound earnestness, and the rushing eloquence of the powerful lecturer. Men felt his influence, and were the better for it. The idle man felt rebuked by his presence. The hard-working student, the religious student, felt courage and strength come to him from the courageous and religious man who was bent upon doing good to all. We put it on record, to his lasting praise, that never in the lecture room did he insinuate a doubt as to the absolute correctness of any doctrine in the Anglican Creed. When asked questions which would be differently answered by a neologian and an ordinary orthodox professor, it was his custom to refer the questioner to standard Anglican authorities. This will account for the fact that when *Rational Godliness*, before the book reached Lampeter, was called hard names by a portion of the English press, the critiques were treated with scorn and ridicule by every student in college. 'Dr. Williams a heretic? monstrous!' everybody indignantly said. A strict disciplinarian, he has many times been found up at night in a student's room, remonstrating with some noisy youth or incorrigible smoker; but so merciful and affectionate was he in his firm remonstrances, that he gained an abiding influence even over the unruly. By the steady, hardworking men he was trusted, honoured, and loved; for he treated them as friends and worked for them as friends, and entertained them at his own table as friends, while all the time he was keeping them hard at work and leading them to pastures new.

Beyond his more immediate work connected with the college, Rowland Williams interested himself in all things bearing on the good of Lampeter or his country generally.

On first going to Lampeter he took an active part with Mr. Harford * in carrying out some needed reforms and improvements in the national school, and used to visit it regularly. After the reform was effected, he speaks of the school in a letter as 'one that might bear the scrutiny of the Bishop of St. Asaph.' † The grammar school also he took especial interest in, examining and giving prizes there himself to the last. Indeed, the grammar schools throughout South Wales, as feeders to the college, he did everything in his power to stimulate. The deficiencies of Llandovery,—where the position taken up by the Warden ‡ was at one time that of a rival rather than, as should have been, that of an ally,—he at first felt to be a great drawback; and he rejoiced in the measure of improvement which, in later years, a new and friendly Warden brought about. Cowbridge at one time sent the best class of students to St. David's College, and with its master he had much friendly intercourse.

The poor of Lampeter were not forgotten by him. There was not a stone-breaker along the road who did not recognize him gladly, sure of a passing word, and often a longer chat. At the out-of-the-way huts on the hills, we were more than once stopped in our rides by the rustic theologian, ever eager for discussion with him of topics which of all others are the favourites amongst the Cymry. The poor in the immediate neighbourhood he visited

* Of Pant y Curyll—Lampeter.

† Dr. Short.

‡ The Archdeacon of Cardigan.

frequently in his walks. After our marriage I was taken to be introduced to them, and when, as in duty bound, they made some complimentary speech (of course in Welsh), his reply in the same language was, 'Ah, she is only a poor creature; she can only speak Saesneg!'

He always took every opportunity of talking Welsh himself. To the poor children we met, who, proud of being able to speak a little English—which, however, they hardly understood—expected to be praised for their performances, he always replied in their mother tongue, expressing astonishment that they were so ignorant that they could not speak Cymraeg.

The enthusiasm he excited among his pupils was shared in no common degree by the poor. They always seemed to regard him as especially belonging to themselves, and thought all he did or said right. A feeling of patriotic pride in him lay at the root of their affection, while this was heightened by the ready sympathy with which he listened to their difficulties, and the substantial aid he was ever willing to accord in helping them to eke out their scanty subsistence.

There was a great charm in the enthusiastic attachment to him, of our poor friends of Cardiganshire, which we used to miss at first amongst the more phlegmatic, less impressionable, though, in the end, not less really and truly attached poor of Wiltshire.

But it may be well at this point to return to the letters and extracts, which will give in chronological order some account of Lampeter life and struggles, as well as of other matters in which he was interested.

After leaving Cambridge, as he went through London, on his way to Lampeter, he was present at the celebration, on St. David's day, of the anniversary of the Society of Ancient Britons, and preached the annual sermon for the Welsh School at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.* 'The Cymry in London say he is on the high road to a bishopric,' wrote the clergyman of the Welsh church. 'There were some very fine and touching points bearing on Wales in his sermon, which was a powerful composition altogether.' And Mr. J. Williams, M.P., wrote: 'I with many others listened to the best sermon we ever had on St. David's day. We were all delighted to hear him give out his text in his own native tongue, and look forward most hopefully that the day is not far distant when we can see such a man a bishop in our long neglected country.'

TO HIS FATHER.

U. U. C., London, March 28, 1850.—I write a line to say I am on my way to St. David's.

I parted amicably with all my friends at King's, not without many kindly expressions on both sides.

I go to-night probably to Bristol, and there spend Good Friday, or the greater part of it, and get to Truro on Saturday.†

You may be a little disappointed, as I am, not to see *the paper* in the *Quarterly Review* for this quarter. So Lockhart willed it; and I cannot help it.

St. David's College, Lampeter, April 6th, 1850.— . . . I was rather thrown out by finding no steamer to Carmarthen, and no coach direct to Brecon. A small steamer, however, took me as far as Newport on Wednesday, and one coach to Aber-

* Connected with the Society of Ancient Britons.

† Whence he visited the Rev. Harold Browne.

gavenny, and a second to Brecon, and the next morning I left at nine by the mail. At Llandovery I found the Archdeacon [Williams] grinding his class, and was shown his school by him, as well as generally received with kindness. The feeling between the two institutions * is not quite *so* amicable as I could wish, and it will be my endeavour to patch up a peace if possible. I posted over here, twenty miles, over a considerable Bwlch. I have taken a lodging for a week, at the end of which time I am likely to be so far in my house as to tenant two rooms.

My house is an ugly-looking little plastered 'rough-cast' villa outside, but with sufficient and convenient accommodation within; the drawing-room is very pleasant, the other two rooms are small.

Moreover, *have I not* just a flower-garden? which I see to be the last query inserted by you in my father's letter just arrived. It is so far a charming *little* place, and I intend to buy a hatchet and a spade forthwith.

I am much pleased with the general aspect of things. The country is not unlike that about Langen Schwalbach, only it has no Sir F. Head to describe it.

The worst thing here is that the college is of *plaster outside*, which peels off with weather, and will cost us much money, otherwise it is *very pretty*, not to say more.

* * * * *

The article he refers to in the next letter was the second which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, on 'the Church and Education in Wales.' †

* Llandovery School and St. David's College.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. 87, No. clxxiv., p. 331. A Review of Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of Education in Wales, 1847. Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the National Society. A Charge by Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's, 1848. A Charge by Thomas

In this article, after drawing a lamentable picture of the prostrate condition of the Church in Wales, and describing the small hold she had on the affections of the people compared to the popularity of dissent, he reviews the state of education in Wales, regarding this as the main cause of the inefficiency of a Church 'whose system presupposes a certain amount of moral and intellectual culture, in the absence of which her services lose half their meaning and her instructions nearly all their force.'

He then controverts the opinion held by some that the mischief was deeper rooted, and found its explanation in supposed distinctions of race—the excitable temperament of the so-called Celtic race inclining then, it was said, to a more emotional service than that afforded by the Church of England. This leads him into a considerable ethnological and philological digression, in which he inquires into the origin of the Welsh people, and the source of their language, and propounds his favourite theory that the distinction between races has been overdrawn, and that what are often called 'characteristics of race are rather the effect of circumstances.'

His *main* argument of the intermediate position occupied by the Cimbri, is the same as that of his paper on the subject, read before the British Association in 1845. He bridges over the chasm between the Goth and the Celt, which he considered had been exaggerated; the distinction in ancient times between the nations of Gaul and

Williams, M.A., Archdeacon of Llandaff. A Visitation Sermon by Rowland Williams, A.M., Canon of St. Asaph, 1847. Keltische Studien, von Friedr. Körner, Halle, 1849.

Germany being real enough, but not of the generic kind which in modern times has been supposed. He thought the distinction was not so much one of two races as of two nations, and these shading off into each other; the Cimbri, or Cymry, though nearer to the Gaul than the Goth, forming the uniting link between them—in geographical position—in character—in language. Under the type of Cimbri he classes the Belgæ, the Picts, and the ancient Britons on both sides of the channel; while in modern times, he considers them represented by the Bretons, the Welsh, and the Cornish, and thinks they have left considerable traces in the Lowlands of Scotland.

'The conclusion,' he says, 'which each year tends to impress upon us more firmly is, that the real distinctions of race have been too broadly stated; that the deep pulse of our humanity beats alive beneath a thousand modifications of accident; and the ethnographical map, which traces itself in our imagination, does not body forth large families with glaring contrast of colours, so much as smaller nations which shade off delicately into each other.' 'Race is circumstance, though circumstance in some cases so inveterate and engrained as to require generations before its effects on the mass can be altogether obliterated,' and he contended, the hold dissent had upon the Welsh people was a phenomenon easy of explanation, as 'being a natural stage for a people to pass through in whom, after much neglect, the religious sense has been vehemently stirred, but ill-informed and partially vitiated.' The same effect, he said, had followed like causes in parts of England, but in Wales the mischief was aggravated by the difficulties

which the two languages presented, both in the schools, where the children learnt English words as mere sounds, not as expressions of thought, and also in the churches, where the necessity for bilingual services increased the difficulty in reaching the masses of the people.

The article concludes somewhat more hopefully than it had commenced. In the movements already set on foot he traces gleams of the dawning of a brighter day for Wales, both with respect to her schools and her churches. Deprecating negligence, and still more bitterness towards opponents, he uses this hope to stimulate to fresh exertions on her behalf.

The article, as the following letter shows, cost him not a little. It was not pleasant, but rather very painful to him—especially in matters relating to her Church—to probe his country's wound, and lay bare her sore places. He said it was curious that his former article for the *Quarterly* had led him to extenuate the evils of Methodism, and this one to expose the shortcomings of the Church in Wales.

Like the former one, it was much discussed in the Principality, and he was again guessed to be the author, but for the present he was advised to preserve his incognito, chiefly on account of his allusions to the shortcomings of Brecon, a subject about which the Bishop of St. David's was said to be sensitive.

TO HIS FATHER.

St. David's College, Lampeter, April 17, 1850.— . . . I have been staying for two days at Abergwili, and find the Bishop exceedingly kind and in a grave way agreeable. In about ten days' time I shall be installed Vice-Principal, the office not having been yet formally resigned by Mr. Browne.

I have received the *Quarterly Review*, and beg to thank you for your remarks ; but do not rejoice in the omissions, which I think are for the sake of curtailing length, in order to diminish price. Nor do I quite approve of Lockhart's abusing Arthur Johnes so fiercely in my name : and considering the almost certainty of annoying the Bishop of St. David's, who has been very civil to me, with all other risks, I am half inclined to get the article cancelled. If I do not do this, I at least don't intend at present to write for Lockhart again.

St. David's College, Lampeter, April 22, 1850.—I have written a few lines to Lockhart.* As to Brecon (which may affect the College of St. David's), that is not Lockhart's doing, but mine ; for I could not write the article without touching on old foundations, nor touch on them without including Brecon ; so that this peril has all along been before my eyes, and the whole essay has been a thing of groans to me from the beginning. But one must risk something for one's country : only I was better content to do so when the paper was rounded off in my own fashion, than when it has been docked in more *places than one*, and the general tone made somewhat colder and drier.

On Sunday I am to preach here for the National Society. On the whole, with eleven lectures a week, and with a sermon on Sunday, I am pretty well employed. Yet I find time daily to transplant daffodils, and hew down branches of overhanging sycamore in my garden, which is a charming place, and a great source of healthful refreshment to me.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Sept. 26, 1850.—I got from Cardiff to Carmarthen on Monday. On Tuesday I did a little shopping, and saw the training school, which seems very well managed, though on a less aspiring scale than the one at Chester. I had not time to call upon the Bishop. He had held an ordina-

* Lockhart, in consequence of this remonstrance, suppressed the note objected to.

tion on Sunday, at which he expressed himself not well satisfied with the attainments of the candidates for deacon's orders. Two of them were the two lowest men in our midsummer list of this year ; the others we were not responsible for.

I have found it a great convenience to arrange things before the work of the term commences, and I could easily have disposed of a few more days. Things here are in the yellow leaf, and do not look so cheering as they did in the spring. Yet the air feels very healthful and elastic, and the vale of the Teify is still pretty. My dahlias have turned out really beautiful.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Oct. 24, 1850.—I have another letter from Lockhart, more interesting than the last ; but almost too much so to send you. He gives me a choice of Easter or June next—probably I shall prefer the latter—for Welsh literature, and for an article upon Stephens ; I am inclined to try it, and do not despair of making it at least readable, that is, for the many, even if not instructive for the few.

The event which has been so long expected, and has now arrived, of the Provost's death,* is in more ways than one a critical point.

Whether I should endeavour to make Lampeter only a resting-place until my turn for a college living, or whether I should also cast in my lot with this Silurian Athens and the Welsh Church, that is, for such space as my life may last (which, with my restless temper, is not very likely to be for a great many years), is a question difficult to decide. If I ever were to fall in with a likely Mrs. Williams, she might help to answer it for me ; but I have not yet seen such a person ; and I think it is highly likely I may go on, not finding roses, or overlooking them, until the time comes for gathering the nettle, or coming home empty-handed. It is not every temper I could bear to live with, and although not likely to be happy without a wife, I think I might possibly be still less

* Dr. Thackeray, Provost of King's College.

happy with one—but these are remote contingencies. I have been keeping back the more immediate view of our college here, because, in some respects, it is but gloomy. . . .

In any case, you have some notion of the difficulties which beset our college, and can understand how — might incur, in past times, the charge of grasping too much. He has naturally endeavoured to eke out his income, and was not always careful enough how he did so. Add a careless and mercurial sort of temper on his part, with a peculating — to manage the college accounts for him, and you have a clue to everything.

We have now an up-hill game to play through dreary twilight: but I do not despair, if it please God, of seeing things ultimately righted, and the character of our college higher.

But my friend, Archdeacon Williams, as you will see from the enclosed letter, is likely to be as much of an opponent as an ally.

It is quite true the sea is visible from Bryngolen, within four and a half miles of this house; and also, my driver deposes that in clear weather he sees from the *same spot Bardsey*, and at night its revolving lights. Our hills are much poorer than the Clwydian; but the vale of the Teify is more beautiful than that of the Ayrn. So, at least, I judged this evening.

St. David's College, Dec. 11, 1850.— . . . This day week, my sisters and myself go to Abergwili: from thence I proceed to Cambridge, where my time will be spent in (1) keeping Divinity acts; (2) extending my Hebrew knowledge; (3) reviving my mathematics; (4) writing somewhat of my Hindu book. Plenty of work is therefore cut out for me.

The '*two year*' plan is only to be in very exceptional cases here. Our visitor did not wish it to get into print. Our course is to continue a full academical one; only in cases where *a Bishop* has some one in his eye whom he wishes to advance into orders more rapidly, we will accept his Lordship's recommendation as a *special* reason for allowing its object to enter at once the theological class, instead of going through the earlier and more classical

portions of the course. Testimonials will only be given to such persons, for the diocese of the Bishop who originally recommended them.

The sooner our *appeal* papers are placed in proper hands, I think, the better.

In all matters connected with the welfare of the College, from the time of his becoming Vice-Principal, however much or little it appeared, he was virtually the mainspring, pulling the strings behind the scenes, instigating others to action, and referred to on all occasions by those who were interested in promoting the well-being of the Institution.

Much correspondence of a business nature had taken place this year (1850) between himself and Sir Thomas Phillips and others, with reference to a scheme for the better endowment of the college. The scheme was strongly supported by several members of the Welsh Education Committee—Sir Thomas Phillips, the Earl of Powis, Lord Emlyn, Col. Pennant, Col. Trevor, &c., and a committee was formed, which met in London, to consider the best means of furthering the desired object.

The *appeal* alluded to in the last letter refers to a paper containing suggestions drawn up by him, in answer to the inquiries of the Educational Committee, which, receiving their approval, was circulated among the bishops and leading people in Wales, calling their attention to the desirability of petitioning the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the subject. The special objects suggested as needing a further grant were—a provision for two more professors, in furtherance of the original intention of the founder of

the college ; the addition of a certain number of scholarships, with the means of providing dinners gratuitously for foundation scholars ; senior studentships in addition to the exhibitions already provided, and the formation of a building fund for the preservation of the college buildings. A memorial to this effect was presented to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners by Lord Dynevor, the chairman of a meeting held at the *Thatched House Tavern*, composed of bishops, peers, members of parliament, and other persons connected with Wales.

A charter for the right of conferring degrees was at the same time a subject of petition to Government.

In the beginning of the year he set forth the college grievance arising from the slow movements of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in a letter to the editor of the *Evening Mail*, Jan. 1st, signed 'Ucalegon.' It was recognized to be from the pen of one at head-quarters, who was well aware of the evil arising to St. David's College, and the Welsh Church generally, owing to the neglect of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION AND ST. DAVID'S
COLLEGE, LAMPETER.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

SIR,—At a crisis when the minds of most men interested in religious subjects are absorbed with just indignation at the aggression of a foreign prelate, it may seem hopeless to ask your ear for any grievance of a humbler kind. Yet this is really the hour of all others when the intestine sore should not escape a searching glance. With whatever eloquence our platforms may ring, the Churches of England and Rome will ultimately stand or fall in

proportion as they satisfy or disappoint the religious instincts of mankind. Our Lord, like His apostle, will test not the speech of them that are puffed up, but the power. No one is better aware than yourself what an elastic revival of vigour has been infused into the Church by that extension of her organization which only the reforms of late years could have rendered possible. But if adversity has been to her a sort of Medea's cauldron, it may be feared that several of her limbs were not plunged deep enough in the salutary but bitter decoction. The mistakes of the Ecclesiastical Commission have impressed the public mind quite as vividly as its services. Already, indeed, it has been forcibly remarked that the mismanagement and negligence of this Commission had done more to invite aggression against the Church than the strangest reveries of her most fanciful sons. Wherever abuse is left unlopped, or weakness unstrengthened, it suggests an opportunity to foes, and perplexes defenders with shame. Courtesy forbids me to annoy you with a list of the many instances which have been blazoned to the world. They are sufficiently notorious. But there is one grave error of omission, an error which must be pregnant with consequences for centuries, which I venture respectfully to bring under your consideration.

If there is any part of the kingdom in which the state of the Anglican Church is sufficiently critical to be interesting, it is the Principality of Wales. In Scotland she is not established, while in Ireland she has an establishment, and nothing more. The untimely death of Sir Robert Peel has rendered it more difficult to foretell how long she will there retain that position. Whereas in Wales she just possesses vitality, it is not absolutely impossible she might again be rendered popular, though the mass of the population have loosened themselves from her grasp, not merely out of natural perversity, but from her failing to satisfy their spiritual need. While the higher classes throw off frequent proselytes to Romanism, the convictions of the lower are almost divided between the Calvinist and the Socinian. Yet, where active and intelligent clergymen abound, the influence of the Church

somewhat revives, and if the number could be increased, the effect would be in proportion. But if a decided exertion be not soon made, the generation in which we live will be a turning and fatal point. Education is rapidly extending. The children, who are now becoming familiar with fresh sources of thought, must either be reclaimed by a greater practical life, or they will transmit an inheritance of deeper, because more intelligent, animosity. Those among the gentry who have scarcely awoken to a consciousness of things around them, will have left to their heirs a legacy more ugly than they anticipate. That healthy framework of English society, which is already dislocated, will then be hopelessly shattered—ecclesiastical dilemmas, like that of Ireland, will be presented to the statesman, and the whole character of the people will be socially more difficult to manage. Moreover, as the knowledge of English spreads, Wales will become a hive of preachers, throwing off yearly swarms of buzzing itinerants. Already the recruits thus furnished to the ranks of English dissent are not inconsiderable, and only the difficulty of language impedes their influence. The compound of vice and ignorance with infidelity which some of the iron districts of Wales foster is a distinct phenomenon, yet one not to be forgotten in the background of the picture.

Now, we should only deceive ourselves by supposing that any real remedy for such evils could be found either in sneers or declamation. It must come, if from anywhere, from a body of men justifying the Church by their labours and their lives. If the Church is considered polemically, she wants soldiers; or if in her truer aspect, as the benignant nurse of all good letters, and consoler of all suffering, she wants missionaries and teachers. From where, then, are they to come? It is idle to recommend an university education to men whose whole families, if they were sold into slavery, would scarcely enable an Oxford undergraduate to pay his tailor and his wine merchant.

Nor, again, do we want sentimental scholars, but a hardy set of men, uniting with the sympathies of the people the intelligence of a class above them. It was to provide such labourers that

the best English Prelate the Principality ever saw, founded, by his own exertions and those of his friends, St. David's College, at Lampeter. Whatever merits the praises of the past may now picture in those old nests of rusticity which were compounds of Maynooth and a farmhouse, they did not prevent Bishop Burgess from labouring earnestly to establish something better. He procured for his college the partial aid of Government (from which, however, the repayment in various taxes is a serious deduction); and he endowed it both with sundry scholarships and a magnificent library, which has since been largely increased. The name of Thomas Phillips must ever occupy a distinguished place among the benefactors of the college thus established.

The new foundation did not escape the pressure of prejudices from without, or the occurrence of incidental errors from within. Its architect was allowed to use plaster in a climate singularly intolerant of such contrivances; and a desire to satisfy the demand for more clergy made the admission of students too indiscriminate. Time, however, heals as well as wounds. The plaster, indeed, is still a crumbling eyesore; but circumstances, stronger than opinions, have demonstrated to theoretical opponents that a large proportion of the Welsh clergy will henceforth be educated either at Lampeter, or nowhere; while experience has taught the authorities to insist on a higher scale of attainment at entrance. An attempt is in course of making, to raise the literary standard of candidates for admission. Whoever believes that the old requirement of learning in her clergy should be maintained by the Church must sympathize with such an attempt. It may be considered, perhaps, the final experiment whether the learned languages can be retained in Wales as the basis of a systematic theology, or whether those whose lips should keep knowledge are to quaff it hereafter from the same second-hand sources as the most illiterate of their flocks. There may, doubtless, be greater evils than the abandonment of Latin and Greek: yet to abandon them would be an evil in itself, while for the Church which did so it would be a degradation. Still, it is an experiment, of which

the success is problematical, whether these old humanities can be cherished, and have also engrafted upon them the practical knowledge of the nineteenth century. The poverty even of the comparatively respectable class, from which many of the clergy spring, may almost be termed pinching. The first question of a Cardiganshire farmer is, whether he shall make his son a preacher of any denomination; and the next, what is the smallest expense at which the object can be effected. Hence the education is, as it were, extemporized; toiled at, perhaps, under strange difficulties, with wonderful diligence, but still concentrated within the shortest possible period. The wonder is that such excellent, and even accomplished persons, do often emerge. But too often the father's question is, how little can I pay? and the son's, how little may I learn?

Now, of all the lost arts, no one appears to have been more successful than that wisdom of the middle ages which remedied a pretty similar state of things in England by not only teaching students, but feeding them. Whether Juvenal suggested the principle, or whether the *magister artis venter*, the great foundations which thus sprang into existence, gave England that clerisy, at once learned and practical, which, after all deduction for shortcomings, has hitherto been unparalleled in the world, in such places youth was at least trained, and should be induced, not to spend a lifetime, but to remain sufficiently long for mature requirement and habits of self-discipline. Wales, too, had once similar foundations, the ruin of which was one of the darker features of our generally happy Reformation. Upon the basis of one of these Bishop Burgess might possibly have built; but twenty thousand pounds' worth of stone and mortar would now be difficult to remove. The situation of Lampeter has, indeed, the advantage of salubrious air and fine scenery; and in no country where a vestige of common sense remained would the petty disputes of local rivalries be allowed to complicate so large and important a question as the general education of the clergy. The Legislature in passing the Cathedrals Act grappled with

the question practically, by directing the Ecclesiastical Commission to apply certain proceeds of religious property in Wales to the improvement and sustentation of Lampeter. But, amidst the pious cares which devolved upon the Commission, its attention does not appear to have been attracted by so unimportant a provision. Among the chronicles which are written of palaces at Rochester, and coal mines at Durham, we look in vain for any assistance extended to the impoverished student, or any endeavour to fix the nursery of the instructors of the people upon an enlarged basis. Permit me, Sir, this public inquiry—Why has there been such neglect? Is it merely because the act of Parliament was for the benefit of Wales that its provisions are to be neglected? Or have the requisite funds been forestalled by the salary of the new commissioners?

The need of carrying out the intended measure increases daily. Churches are building, and still more are wanted; while it would be far better they were never built than that they should be committed to ill-trained or inefficient hands. Why, then, do the Ecclesiastical Commissioners do nothing for Lampeter? To speak of waiting for the possible results of the University Commissions is so entirely alien to the question as to appear only a subterfuge or delay. Nor is it either a true or a practical answer to say, with the inveterate libellers of our Church, that St. David's College has been mismanaged. If this were true, it would only be a stronger reason for interference. If faults exist, they should be removed; or if the college is radically bad, it should be abolished. In any case, the Church in Wales requires her clergy both to understand their own language and to be otherwise educated. This, then, is the question to be looked in the face. This is the want which the Ecclesiastical Commission is empowered to supply. Such a duty must not be evaded for ever; and in its discharge it will be important for the Commissioners to procure true information, and to act upon rational principles. Any attempt to divide our available resources, in so poor a country as Wales, between a variety of institutions, can only end in fritter-

ing away our strength. You may reject the benefits of mental collision and incur an enormous outlay by fresh establishments, or you may amuse yourself with disputing whether Berkshire or Brecknock would be the best theoretical site for one; but nowhere else in the Principality will you find so good a foundation to build upon as exists at Lampeter. A hall and chapel, with other appropriate buildings, and a library of twenty-five thousand volumes, which is open on principles even more liberal than that at Cambridge, present the nucleus required. Nor are the twenty exhibitions which exist to be forgotten. If their amount renders them rather gratuities than scholarships, this is just the defect which the Legislature authorized the Commission to supply. Their disposal by public examination is, at least, beyond the reach of cavil. The columns of the *Times* contain, this day, an advertisement by which a considerable number of them is announced as open to all comers in the first week in February. By this, and by similar measures, the college is daily gaining the confidence of the bishops and of the country. Already there is not a diocese in Wales, and scarcely one in England, not open to its members. If its numbers do not increase as its character rises, the blame rests principally with those who might facilitate the access of the humble and earnest student, but who will not do so. Nor yet is it mere facility for the crowd of adventurers which I should recommend, so much as encouragement for the choicest scholars to prolong their course of study and to deepen its foundations. A mere sprinkling of such men would be a wholesome leaven throughout our parishes.

‘With no less toil and outlay can
Destiny build up a great man,
His ruined country to rebuild.’

But I forbear to trouble you with details, which others may better suggest. No institution, equally important, has ever struggled against a greater host of prejudices, or received, on the whole, less assistance where it might justly have been expected. If the need for its existence had not been genuine, and the principles on

which it is conducted radically sound, it could never have survived. You may now either carry out the beneficent intentions of the Legislature on its behalf, and so confer a boon on this Church and country of the Ancient Britons, or you may leave the college to struggle on ill-endowed, and our Church, with all the religious and moral interests committed to her charge, to languish in proportion. Only, in either case, I warn you not to imagine that God has so divided the body of our common weal as to leave even the strongest member unconscious of the fate of even the weakest.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

UCALEGON.

During the years he remained at Lampeter the subject of the fresh endowment of the college was constantly under discussion.

For the attainment of this object he left no means untried, and his applications to the Commissioners were unceasing ; but adverse influences were at work, and difficulties arising from theological controversies also came in the way. Delay after delay supervened, and he experienced in no small degree the weariness and sickness of heart consequent upon seeing his hopes, like an Ignis-fatuus, ever receding before him. The increased endowment—of which hopes had been so long held out—was not granted until after he had left Lampeter. It came at last, and those acquainted with the past history of the place are aware that it was Rowland Williams who prepared the way for the important changes which have since taken place, and that it is mainly owing to his endeavours that the college now enjoys the benefit of a grant of £1500 from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

But to return to a more detailed account. A debate followed Lord Dynevor's motion in the House of Commons (1851). Some letters a few pages on will tell of the opposition the motion met with, and the endeavours made to induce Government to lessen even the existing grant of £400, on the ground that the income of the college exceeded the amount on which the grant was made conditional, and was fraudulently returned in order that the grant might be obtained. For the activity displayed by the college and its friends raised or brought to light the counter feeling of hostility against it, of which Sir B. Hall,* Mr. Williams, the member for Macclesfield, and Archdeacon Williams were the chief promoters.† A statement which appeared in the *Times* and *Evening Mail* of August 18, 1851, signed by the Archdeacon of Cardigan, in which he asserted in the most unqualified terms the incompetency of the college for its work, and impugned the integrity of its officials, was met by a positive denial of

* Afterwards Lord Llanover.

† The hostility to the college displayed by Sir B. Hall was said to have had its origin in the ultra-patriotic view which led him to think that, among the subjects of studies carried on, sufficient prominence to the cultivation of the Welsh language and literature was not given. That this opinion was unfounded, and that the Welsh education provided was adequate to all that was required, was set forth in strong terms by the Bishop of St. David's in a letter to Lord John Russell, with which explanation his lordship expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

The Rev. Joshua Hughes (now Bishop of St. Asaph), writing to the Vice-Principal on this subject, said :—‘ It is all very well to talk about Welsh. Our Welsh clergyman had no such opportunities as the party alluded to complain of your not having offered at Lampeter. . . . The English clergy do not go to Cambridge to learn English. To make Welsh everything, as the Llanover party would have us, would be to waste precious time, which is already too short to acquire more important knowledge.

this charge, and a counter statement of the benefits conferred by the college on the Principality, and also by a letter from the four Cambridge and Oxford examiners (*Times*, Sept. 8), saying they felt bound in justice to the college to declare, that the terms of condemnation made use of in the Archdeacon's letter were not justified by the actual state of the College.

While those who knew most of the College and its work felt that the Archdeacon's indiscriminate abuse could not ultimately injure it, they still thought that it might be desirable to seize the occasion to diffuse correct information as to its working, and it was with this view that the Vice-Principal brought out his pamphlet already referred to, entitled *Some Account of the Actual Working of St. David's College*. In this he describes the course of instruction pursued—in which it was aimed, as far as the circumstances of the case would permit, to unite a classical with a theological education; tells the resources of the college, and the scholarships it had to offer;—gives an account of the lessened expenditure, and refers, not without a touch of indignant satire, to the unjustifiable attack which had been made upon it.*

* That some such statement was necessary the following extract from a letter of the Bishop of Llandaff, dated March 10, 1851, shows:—‘What the reason can have been I am unable to divine, but Welshmen seem for the last few years to have been flying in every direction but the one which would have been wished—Dublin, St. Bees, Birkenhead, and St. Augustine's College. I trust the information you are giving the public of the pecuniary advantages of the college will have the effect of stemming the tide.’

The late Professor Sedgwick wrote to him on receiving the pamphlet:—Cambridge, Dec. 30, 1851: ‘The appendix is clear and to the point in every word, and must or ought to cover your opponents with shame. I do not at all

It is needless to enter into this subject more fully here, and it is now merely referred to as a part of the history necessary to be told if the difficulties which arose on all sides are to be in some measure estimated; though it is difficult, in fact next to impossible, at this distance of time, and in so summary a manner, to give a true idea of all the annoyances and heartburnings which, in connection with the matter, again and again arose. In the letters which follow several incidental allusions to the same subject occur.

King's College, Cambridge, Dec. 31, 1850.—I preached on Sunday at Cowbridge, and on Monday I got up to London, and on Tuesday to Cambridge. We had a very nice little Christmas party; and as yet I have been too comfortable to read or do much work here. However, I must try to improve.

In to-day's *Times* there is a letter about St. David's College. I also received, yesterday, a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in answer to one on the subject of our application to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. His Grace writes not unkindly, and rather favourably, but in the dry tone which great people consider dignified.

The following letter is in answer to one from the
dislike the sprinkling of mustard and pepper with which some part of your dish is seasoned. The occasion called for it, and it may do good to stomachs that would not relish a milder dose; and the cautery may be well applied in cases of inveterate morbid humours.'

And of the effect produced by the statement one of his colleagues (the present Archdeacon of Cardigan) wrote, Jan. 19, 1852:—'I have very gratifying letters of the effect of the pamphlet. . . . What I have learnt from those on whose kindly disposition I have the utmost reliance is convincing me that a statement was absolutely needed, and that it came not too soon. It relieves even friendly minds of painful impressions left by the enemies' last string of letters.'

Bishop of St. Asaph, who wrote advising that less of a classical and more of a general education should be adopted at Lampeter :—

King's College, Cambridge, Jan. 4, 1851.—My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge a letter, which your lordship has been good enough to write me, on the subject of our course of education at St. David's College, Lampeter. Some portions of it I know already, by my own experience, to be too true: others may perhaps win from me a more ready assent, when longer observation may have convinced me of their necessity. I am not altogether willing, as yet, to surrender the hope of seeing our clergy (at least, moderate) scholars. Yet the general tenor of what I have done at Lampeter has been very much in the direction in which your lordship points, and will (I trust) continue to be so. I almost doubt if your lordship sufficiently appreciates the sort of perplexities introduced by questions of language, previous opportunities, &c., &c. In fact, our pupils know *no* language, but are engaged in acquiring the rudiments of several. Welsh they cannot write, and English they cannot speak. The real remedy would, in a natural state of things, be *to lecture in Welsh*; but this course will be prevented, partly by difficulties, and partly by prejudices. . . . I shall not fail to call the attention of my colleagues to the suggestions and monitions which your lordship has been so good as to give us: at the same time, I can, in all sincerity, assure you that what we are now *partly doing*, and *partly going to do*, is very much *in harmony* with the course which you prescribe.

I did myself profit by your lordship's suggestion of examining the Chester Training School; and also duly executed the trust reposed in me, by conveying various books and maps either to our college library or to a place of inspection by our pupils.

I have the honour to be, with many thanks for the interest which your lordship is good enough to take in our college, my lord, your very faithful servant.

TO HIS FATHER.

Bristol, en route for Lampeter, Friday afternoon, 1851.—
 I have not yet touched upon by far the greatest event which has transpired since we parted at Holywell. I heard in the train, before I reached Chester, of the death of the Duke of Wellington; and at Chester bought a *Times* for his biography; then a second number for the continuation of the same. Certainly the event is an extinction of a great light.

People talk less of it, both on the road and here, than might have been expected, but probably every one feels that, of an event of this kind, he can only say what is already obvious to his neighbour. The leading article of the *Times* on the first day, the Wednesday, seemed to be *very good*; but the biography, though instructive enough, is not so brilliant as it might have been. They ought also to have mentioned that the Duke's mother was of Welsh descent.

U. U. C., June 12, 1851.—I succeeded in taking my B.D. degree yesterday, though at an expense almost disproportionate to the objects attained. The university fees amounted to about £11, and the college to full £5 more.

The principal change I have heard at Cambridge (besides that of degrees) is, that our scholars have new silver forks—a piece of refinement which formerly did not extend below the fellows' table.

I have a book here, sent me by Lockhart, with a view to possible proceedings in the light letter line.

* * * * *

In the autumn of the year (Oct. 21, 1851), he preached the visitation sermon at Cardigan. Some of the opinions which were afterwards assailed were here allowed to pass unnoticed. The sermon was published by the Bishop's desire.

His strong attachment to the Church of England

appears in it. From the consideration of the varying degrees in which wisdom may be said to justify all her children, he takes occasion to draw a lesson of charity, and while he hesitates not to show his own preference for what he considers the better way, inculcates on the Church the duty of comprehension rather than of exclusion. He says: 'We should be prepared to endure in practice what we cannot recommend, and yet the most thorough social toleration ought not to imply religious indifference.'

This sermon was afterwards published in the volume containing his defence of *Rational Godliness*, called *Lampeter Education and Theology*.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Oct. 22, 1851.—The Bishop gave a most magnificent charge—some will say too long—on the old Gorham question; but considering the use still made of that in some quarters, and the highly argumentative and masterly manner in which he treated it, I can scarcely think so. He wished to show the doctrines or the freedom of the Church were not affected by it. He was also strongly anti-papal, and in explaining and vindicating the state of his own diocese, he dealt Sir B. H. and his ally some very hard raps. . . . His delivery was far more solemn and impressive, than in reading his charge you would guess; and to hear the deliberate thoughts of so masculine a mind rolled out in equable flow, and with a wonderfully sustained energy, for about two hours and a half, was one of the most solemn things at which I was ever present. Highly as I thought before of Thirlwall's intellect, my idea of it was thus considerably raised; and still more did he rise during some portions of the charge, in his character of Bishop, speaking with a kind of apostolic dignity and fervour, for which (from the cold march of his periods) I had never given him credit.

You will imagine all this praise betokens he has been giving

me something of the kind. Now, I really believe I speak with thorough disinterestedness, but he certainly was rather civil to me. 'He *must enjoin* that sermon to be printed,' he said, 'that he might read it himself again, and that it might give the world an idea of how little Lampeter deserved the terms in which it had been designated that it might give an idea,' in short, 'of what our teaching was,' &c., &c.

One great object with Thirlwall in this visitation has been, apparently, to set us right in men's eyes here, and to show that at least we enjoy his confidence. On the Gorham question the Bishop evidently did not adopt Mr. G.'s opinions, but seemed to think they were merely Calvinistic (which have been held constantly), and that the holder had been rather persecuted, as well as that he and his examiner had misunderstood each other—the *terms*, he thinks, ought to have been defined or explained. He recommended unity and endeavour to understand each other in his charge, as I had done in my sermon—but he with a more pointedly anti-Romish feeling, while I had attempted to smooth people down into the persuasion that everybody was a little right. My text was, 'Wisdom is justified of all her children.'

There was a large ordination at Llandaff, December 22, the Bishop of Gloucester having sent his candidates to Bishop Ollivant to ordain. At the desire of the latter, Rowland Williams preached in the afternoon. This sermon, it was said, made a very deep impression, both from its sound doctrinal teaching and from its earnest and affectionate exhortation respecting the duties and responsibilities of the Christian ministry. He received a requisition from the Bishop of Gloucester's chaplain and many of the priests and deacons who were present, that he would publish the sermon. The request, however, from some cause which does not exactly appear, was not acceded to.

TO HIS FATHER.

St. David's College, Feb. 20, 1852.—The supply of clergymen here does not equal the demand. . . .

We had ten candidates for admission this term, and were obliged to *reject four* of them ; our entry, therefore, must be considered small, though above the rate of the corresponding term of 1851. The Bishop of Llandaff will be obliged to ordain deacons, men who have *never* received *any* academic education ; with an understanding that they are *not to become priests* (unless they obtain some collegiate certificate subsequently).

St. David's College, April 15, 1852.—I returned yesterday from a visit to Abergwili, having ridden down there on Monday, and taken the opportunity of doing some shopping in Carmarthen.

The Bishop was exceedingly kind. We dined *tête-à-tête* on Monday, and spent the evening subsequently in reading new books opposite one another, only varying the silence occasionally by a remark or a question one to the other ; nothing could be really more sensible, though in the eyes of some people it might appear funny.

The election bids fair to stir people here, and my principal neighbour will, as usual, be more busy than reverend, in the turmoil of the affair. He canvassed Lampeter with young Mr. J——, of D——, saying, 'You cannot help voting for such a *handsome* young gentleman as you see Mr. J—— is!'

St. David's College, April 16, 1852.—The nearness of the Rugby examination in point of time to our own, and remembering poor Provost Thackeray's dictum, that the first business of a tutor is to attend to his own pupils, I thought proper to resign the external appointment. Some hitch also appears to have prevented my Welsh Poetry article from appearing in the last *Quarterly Review*, but, considering the number of conflicting considerations which must be taken into account by the editor of such a journal, I do not infer any evil beyond a little delay.

Since the vacation began I have been chiefly idling, but to-day I overhauled my old Indian papers, after a long interval, and fancy that I at least see my way clearly through the general plan and disposal of the several proportions of my book. In the course of the summer I hope to do a good deal towards filling up the outline.

St. David's College, June 15, 1852.—The enclosed letters will give you a better idea of recent proceedings, so far as they affect our college, than I could easily do without much writing.

You may have observed that Sir B. Hall, in the House of Commons, guarantees Mr. Anstey's statements, and a letter from me is quoted to guarantee Dr. L——'s Welsh. Perhaps to each of these testimonies a bystander might apply Gibbon's sneer, 'Abu Rafe is our witness for this occurrence; *but* who will be our witness for Abu Rafe?'

We were very sorry not to have my mother and yourself here just at this season, when Lampeter has put on its best looks, first with May and horse chestnut, and now with rhododendrons in abundant bloom.

Mr. Saunders Davies, one of the South Wales M.P.'s, had remarked that notice ought to have been given of so grave a charge as falsifying our account. '*I did give notice,*' said Mr. Anstey—implying that he had given notice of the *charge*; whereas the notice actually given was only in reference to the pecuniary grant. For this I have rapped him, thinking it an extra piece of unfairness.* John Williams, of Macclesfield, too, must know very well that we derive no income from such places as Carmarthen and Llanedi, of which we merely exercise the presentation as patrons. Yet he had the signal dishonesty to talk of these two livings as if they were properly sources of revenue.

We have *most favourable* and immediate prospects on the subject of degrees; but that is as yet a secret.

* This refers to a letter to the *Times*, in which he represented the injustice of the charge.

The following are the letters referred to above, and are inserted as throwing further light on the history of his anxieties respecting the College at this time:—

TO ROWLAND WILLIAMS, FROM T. W. BOOKER, ESQ.

10 Dover Street, June 7.

DEAR SIR,—An attack has this afternoon been made by Mr. Anstey in the House of Commons on St. David's College, with a view of preventing the annual grant of £400. I was serving in a Committee on coal mines, and consequently was not in the House while the debate was going on, but I find it is adjourned till Thursday next, when Sir Benj. Hall is to follow up the attack. My Committee sit on Thursday, but I shall be in the House, if possible, and shall be glad to be prepared with an answer in defence of the grant and the College generally.

You were so kind as to send me, some time ago, a sermon with some valuable and authentic information annexed to it, but I have not them with me in London. May I beg the favour of your sending me another copy by return of post.

I understand Mr. Anstey to have asserted that the returns made by the College are fraudulent, and are annually the same, so as to show that the parliamentary grant of £400 is year by year wanted. I also understand he has been quoting Archdeacon Williams, of Carmarthen [Cardigan], as authority that the College is worse than useless, and that the young men educated there are incompetent to preach in the Welsh language. I hear the College has been very well and ably defended—but still it is to be further attacked. Very faithfully yours,

THOS. W. BOOKER.*

FROM LORD EMLYN TO SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS.

3, Tilney Street, June 8, 1852.

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—Mr. Anstey made an onslaught on Lam-

* M.P. for Herefordshire.

peter College yesterday. The debate is adjourned to Thursday at twelve. I have left all my papers on the subject in Wales, and I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you. Booker is prepared to pitch into Anstey, and I suppose we shall have Sir Benjamin up. EMLYN.*

TO ROWLAND WILLIAMS, FROM SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS.

Temple, 9 June.

DEAR WILLIAMS,—I received the enclosed note [as above] from Lord Emlyn yesterday, and gave him the substance of the question to-day, commending him to the parliamentary paper of last session, and to the account of the working of St. David's College for the details. I have since seen Mr. Goulburn, and I gave him the parliamentary papers and your pamphlet.

The Treasury minute of Mr. Liverpool and Mr. Robinson is wanting in precision, and it is difficult to see in what sense the words income and expenditure are there used. Successive College Professors and Bishops of St. David's and Lords of the Treasury have, however, interpreted income to mean income arising from benefices.

The first certificate speaks of gross income of Llangoedmore, but the question, whether gross or not, was not then essential. All the others speak of net income.

The parliamentary papers give £420 as the income of the sinecure patrons; your pamphlet states it at £440. Which is it, and how was the payment to the college from Llangoedmore fixed at £130?

Ever yours most truly,

THOMAS PHILLIPS.

Temple, 10 June.

DEAR WILLIAMS,—The House divided on the grant to St. David's in the morning sitting, when 26 votes were recorded on the side of Anstey, Hall, Hume, and Co., to 118 or thereabouts

* Lord Emlyn, M. P. for Pembrokeshire.

for the vote. I got into the House at the fag end of the debate. Goulburn was present, but took no part in the discussion; Page Wood could not attend a morning sitting; Hall spoke, his words smoother than oil—you know the other side of the proverb; I did not hear Booker; Lord Emlyn said a few words in good taste. But the case of the college was not, I should think, very well reasoned. Your charter is *un fait accompli*.

Yours most truly,

THOMAS PHILLIPS.

TO ROWLAND WILLIAMS, FROM THOMAS BOOKER, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter and its accompanying packet reached me most opportunely yesterday. I was sitting in Committee, but managed to absent myself so as to take part in the debate and rebut the malicious slanders of Mr. Anstey. I was necessarily hurried, but I believe that, after all that has passed, the College of St. David's stands well in parliamentary estimation. I expect some official returns will be asked from the college, and I have told Sir Benjamin Hall that if they are of a nature that a collegiate establishment for the education of gentlemen ought to furnish, I am sure they will be forthcoming. He says he will take care they are shown to me before they are moved for in the House. I have great hope that you will be less vexatiously annoyed for the future. Assuring you how great the pleasure has been, and always will be, whenever I can show my grateful regard for anything connected with the interests of the Principality.

I remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

THOS. W. BOOKER.

TO HIS FATHER.

June 22, 1852.—The enclosed list of votes will show that the members for Montgomeryshire and for Flintshire were both in their places, and voted on the right side when the grant to our college was opposed. Hence I am somewhat mollified towards Mr. Mostyn, though he did on a former occasion play into the

hands of Sir Benjamin Hall. William Williams spoke for us, but, under the fear (I presume) of his constituents, voted against the aggregate sum, which comprehended, with sundry other grants, the one to ourselves.

John Williams spoke with his usual ignorance, or carelessness of facts, imputing to us a certain liability for Llanedi and Carmarthen, both of which are in the hands of resident incumbents—to no gain of ours, and also libelling the memory of Professor Jones; who (I am informed) was one of the most eloquent preachers in this country, though the fashion of his time led him to attend more to preaching at clerical meetings, than to lecturing his class in Welsh.

But all these people talk as if three years would turn a stick into something divine. There is not one of them who is at all qualified to deal with the subject, who is not thoroughly aware of the unfairness of the machination. . . .

The supplemental charter, which gave to St. David's College the power of conferring the degree of B.D., reached Lampeter on the thirtieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone by Bishop Burgess. The first conferring of degrees took place June, 1853.

* * * * *

His contributions to the *Quarterly Review* give an idea of the wide range of his literary interests, while their special reference to his country show how ready he was to dedicate all his talents to her service. In the number for October, 1852, the article entitled, *Bards of the Sixth Century—Stonehenge*,* appeared.

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 91, No. clxxxii., p. 274. 1. Poèmes des Bardes Brétons de vi^e Siècle, par T. H. de la Villemarqué. Paris, 1850. 2. Cyclops Christianus, by Algernon Herbert. London, 1849. 3. Supplement for 1850 to the *Archæologia Cambrensis*.

Reviewing Villemarqué's 'Poèmes des Bardes Brétons,' he considers what he calls the second period of the literature of the Cymry—the sixth century, the age of stubborn conflicts, when Llwyarch—Aneirin—Taliesin 'solaced in rugged but nervous strain that "kingdom kingdomless" whose fall they had previously arrested by the sword.' He sees traces in these poets of the Taliesin school, of a sacrificial worship and a religious belief, which, if not a deification of nature, was something like a generalization from natural phenomena. Finding signs of an old British ritual, he is led to think it not incredible that structures like Avebury and Stonehenge may have been temples for its celebration. He tests Mr. Herbert's attempt to prove that Stonehenge is of a late date—about the fifth century of the Christian era—the temple of a new Druidical, or peculiar kind of Christian system, and, not without disappointment, comes to the conclusion that the arguments in its favour will not stand. He inclines rather to the theory that the extension of the Belgic provinces, which took place about a century and half before the Christian era, would naturally lead to the erection of a new temple such as Stonehenge; he feels obliged, however—though he says it is with regret that he yields the mysterious interest attaching to the older date—to bring it down as low as about the second century of the Christian era. Avebury, he considers, belongs to a different period of the same system, but throws it back to a dim and remote antiquity. Whether the system to which these temples belong was properly Druidical, he thinks may still be questioned, but that all probability points in this direction.

Lockhart characterized his *Quarterly Review* articles as 'brilliant and masterly,' and wrote to him: 'Whenever you are inclined to contribute I shall be glad to receive a communication from you.' But, Lockhart died, and Rowland Williams did not again write for the *Quarterly*.

TO HIS FATHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Dec. 28, 1852.—Upon my getting at London into a second-class carriage in the train which we joined there, a venerable looking ecclesiastic, with cloak and skull-cap, and something of the keen, furtive look which belongs to a confessor, was sitting by my side. He employed much of his time in looking over a mass of written papers out of a desk, sufficient in number to be a book now ready for the press. He did, however, occasionally converse, and evidently took an interest in Gladstone, nor did he appear inconsolable at the fall of the late ministry. He also said that his brother had been turned out of Parliament on the question of Protection. Upon the whole I venture to conclude, partly from conjecture, and partly from some recollection of having heard Dr. Pusey preach at Oxford, that my fellow traveller was no other than the corypheus of the Tracts of the Times. He had a humble and gravely bland sort of air, and we fraternized together to an extent which the vicar of Holywell would consider dangerous. He quoted what I had heard before, that Disraeli's religious belief might *probably* be compared to the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament—a shrewd saying, though perhaps an old one. . . . *

All people with whom I come in contact are very civil

* Once again, about 1868 or 1869, they found themselves for a short distance in the same railway carriage. There was no attempt at fraternization this time, and when he left the carriage Rowland Williams shrugged his shoulders and shook his coat.

to me, and my evidence in the Blue Book upon the subject of classical learning is more than once quoted in rather a flattering manner by the Commissioners.

My time here has been spent a good deal in idle chatting of old times, and in Christmas festivities within King's; but I have also found time for business letters and have thoroughly thrown myself into the Indian book, with which I make daily as much progress as the very intricate and metaphysical nature of the problem to be discussed will admit. I let the Hindús plead their own cause, with all the plausibility which they would use themselves; but hope in the sequel to throw them on their backs.

I was invited to preach at the Temple Church, but a well-founded diffidence of my own powers induced me to decline. I have now under consideration a proposal that I should examine for the Newcastle at Eton.

King's is being modified much in minutiae. But the report of the Commissioners is very marked and significant in its criticism upon the lagging course of its career in adapting itself to the times, and the inconsistency of seeking a justification in statutes, which (from the necessity of things) are so partially observed. Something greater will be done. Perhaps I may say my word upon the subject.

N.B.—My evidence to the Commission had nothing to do with King's specially.

The people here are so far grateful to Lord Derby for his readiness to shelve the Commission, that perhaps the resident's feeling is one of regret at his fall.

There was some idea at the beginning of the year that he should write an article for the *Quarterly*, on *University Reform*. Lockhart was very anxious he should do this, but wished the matter treated generally; whereas Rowland Williams' idea was to treat especially of King's, referring

only generally to the University. To this Lockhart agreed rather reluctantly, but wrote, 'I shall be greatly comforted if you give me the hope of your following up that article on King's by one of a wider scope.' The matter, however, fell through for want of time on Rowland Williams' part.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1853.—It is anticipated here that Dr. Hawtrey will become Provost [of Eton], but opinion is altogether at sea as to who will succeed him in the important office of head-master. . . . I am not without hopes our friend Goodford may have a chance.

We dined yesterday, a party of King's men, with our Provost. It was strange to me to see a new Provost at the table, where I had so often dined with the old one. But this feeling, like others of the kind, gradually subsiding, we were very friendly and chatty. It is almost strange that both Thomas Moore, Provost Hodgson, and Lady Lovelace, all so nearly connected with Byron, should have died within a few months of each other.

At this time he thus wrote to Mr. Goodford:—

King's College, Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1853.—My dear Goodford,—I wish you a happy new year, and thank you for your invitation, which in all probability I shall avail myself of, and certainly with pleasure if I do so at all; my time about the 24th.

Nor will it grieve me if I find you by that time head-master of Eton; which, although not perhaps the most probable, still does not appear to me, in this embryo state of conjecture, either an impossible or absurd contingency. Tell John Wilder to strike hard for the honour of the pupil room. I will back it up with asseveration that the appointment is the best which could possibly be made.

We almost take for granted that Hawtrey will be the new Provost. Certainly he ought to be so. But to the question who

will be the new head-master, people give different answers. The one most generally expected is, perhaps, C——; but *ought* not the head-master, in the fitness of things, if not of necessity, to have been a King's man? At all events, he ought to be no one with a smouldering and inveterate prejudice against the sister college.

TO HIS MOTHER.

King's College, Cambridge, Jan. 4, 1853.—I trust earnestly my father will continue to take care of himself during this severe weather, nothing nearly approaching to which has been known here for many years. Snow is deep, and last night deepened much. The Cam is frozen all the way to Ely; and all the London trains have been absolutely stopped. This implies the stoppage of more than a hundred trains, including all which pass to and fro.

I propose accepting the office of preacher when Theed, the Vice-Principal, nominates me, provided he can get me the month of January or of April; yet I am not blind to the overwhelming moral responsibilities which the office would involve.

King's College, Cambridge, Friday morning, Jan., 1853.—We heard that Dr. Hawtrey has been made Provost of Eton, which we consider very satisfactory news; but it is not known who will be head-master.

I have submitted to our Provost a scheme which, I trust, may be of service with a view to any recasting of our plan of this college; but have declined an opportunity open to me of treating the entire subject of University Reform in the *Quarterly Review*. The reports were so bulky, the problem so delicate, and also the time so little convenient, that I conceive myself to have acted therein discreetly.

Journal, May 4, 1853.—Riding down from Bryndaseithen, just above the Baptist chapel, I had a heavy fall, the mare tumbling,

and lying on my left leg for some time. Both of us were shaken and hurt much.

Last term, — wrote to me by the Provost's desire, suggesting that I should stand for the Greek Professorship. It was lately vacant. But I did not stand, and Thompson was elected, which I rejoice at.

If, indeed, it had been sure, the case might have been different; but I had no such strong desire for it as to risk an uncertain issue, especially as I am placed in what I trust and pray God will bless into a post of still greater usefulness (probably honour).

In His hands I leave myself, my body and station to His providence; my mind and belief to His grace. May He give what He seeth fit. But fit me, O God, for whatsoever Thou givest, and add no curse with Thy blessing.

The vacation was spent this year in Ireland and the Highlands, to which he thus alludes:—

TO HIS FATHER.

Aug. 4, 1853.—I am now at Drogheda, on my way northward. Dublin is so full that I had some difficulty in obtaining room in an hotel, but at last I succeeded in doing so.

. . . . The glare of the entire interior of the Exhibition is more inferior to the London one than could be expected, the room being very much divided, and the range smaller, as well as the splendour less.

. . . . The most striking portion of the whole is the picture department. Here are collected a large number of pictures both by old masters and of the best modern schools. Some by German and Belgian artists are particularly remarkable among the moderns for their conscientious study, and for the perception of character, in which they far excel the less spiritual glare of the English school in general.

To-morrow I go as far as Belfast, and from thence by

Ardrossan to Greenock; my next stage will probably be to Portree, in Skye.

Oban, West Highlands, Aug. 8, 1853.—My proceedings of late have been, and will for the next few days be, of a very scampering and hurried character. . . . From Drogheda I went on to Dundalk, where I was unadvised enough to lose a few hours. . . . Proceeding onwards towards Belfast, I passed Newry, and made a detour to Armagh. This I found a clean and well-built town, with a cathedral rather better than St. Asaph, a sumptuous palace in the distance, and divers buildings, literary and charitable. Among these, a library founded by Primate Robinson is the most remarkable. . . .

The population of Armagh is decreasing and its trade lessened since it had the advantage (?) of railway communication. The same evening I went to Belfast, which I found to unite spacious streets and splendid banks with even more squalid poverty than is usual in large manufacturing towns. The next day I embarked in the Ardrossan steamer, and had a fair voyage to the mouth of the Clyde. From thence a special train took us to Glasgow. Ailsa Craig, which I had never seen before, struck me very much; it would have been a splendid site for a British Dinas.*

Yesterday, at Glasgow, I attended one Episcopalian service, and one at Dr. Wardlaw's; the latter was a painstaking and intelligent preacher, but not of any overwhelming eloquence. I much dislike the Presbyterian hortatory addresses in the form of prayer; though their singing is so far good that it is general.

This morning I took the Oban steamer, which brought me up our joint route of some years ago as far as Loch Goyle Head, whence we to-day crossed by the Crinan Canal into Loch Crinan, and so got up to Oban.

I thought of our being together then, and wished you had been with me to-day. The place may be described as a blending

* *Dinas*—a city.

of Beaumaris and Milford. There is a magnificent double bay, making a large harbour, with high mountains beyond ; and the view from the hills of the sea interlying all the islets and straggling promontories must be very striking.

Portree, Skye, Aug. 14, 1853.—The coast between Oban and this place is in parts very fine. The scenery is also in parts very striking, but I have as yet only seen some rocks called the Storr, of astonishing boldness and sublimely precipitous.

I go to-morrow to Sligachen, an inn in the district of the Coolin hills.

To-day I had two Presbyterianish sort of services, but the second of the two conducted by an Englishman, who is reported to be a clergyman. I also heard part of a sermon in Gaelic, without understanding a word.

The Established Kirk, the Free Kirk, and the United Secession Church, have here each its representative.

The people here are mingled Norwegian and Gael ; but the cross of the breeds has not resulted in producing any wonderful excellence. I should think they might be very like the Manx men, only more impoverished and stunted. There are not many trees in the island, but bold rocks, pools, friths, mountain pastures and moors, and abundance of fish of all sorts.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Oct. 21, 22, 1853.— . . . At the railway meeting, both the Dean and myself spoke, each in his own sense, with quite as much reference to the plans and prospects of the college as to those of the railway. The Brecon scheme looks hopeful enough, if people about Carmarthen do not influence the Bishop to interpose obstacles, a thing which with his love of *inaction* is not impossible. They at Carmarthen have not a shadow of chance of getting the college, and all that their Town Council could possibly effect would be to impede a more hopeful prospect in connection with the old foundation at Brecon. But I hope they will drop into nothing.

* * * * *

TO HIS FATHER.

Aberayron, Feb. 25, 1854.—Yesterday being a holiday, and my chief lecture to-day being in Hooker, which would be written by my pupils first, I determined to get three or four days at the sea, especially as it was not my turn to preach to-morrow. This is the first occasion on which I have taken such a liberty, and in obedience to my Cambridge doctor's advice, which answered so well when I tried the experiment at Tenby.

Did I not write you word from King's that my time had been much taken up there with a complication of college meetings, and that we had been considering a general reply to that portion of her Majesty's Commissioners' report which bore upon King's College? We did at length agree to certain modifications of a very able legal reply which had been drawn up either by Mr. Justice Patteson or by Dampier, probably by the former. Our younger fellows would certainly have refused to adopt it, as being too Conservative in its tone, if I had not stepped in as mediator, both modifying the resistant tone of the original draft, and also persuading some of the malcontents to soften their opposition. If the Dean knew how large a hand I had in the modification of the draft, he might naturally speak of it to you as of a thing with which you were familiar. But the ability of the defensive portions is due altogether to the original framer.

I have told Theed that I am willing to be nominated as preacher, provided he can get me a month coinciding wholly or in part with any of my Lampeter vacations. But this assent, with all that it involves, appears to myself rather venturesome than prudent.

. . . . I should have told you that our reply on the Commissioners' report, after all the trouble we have had about it, is only a preliminary one; and that the main difficulty of framing a new scheme, for the future development of the college, still remains to be grappled with.

I am by no means sorry, that the whole question of Capitular and other Church property is likely from day to day to undergo more of a searching revision. With about *forty-five per cent.* of the praying population of England and Wales attending services with the various dissenting bodies rather than with the Church (for the census shows about ninety dissenters of some kind to about every hundred churchmen), it has become high time to reconsider our position, both as regards mis-distribution of revenues, and also as regards dogmatical formularies which exclude good men from the Church, and thereby lessen her influence.

For the same reason I wish to see either Convocation, or perhaps some better organized and innocent form of representation, possessing the power from time to time to do whatever the Church would wish to do, if she were free.

As to the Bishop's* question about Lampeter, you may tell him something of this kind. We have now for about four years laboured cautiously and tenderly to raise our standard of admission. By much trouble and anxiety we have raised it somewhat higher, but the *degree* of raising is hardly perceptible, in fact, as compared to the difficulty there has been of enforcing it. Our numbers are now *one-third* lower than they ought to be, and are likely to remain one-third lower. There are *hardly any* schools in South Wales capable of feeding us. North Wales rarely sends us a candidate. The moment we reject a candidate as not sufficiently prepared he goes off to St. Bees or Birkenhead, and is received in either case without any difficulty. There are at this moment at St. Bees several youths from that area of country which Lampeter might be expected to sweep, who have gone there because the requirements at admission were less, and the period of study shorter. The encouragement given by the Bishop of St. Asaph tends to increase that recourse to a shorter and easier cut.

I have myself frequently revolved in my mind the possibility

* Dr. Short, of St. Asaph.

of imitating St. Bees, by eliminating all classical work except Greek for the New Testament, and making the education consist of English literature, mathematics, and divinity.

But various considerations as to the desirability of keeping up Greek and Latin, and of doing them properly if they are to be done at all, keep me on the whole in the track which is laid down in our calendar; and this my colleagues also prefer.

Our new privilege of degrees too, and perhaps even the fact of having examiners from the universities, seem to bind us not to throw overboard our classical element. So long however as we retain that element, it is only our cheapness, our proximity to the poor districts of South Wales, and the countenance of the South Wales bishops, which enable us to hold our ground at all against the easier and shorter methods of other persons. From St. Asaph I hope nothing and fear everything.

Upon the whole we creep along with about *forty* students, and hope not to fall much below, as we have stuck for some time thereabout. Whenever I go away, I hope to leave the standard somewhat higher than I found it; but the least relaxation will let that little rise drop as low as ever.

Nor do I expect any great change for the better, except it be either from a removal to Brecon, or from some change of corresponding magnitude—such as a very great and decided improvement in the grammar schools of South Wales. I have now surveyed the ground so as no longer to feel the very depressing anxiety I did at one time, nor yet to indulge in any sanguine hope of carrying on improvements with such a scale of numbers as we ought to have, unless some such *Deus ex machinâ* as I have alluded to above, come to help us. Such are my ideas about Lampeter. At the same time we continue doing our best here.

March 25, 1854.—The steps taken, or proposed for taking, at Jesus College appear to me wholesome and proper, and I rejoice in everything likely to extend the facilities of clerical

education to Welsh students. There is abundance of room for both Oxford and Lampeter. But, until they alter the whole moral atmosphere of their place, so as to lessen the temptation to indirect expense, there is not much chance (whether people hope or fear it) of their coming within the range of a Cardiganshire farmer's purse. If they can excite a larger supply of candidates from the middle classes of North Wales they will effect some good, and that is quite as much as I expect they will. The paths to holy orders in the Church are in danger of becoming for Welshmen what the highways of Israel were before Deborah arose.

In the mean time, however, we too have an eye to the future, as the enclosed *private* letter will show, at the same time that it will probably interest you, it being my latest bulletin from headquarters. The only fault of the proposed arrangement is that it may lessen the chance of subsequent migration. I had been writing at great length for Mr. Shaw Lefevre's perusal, on the subject of degrees in *Arts*. The attainment of that object, I am afraid, is doubtful.

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. David's College, Lampeter, May 9, 1854.—The news of our old and kind friend, the Dean of St. Asaph's,* death has caused us, as I doubt not it will have done to you at home, great concern. I could not help thinking of it on Friday, the day of the funeral; and how my father has now seen the Bishop, his son, and his grandson buried.

You will of course be speculating as to who will take up the ecclesiastical mantle, or the apron, of the deceased. I do not myself doubt that the most convincing arguments for the Bishop's own mind will be found to convince him that he cannot do the Church a greater service, than by committing her destinies (as far as a dean controls them) to some Short,

* Dean Luxmore.

or Wykham, or at furthest a Conybeare. That means, I see every reason to suppose from his past conduct that he will continue to prefer a relative.*

My predecessor, Mr. Harold Browne, has been made Norrisian Professor at Cambridge, a selection both honourable to our college here, and also very likely to be useful to the University of Cambridge.

TO HIS FATHER.

St. David's College, June 28, 1854.—You will have gathered that my journey to London was so far successful, in that I obtained [from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners] permission to deduct Angle chancel repair from our gross income, and thereby to prevent for a time a proportionate reduction of our grant. The *possible* saving hereby would be *potentially* £200; but since they will not permit us to reckon our income on an average *communis annis*, the actual gain to us, when spread over four years, may possibly not be above half that sum, or thereabouts.

In nothing, however, did I succeed so entirely as in obtaining leave to do what we liked with Llanedi, with only a desire expressed that we should consult the good of the parish. . . .

I had a pleasant evening at Mr. Parry Richards', as well as a breakfast at Sir Thomas Phillips'. The Bishop of Llandaff was somewhat hortatory, though by no means wanting in his usual kindly interest in the college, yet expressing it drily. Mr. S. Harford and myself had a very friendly interview. He wanted us, by applying for immediate repairs here, to render less probable a removal to Brecon. We thanked him for his good offices, but made our petition to the Commissioners that they would be pleased to take the entire question of our college into early consideration. They gave me a very friendly reception, and expressed much goodwill to the college, with a prepossession in favour of transferring it to Brecon, but stating that there

* The Rev. William Short declined the Deanery, and Archdeacon Clough was made Dean.

was a very grave difficulty to be surmounted as to a building fund. I spent Whitsunday agreeably at Cambridge.

Soon after my return here, a visit from Mr. Muir took place, very much to my satisfaction.

We are now in examination; and about ten divines have appeared as candidates for the B.D. degree.

The following extract from his Journal alludes to the Russian war, commenced this spring:—

March 30, 1854.—To-day the Declaration of war reached us. It seems to me sad, necessary, and right. God defend the right; and as of old at Varna, so now and far more gloriously may the Lord of Hosts, the God of Moses and of Mohammed and mankind, smite utterly the wrongdoers in the name of Jesus. May God be seated on the throne, judging righteously. But my prayers and wishes are with the honest and truth-telling Turks.

There was a genial gathering of friends this July at Llandrindod's primitive Wells, of which the following notes from the journal of a visitor gives some account:—*

The omnibus from the coach brought a distinguished visitor this evening—the Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. He has to pay for his scholarship by being pumped by Isaac Redwood. 'At home,' he said, 'my business has generally been to examine, but here I find I have come to be examined.' They discussed Whewell's Plurality of Worlds, Latimer's familiar way of preaching, &c. Judge Temple told us of being introduced to Charles Lamb by Washington Irving.

Tuesday.—A walk through muddy lanes to the Alpine bridge, Pont y Craig, after an interesting discourse on Niebuhr at breakfast. It is the fashion at Cambridge now to criticise him, but the scarcity of the errors that they have proved is his greatest praise.

* Miss Fox, of Pengerrick, Falmouth.

The origin of the Etruscans is again believed to be oriental, which Niebuhr had disputed. Much antiquarian history is drawn from Welsh and old British names, of which we had many instances. The Vice-Principal wishes that all the true Welsh families were allowed by Act of Parliament to add the name of their place to their own names, which have sadly degenerated into an alternate John, the son of Thomas—Thomas, the son of John.

Wednesday.—A glorious walk to a hill overlooking Cwm Llee church and the winding Ithon, enlivened by the Vice-Principal's and the judge's recollections and sketches of historical and leading men, all set in the times they lived in. They agreed, if Lord Bacon had not set up a far higher standard than the men of his age, he need not have been so severely judged.

Thursday.—The Temples have left, and many Welsh clergymen are flocking in. Walked to a Roman encampment. It is said there are eighteen of them on the Roman road, which is our favourite walk. The Vice-Principal and Barclay talked of missions, and how much we may learn from the self-devotion of many of the early Roman Catholic missionaries ; but no Jesuit mission has lasted till now. Dr. Robinson's book on the Holy Land and Dennis' Etruria the Vice-Principal recommends. The last quite exhausts his subject.

Another week has passed in busy idleness ; daily walks with some of the party here along the ridges and the hills.

The Vice-Principal often opens his mind to Barclay on various points in modern theology, Biblical criticism, German influence on England, the old Anglican Church, which has only latterly been asserting how very old it is ; the creeping in of Roman abuses in the time of Charlemagne. . . . Then they discussed Coleridge and Sterling's association with him, and his lines on him and 'that poor fragment of his father,' Hartley Coleridge ;—the wholesome Wordsworth, whose poems make nature alive to us as few others do ;—the Druids and their priests' high mystic education, their code of laws and morals ;—their belief in a future state is proved by their often lending money to be repaid in another, if it could not be done in this.

Rowland Williams preached one evening on our Lord's words to the Samaritan woman, offering her the water of life. He spoke of our eagerness in thronging to the healing springs of Llandrindod compared with the lukewarmness with which we listen to the invitation of Christ, who offers a water of greater power, springing up to eternal life. On the symbol of Baptism, he said water is the purifier and also the refresher to the thirsty soul. He described the work of the Holy Spirit to a certain point, and there, we were told, words must stop, and each soul must seek by prayer to know the rest. In the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we think of our Lord's own name for Himself, the Bread of Life and of the Blood poured out for us, without which there is no remission of sins. It reminded one of Dr. Schenkel's way of looking at the subject.

We went off early this morning to Llanwrtyd. The Vice-Principal was speaking of Ireland quite hopelessly—the low state of its own race which he witnessed in his tour. The only comfort that is suggested to you is, 'Oh, the Saxons will come and will improve the country!' It would have been balm to Aubrey de Vere to hear the aborigines so appreciated.

One piece of etymology that he gave us was very interesting, that the same Greek word stands for faith and obedience in the original.

Sunday.—Our lady-president at the little inn sent for the clerk of the little mountain church, and had the bell rung for morning service. The Vice-Principal gave us no promise of a sermon, but said he would read prayers and then see what he was equal to. However, after a few minutes of deep silence, he began: 'In the eighteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel and at the thirty-seventh verse we read, "Pilate said, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice." Pilate doubts whether it is a heavenly truth that Jesus has to tell, and inquires of Him of His king-

ship. In the same way, some persons question now whether there is any heavenly truth that they have to hear. What is the truth that Christ taught?

‘That God is ever near us, with our spirits. He invites us to unite ourselves with Him through the Son, who took upon Him the nature of man, felt and suffered as a man, but never showed His humanity without, at the same time, something testifying to His divinity.

‘He tells us that we may *abide* in Him, that He is not at a distance, but sees our smallest action and the thoughts of our hearts.

‘The second truth that Jesus Christ teaches us is the sinfulness of sin.

‘The third truth that He teaches is the universal love of God. He would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of His truth. He invites us to worship Him in spirit and in truth : but He shows His respect for places consecrated to His service, when He drives the buyers and sellers out of the temple. This was His testimony to the holiness of an order of things that was passing away, which was fettered with many rites and usages, yet He respected it.’

. . . . He concluded by saying that we should show our Christianity by not neglecting the lesser things that make up the sum of daily life ; we must not wait for some great way of serving. True politeness is founded on Christian love—considering others more than ourselves, and trying to soften the many pains and sorrows around us.

TO HIS FATHER.

Llanwrytd, August 4, 1854.—I left Llandrindod on the 29th. We made two expeditions before the Foxes left, and I again had to preach in English on Sunday.

Roscrowe, near Falmouth, Sept. 4, 1854.—We got off from St. Ives early in the afternoon of Wednesday, and I reached

Mr. Browne's * house that night. He was, as usual, all goodness and kindness, and I had a most agreeable visit for full four days. We called at Mr. Philpott's, an old King's-man living on a beautiful arm of the sea, just below Truro. There we met Sir C. Lemon with Dean and Mrs. Milman. Sir C. asked us to lunch on Tuesday, and we did so. I preached indifferently for Mr. Browne, and heard him.

September 27, 28, 1854.—The *Times* has news to-day of the Russian Gortschakoff crossing the Danube towards Matchin, and the Turks losing three thousand men, which, if true, sounds like a severe blow.

Also military people report that the Sinope disaster was due to a new projectile, of an asphyxiating kind, which a Frenchman invented, like Captain Warner, and having had it declined by his own government—for they said there were plenty of instruments of death already—sold it to the Emperor of Russia. So they say.

The Autumn of 1854.—You will have heard of my speaking at Welshpool; though the meeting was chiefly a Selwyn one.

Our term has made but a tolerable start, with about seven new entries and about three returning after absence, so that we somewhat more than repair the loss of the summer. There is a frightful cry for clergy all down here, so that I really had *rather* North Wales would supply itself for a little; except that your Bishop's evident favour of St. Bees is not encouraging to us.

The news of the *Alma* success reached this place on Monday night, and caused a most clamorous display of joy in the town. It is a very interesting coincidence that this striking news should have become first known in London on the dawn of the day of thanksgiving. I am thankful that Sebastopol has fallen, and hope the Russians will never get back the Crimea.

* The present Bishop of Winchester.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Oct. 20, 1854.— Your admirable advice will not, I hope, be thrown away upon me.* Even my first sermon as yet hangs fire, from the nature of its argument, which is a sort of Butler made easy; but it is often present to my thoughts, and I hope to finish it at no distant date.

The cry for curates here is terrible; and, although we did refuse one candidate this time for failing in Greek grammar, we took in others about equally ignorant in other things, because their ignorance seemed to be of a kind which less especially concerned us; though, in reality, I am not sure that they may not be worse.

It is difficult to know what to do, in the dearth of curates, the inadequate supply of candidates, and the flight of those adventurers, who can fly to England.

The Bishop of Llandaff's charge is an interesting document, and perhaps the ablest thing he has ever given to the world; our own Bishop's is not yet published. He (Thirlwall) has been preaching two sermons, one *Welsh* and one *English*, almost consecutively, that is, interrupted only by the Prayer for the Church Militant, at the consecration of Llanrhystyd Church. He had an overflowing congregation, and I also understand that a very large number communicated. Distinct particulars, however, have not yet reached me. They were in church full four hours. It is a wonderful thing, here, considering the antecedents of the Church in South Wales, to have one bishop preaching to overflowing congregations of the rustic mountaineers in their own tongue, and to have another criticising the periodicals which dissenters write in Welsh. These things are a comparative triumph over the non-resident apathy of Watson, and the ostentatious contempt for Welsh of Coplestone.

I have bought two books which would interest you much. They are Milman's *Latin Christianity*, and Tregelles on the *Greek Testament*.

* Referring to the course of sermons he was to preach in December at Cambridge.

Sir Thomas Phillips' visit here passed off very well. He entirely agrees in thinking the Carmarthen scheme unadvisable *and impracticable*. But there may be locks difficult for our boat to sail through, on the Brecon course.

It is thought that the plan of a railroad from Lampeter to Llanidloes, to be continued northward by other companies, is now in a more favourable position than it ever was before. Such a facility might tell on the acceptability question ; but not on the resources of the foundation at Brecon, and the chance of a more splendid future there.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS: AUGUST, 1852—OCTOBER, 1853.

THE following letter to the *Spectator* is inserted as showing the Church Reform which two-and-twenty years ago was felt to be needed—much of which has since been effected, while some part still remains to be desired. It was a subject in which Rowland Williams always took great interest.

I.

TO THE 'SPECTATOR.'

August 23, 1852.—You have been wisely asking what the Church wants. If you will allow me, I will briefly explain to you.

First. The Church *certainly* wants—

(*a.*) The political State-services (for Charles and William, &c.) made less acrimonious and less contradictory, though some acknowledgment of Providence in moulding the national destiny might be retained.

(*b.*) Clergymen no longer obliged to thank God for removing the most horrid profligates to heaven.

(*c.*) A better selection of Sunday *lessons*; or else the clergyman allowed to select for himself.

(*d.*) A practicable service for week-days, much on the plan of King Edward's first book, omitting a good deal about our most

gracious Queen and Parliament, and approximating more to family prayers.

(*e.*) A discretion, within defined limits, of singing substitutes for the liturgical hymns or psalms, which were formerly sung, but are now *read* in addition to the singing.

(*f.*) Diverse arrangements for subdividing parishes, hastening the abolition of sinecures and pluralities, giving to deacons in the care of large districts superintendence from neighbouring presbyters, an option of collections or *partial* pew-rents, instead of Church rates, &c., consultations about the possibility of moral discipline, &c., &c., lay or diaconal exhortation, &c., and ordaining schoolmasters in impoverished districts to act as clergymen on Sundays.

Secondly. The Church probably wants—

(*a.*) A power of expressing whatever may be her existent thoughts, wants, and sympathies, and the utmost attempt to reconcile latitudinarian thinkers consistent with the retention of more primitive believers. (Hints for this in Hey's lectures—[or] rather in Arnold's writings.)

(*b.*) Some explanation, for the mutual convenience of high and low, regarding such points as the XVIIth Article and the Baptismal Service, or the 30th of January and the 5th of November.

(*c.*) A modifying, in the above sense, of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Creed called Athanasian either much softened or read only on *Trinity Sunday*, and then at the clergyman's discretion.

(*d.*) Some kind of olive-branch held out to the Wesleyans, but not in such a form as to negative the continuity of Church Orders.

(*e.*) A very large intermingling of lay communicants in all Church consultations, which might be secured by choosing a duplicate set of churchwardens, the second set being chosen only by communicants, and representing the parish only in spirituals. These, meeting in each rural deanery, might select one or more representatives of their body for the central synod.

(*f.*) All sorts of obsolete canons, and jumbled together services, at least revised, and either modified or a great latitude of explanation and *permissiveness* introduced in the margin, so as to have less glaring inconsistency between words and realities.

Generally speaking, then, you observe, *Spectator*, the Church wants greater freedom alike of thinking, praying, and acting, but with security, that this shall not become an internal tyranny. The necessity of Parliament's aid to confer any legal stringency will sufficiently secure that point, especially if the devout lay element is largely introduced. But even the elimination from the House of Commons for Church purposes of all non-Anglican communicants might give a skeleton of a synod; though the spiritual churchwarden scheme is much better. Some might probably add to my second category of probable desirabilities a plan for letting each congregation *share* with the lay or episcopal patron the nomination of the incumbent, upon condition of their making up the stipend to a certain amount. But I forbear. Only a phrase in your article suggests the remark, that the philosophy of the fourth century of the Christian era was perhaps as good as that of four centuries earlier, and any attempt to purchase greater latitude as regards Nice, by more inquisitorial prescription as regards Jerusalem, might turn out abominably. But the grand remedy and desideratum, is a vocal organ for whatever may be the great current of life and devotion and thought from time to time in the Church.—I am, dear *Spectator*, your once reader, and still admirer, LLANFIHANGEL.

II.

On Inspiration.

TO REV. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.*

St. David's College, Lampeter, May 16, 1852.—How long I have delayed answering your letter is to me painful to reflect, and I hope you will not insist upon reminding me. The greatest reason for delay was that, while your letter was still fresh

* Canon Perowne, D.D.

upon my mind, my hands were already overladen with too much pen and ink work to admit of my turning aside to any literary disquisition which was not absolutely necessary ; and you know how hard it often is to turn back to a letter or a subject which has been once set aside.

I will now, however, comply with your request, by endeavouring to take the sting out of the difficulty which you feel as regards St. John's need of a supernatural aid to his memory in order to be a trustworthy narrator of our Saviour's discourses. You appear to think that the general probability of a man of sound faculties giving a correct impression of the doctrine of one to whom he had been a reverential listener, even when accompanied by the purification and expansion of heart which we must allow to be implied in the unusually fervent glow of the Holy Spirit's first outpouring upon the early Church, presents us no stable guarantee that we have the words of Him who spake as never man spake. Now, without here stopping to remark that our master enables men to do sufficiently whatever work He intrusts them with, and that the Apostles had, doubtless, a greater excellence of gifts in proportion to the importance of their work, I will put my first criticism in the form of a question, whether your whole theory is not too much a revival of the old method of inference, that such a course appears to us best, and therefore the Almighty must have adopted it. *Quod debet esse, est.* But since we are not always judges of the *debet*, this kind of reasoning does not always bring us to the *est*. From like premises we might either prove the Papal doctrine of infallibility, or (as William Law, I think, said) prefer a like claim for each individual Christian. The better course is, first, to ascertain our facts ; we shall then probably find that whatever is the true presentment of the facts is pregnant with more advantages than our own *à priori* theory. You know how ludicrously some apologists of the Hulsean lecturer order, make every possible difficulty or objection turn out 'rather a confirmation of the truth.' But our question is, have we facts, or apostolical affirmations carrying the force of facts, tending to show that events or discourses

which fell within the outward experience of the evangelists are recorded by the agency of any faculty *different in kind* from those of the human mind in general, when acting under favourable circumstances of purified affection, and clear vision of spiritual truths? My own belief is, we have neither facts nor affirmations tending in any such direction, but very much for any awakened reader, on the other side. But to prevent misapprehension, let me state categorically three or four points in the more popular opinion, from which I withhold my assent.

1. The first is, putting dictation in the place of memory, or Bible authority in place of apostolical testimony.

2. The second is, an idea that the Inspiration of the Apostles was different in *kind*, from that of the Church in general ; or, again, that it differed in the Apostles' writing, from what it was in the Apostles' preaching or acting.

3. That the recording of external and earthly facts is in any way (*directly*) a province of the Spirit.

4. As a corollary from the above, the whole theory that the *books* of the New Testament are the basis of our religion, instead of (as they really are) its true and primitive expression or embodiment.

Or, to vary my statement, I object to the theory that the Church of Christ (as defined in the Epistle to the Ephesians) is founded on Scripture ; instead of Scripture being, as it really is, her *voice*.

5. All notions that it is 'dangerous' to Christianity not to claim more for the Apostolical writings than their authors did, appear to me to involve ignorance almost of the nature of Christianity, as a religion of spirit and of truth.

As to the first of the questions raised, it may be sufficient to point out the great stress laid by the Apostles upon the necessity of *eye-witness* to our Lord's ministry on earth ; as by St. John in his Epistle and Gospel, by St. Peter in the Acts (chaps. i. and iv.). Possibly even by St. Paul in the Hebrews, and certainly in his account of the institution of the Sacrament in the Corinthians.

Here, also, St. Luke's manifest appeal to documents in the beginning of his Gospel, comes in. We have also to consider the utter absence of any claim even once on the part of any New Testament writer to the reception of any disclosure from heaven of any earthly and contemporary facts. For I suppose it will be allowed that St. Paul's knowing his Gospel by revelation means his spiritual conception of the breadth and depth of significance which the Incarnation involved, and not the earthly accidents of the Incarnation. His going up to Jerusalem 'by revelation' is the most doubtful point, but will bear reconciling with what I have said.

In the second place, as to your idea that the '*unction from the Holy One*,' in St. John, conferred only a particular illumination with respect to Antichrist, I would observe that knowing all things about Antichrist clearly implies, first, the knowledge of all things (relating to salvation) about Christ. It was the sense of contrast which was to instruct and warn.

Now, such a knowledge seems exactly what is meant by being full of the Holy Ghost; which in St. Paul's language would be the same as what St. James would call being full of good works. Not that I would exclude that rapt fervour of which we have an instance in the second chapter in the Acts, but of which I shall say more perhaps below.

More positively, again, it may be observed, that St. Paul does not say he is more inspired than his flock, but that he is as much so. I think that *I too* (*καὶ γώ*), i.e. as much as some other people who make greater pretences, have a perception of the mind of the Spirit. Read the whole passage about spiritual gifts. Both that passage and all others of the kind are clear for the universal diffusion of the gift of inspiration in some form or other; distinction in the form being evidently considered trivial, but no form being supposed to imply omniscience or even infallibility. Again, it is of St. Paul's own writings, and not of his sermons, that he says, 'I speak humanly'—nay even, 'I speak as a fool.' Could he piously have so said, if he had been prepared to call those very words the 'Word of God?' *Absit nefas*. But now

obviously the *onus probandi* lies with those who think a man confessedly not omniscient at other times should have become so by taking a pen in his hand. More especially is this so, when the same man's ordinary actions are also referred to the Spirit.

Thirdly. Before the day of Pentecost the Apostles knew all our Lord's earthly life, and had the Old Testament in their hands. Now, the Holy Spirit certainly taught them no new facts of the kind just specified (and it is at least a matter of *doubt*, comparing St. Paul in Lycaonia, whether any new language), but the effect of the Spirit's descent was to give an adequate comprehension of the spiritual bearing of facts already known. Now, on the whole, it appears probable, that (setting the extraordinary case of Old Testament predictions on one side for the present) the work of the Spirit always in Scripture means this kind of inward or *affectionate* teaching. For to teach historical facts seems to be part of the ordinary providence of God, the supreme Father, acting through the machinery of our senses, memory and reason ;—to reveal heavenly verities, in the sense of revealing things, or truths, and not of enabling to perceive them, is the province exclusively of the only-begotten Son, who is able to reveal, because He speaks of that He has seen ; while to plead the cause of God with man's wayward heart, thereby preventing the more objective revelation of the Son from being thrown away, and also doubtless freeing the reason from all clog which sensual or earth-bound affections would interpose, seems to be the work of the Spirit.

Once more, setting aside prophecy (of which, however, I have already a lurking presentiment that it may be found not to differ generically from strong spiritual anticipation ; but that I do not yet wish to discuss), I feel clear that something of this kind is the New Testament idea of Inspiration, without wishing to dispute how much (or whether at all times the same amount) of fervent glow is also involved in the term. When the Apostles, having been forbidden to speak to Jesus, went away and broke out into that glowing application of the

second Psalm, they afford a clear and most instructive instance of the most fervid kind. They were then persuaded of their Master's being the Christ of the Old Testament ; but any notion of verbal dictation through them would probably have appeared to themselves strange. But now any one may work out this question most easily by examination for himself—what is meant by being 'full of the Holy Ghost?' Not omniscience, for St. Stephen was so, yet he made a mistake, if not two, in his speech ; not faultless reasoning, for St. Paul often gives what can only be called a *paronomasia*—such as, 'they that are drunken are drunken in the night ; but let us, who are of the *day*, be sober' ; not to mention his argument about *seed* and *seeds* ; or, again, his *obiter dictum* about the Cretans, which was one of the first things which deeply penetrated my mind with a conviction on this subject, such as I now entertain. Nothing could bring out the human element in the Apostles' writings more strongly than such a gratuitous censure of a whole people, and we have some reason to think, a very honest people.

Upon the whole, I conclude that being full of the Holy Ghost means having correct views of Christianity, alike in doctrine, and practice, with a certain spiritual and affectionate fervour, which is the Christian antitype of the Jewish zeal. It is, in fact, a vision of spiritual truth taken subjectively. Such a gift may make men amiable, happy, and within the sphere of their cognition, trustworthy guides ; yet not dispose us to turn their writings into an idol. You may please to observe that I here omit, because I take for granted you have considered, the almost overwhelming inference which ought to be drawn from the exact correspondence of the range of knowledge exhibited by the sacred writers in general, and that with which their time and country would be familiar. If Egyptian words give Genesis a (Mosaic) cradle in Egypt, and Chaldaic style connects Daniel with Babylon, so all coincidences of knowledge and belief (as regards geography, geology, and the like) between the books and their birthplace may fairly be used, on the one hand as an argu-

ment for their genuineness, and on the other hand as an argument against such a supernatural communication of the general framework of Scripture, as I understand to be contended for under the very inappropriate name of plenary Inspiration. Let the writers have been inspired; but their writings were not dictated. It may be added here, you cannot use the above most pregnant and conclusive fact, in order to prove Scripture genuine, unless you admit all that it farther involves.

Fourthly. Whatever may be the true idea of inspiration, or the degree of it granted to Isaiah and St. John, we ought to have a clear conception of it as belonging to the writer first, and through the writer, to his writing. *Nihil in scripto quod non prius in scriptore.* There is an axiom which I have taken the liberty of expressing in the style of the schoolmen; or to express the same thing in more Pauline phrase, it was the Spirit which made the letter, and not the letter the Spirit. In other words, it was the Christian religion which embodied itself in the Christian Scripture, and not the Scripture which begot the religion. Christ is the revealer. *The revelation* is the word of God. That word of God, being preached, embraced, and working in men's minds, puts out this or that gospel or epistle, even as right through reason shapes itself into law. It was the strong conviction and fervid feeling of the Apostles and prophets which made them speak out of the abundance of their hearts. All they who so spoke were already members of the Church, as the Body of Christ, and cognisant of her essential creed. Isaiah was not a heathen, nor St. John an infidel. They spoke because they were already Prophets, Apostles, Christians; and their writings, in the case of the Apostles, were tested less by pedigree than according to their agreement with the word long ago spoken. *So the Bible is the voice of the Church.* It never calls itself absolutely the word of God, though the speaking of that word is recorded in it. Melchisedek was before Genesis, and the Apostles had converted thousands before the Acts were written.

How much of the devotion of the Psalms, of the Christian

zeal of the Epistles, and generally of the naturalness of the whole Bible is lost, by a pertinacious keeping out of sight the human and occasional character of its constitutional parts; nay, how much even of the *Horæ Paulinæ* argument (that strongest weapon, perhaps, which we have against the mythical theory) would be lost, but that men are happily not always consistent in error. From the language often used on this subject it might seem as if the Bible were conceived to have fallen like the image of Ephesus from Heaven, whereas really it comes to us as the expression of devout feeling, earnest aspiration, and enlightened experience, from men of like passions with ourselves. So far as it is the Word of God, it is the word of God *in the Church*, and not *à priori*, or externally to the Church; again, so far as it is inspired, it is the work of inspired but still fallible men.

Fifthly. May we not say, nothing can be true, and at the same time be more dangerous than its persevering and systematic concealment? Is not one reason why the most competent persons now shrink from defending Christianity, that they feel they must use arguments for which they will be upbraided and trampled upon by their own side? As a specimen of what I mean, take Neander's *Life of Christ*, or his *First Planting of Christianity*, and after a little allowance for his Lutheranism, see how much more convincing and instructive both of them are than any English book of the kind. The reason is, the fear of the *Record* and Exeter Hall, with all their etceteras, prevents us from saying such things; though some of our best writers, Maurice, Milman, and A. P. Stanley, have gone a little in that direction.

Now, perhaps, I should annoy you if I said that all mere logical defences of Christianity are two-edged weapons, which as often cut the user; but surely, religion is not a mere proposition to be proved by Scriptures as if by Acts of Parliament. Besides, even on the Paleian ground, how often have I heard Hulsean lecturers maintain that our evidence was not compulsory, but 'moral,' and that it was better for it to be so.

This, if anything, seems to me clear; that we have no infallible guide to all possible subjects of minute curiosity in matters of religion; but that, with our souls as with our bodies, we must risk something to the guidance of God, hoping for His blessing upon the honest use of our reason, and often calling in probabilities as an aid to faith. *Suppose*, as you seem to think, that you could not altogether trust St. John, the question arises, could you trust anything better? No—as far as credible witness is concerned, you could not find a better witness. Nor, perhaps, is the chance of his having erred in handing down our Lord's discourses quite so imminent as you suppose. Allow for the earnest listening of affectionate reverence; for the frequent repetition to others of what they must have longed to hear; for the appropriateness of temper probable in him whom Christ loved and drew so near; for the importance early attaching to such discourses as either alienated the Jews, provoked stoning, or immediately preceded death: and lastly, for that kind of blessing which we still see God visibly gives upon all pure and earnest endeavours in His service, but was likely to give more abundantly to one who had been the loved Apostle of His Son; and, on the whole, I think you will say any further 'aid' might be sufficiently represented by that inspiration which cleanses the heart and opens the eyes of the understanding, without a supernatural supersession of the laws of memory and of testimony. Not that I would pretend myself absolutely to draw a line between enlightening the spiritual perceptions, and strengthening the intellectual powers, so as to say that one may not entail the other; but I do say the first of these two processes is meant in the New Testament by Inspiration, and the second is nowhere claimed as regards the relation of contemporaneous and earthly fact. But if you like to remind me that I have already allowed fervency of affection, and to add that all passion of a high kind stirs the intellect, to that I have no sort of objection.

Upon the whole, I humbly think that God guides us, and that He will not let us suffer anything irremediable in things

spiritual, if, to the best of apparent probabilities, we follow His guidance. Moreover, I think one man, or a set of men, may deserve credit as to a particular set of facts of which they have had experience, or cast of notions coming within their appreciation, without having outstepped, in things generally, the usual opportunities and lights of mankind. I do, however, admit that such a 'low' view of inspiration as I have been expounding is likely (unless, perhaps, fortified by considerable respect for the historical Church) to produce less sensitiveness, or greater laxity, as regards minute precision of dogma, than some high authorities (for whom I retain a kindly respect) would consider advisable. On this point I am *rather* a disciple of Hey's. My own views have altered much at different times; perhaps are more settled now than when you saw me here last year. You may find their *disjecta membra* in some such books as these:—Hey's *Lectures*, and the books referred to by him; e.g., Warburton and Dr. Powell and Hurd; Paley's *Evidences*, latter part; Soame Jenyns; Barclay's *Apology for the Quakers*; Coleridge (*generally*). To which more recently I may add a pretty minute comparison of the Old Testament quotations in the New, and some inspection of Michaelis and Neander; and also, within the last week I have been reading part of a Mr. Morell's *Philosophy of Religion*—a book of which I have not yet made up my mind, and therefore will not speak. He is, I should suppose, not orthodox, but speaks as a Christian. Neander seems to me one of the greatest writers on these subjects whom I have ever had in hand—only of course I do not enter into his evident bias against Episcopacy, however true it may be that Ussher and Leighton's idea of a bishop having properly a council is the more primitive one.

If now you should feel inclined to throw the Thirty-nine Articles at my head, I beg to observe that the idea of the books of the New Testament being the offspring or creation of the Christian religion, instead of its cause or source, is by no means inconsistent with the wording of one Article, which merely declares that all essential truth is contained in the books; and *that* I have always believed,

though my way of explaining the coincidences between the two things is certainly different from that of Beveridge, and possibly from the private opinion of the Reformers. Scripture with me is merely an expression, though a sufficiently accurate expression of the Christian religion as taught by the Apostles, who as men were fallible, but yet had opportunities of learning important facts, and had their minds thoroughly imbued with the spirit and doctrine of their divine Master. It is a very happy circumstance that our Church has nowhere laid down any formal theory of Inspiration.

Again, if you object that this sort of view is pretty much what was held about a century ago by Semler, and so may stand already convicted of having produced (as Dr. Pusey and Hugh James Rose inform me) all the later phenomena of the wildest rationalism by way of consequence; I can only answer that perhaps the consequence was not a necessary one in itself; or even if it was, I do not see how the premiss is to be avoided. We ought not to be constantly driven back into untenable positions by the mere bugbear that, if we go so far, we shall be obliged to go further. Perhaps a shutting of our eyes to the light, or putting husks instead of bread, may be even a worse evil than the consequences dreaded. Probably, also, a particular plant was likely in the soil of Germany to develop itself differently from what it might in England. In many cases, such as Neander, Arnold, and Julius Hare (for Julius Hare runs, I conceive, pretty much in this direction), no such evil appears to have followed as we are taught to dread. The probabilities of history will always retain their force with sound minds; and if God does guide us more by probability, and less by infallibility, such a principle seems quite clearly indicated by the Apostle—‘Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.’

What do we mean by the Wisdom of God being revealed, and by the same wisdom’s enlightening every man, if we are both to blind our reason and sear our moral sensibilities to truth, by preferring claims on part of the Apostles which St. Paul would

vigorously have protested against, and all for fear of some imaginary danger?

Superadd only a proper conception of the historical value of the Church to the enlightening or spiritualizing tone of the Sermon on the Mount, and other writings in the New Testament, and you have sufficient guidance as a rational Christian, and therefore probably sufficient to take you to heaven. In other words, if we superadd Alexander Knox to Barclay we shall get, through a medium of greater depth and tenderness, very much such a moderate and balanced kind of Christianity as many of our divines, like *Warburton*, have taught, though they taught it in a cold and hungry sort of fashion. Warburton and his contemporaries knew very well that the *primary* sense of the prophecies was in almost all cases different from that in which they were alleged in the New Testament, and their explanation of a secondary sense will very well bear melting or modifying into the sort of *typal* doctrine propounded by Davison, Lyall (partly), and Maurice.

But I will weary you no longer with dissertation. Probably *Neander*, barring his prejudice against the visible character of the Church, is better suited to give you a full satisfaction than any one writer whom I could name. Every man must at last work out these things for himself.

Can you tell me anything about a book called the 'Restoration of Belief'? Let me only add, Mr. *Westcott's* Essay on the Gospels appeared to me, in a very cursory perusal only which I enjoyed, to surrender his point in reality, while maintaining it in name. All that theory of a common oral narrative, from which the three evangelists drew, though it explains some difficulties, is surely quite irreconcilable with the theory of dictation. But once surrender dictation, and you must brace your mind to look the entire phenomena in the face. Even Watson, Paley, and in fact all our apologists, contain in their various concessions the lively germ of everything which I have said. *You must have machines, or men. The fact is, you really have men.*

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III.

TO JOHN MUIR, ESQ.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Oct. 22, 1853.—My dear Sir, I avail myself of a Saturday night before a Sunday on which I am not to preach, in order to thank you for at least two welcome letters, which have lately reached me. I am not sure if even a third has not been subsequent to my last letter. The accompanying publications have also reached me; and I have read the paper on Buddhism, and glanced at the one on Mahomet. In the translation which came to-day (but only pp. 1—36) of 'The Lord reigneth,' it interests and almost amuses me to observe, how Hindú or Purána like a form the narrative assumes, by being thrown into the style of Sanscrit verse. Your question about the miraculous claims of Buddhism, in connection with its strange historical analogy to Christianity, hits on what appears to me *the greatest* by far of all historical difficulties which we have to deal with. Not, of course, that we cannot easily show our Saviour and His doctrine to be unlike Sakya, &c., but the difficult question is, if the rigid sacerdotalism of India could develop itself into a human spiritualism, which in the fervour of its first outbreak claimed miracles, why might not Judaism have done something similar, the particulars being varied by Greek culture, Western tones of thoughts, &c., &c.? *That is the* question, which I tremble to make one of my interlocutors put, lest the others should not clear it up satisfactorily. The old Romish missionaries solved it (as I think is said in Grant's *Missions*), by saying that the devil had devised Buddhism as a mimic of Christianity, in order to pre-occupy the ground, and deaden against like arguments. I endeavoured myself, for a long time, to bring down the Bauddha stories to a later date, so as to be a degeneracy from primæval Christian missions. Take *e.g.* the birth of Sakya; *Anánda* at the *well* with the *Chandala* woman, &c., &c. Finding at last such a course was not fairly possible for the main history (though I am *willing* still to re-consider such a possibility for particular stories), I have brought myself to

something like the following explanation. Sakya was a devout mystic, and wished to humanize the more rigid faith of the elder castes. His religion spread, by the power of what was good in it, with that impulse which it has pleased God often to give as the accompaniment, either of moral earnestness, or of assembled devotional sympathies. But the creed itself, or *at least* its *ritual*, became rapidly developed into sacerdotalism and pomp, surpassing those of the Brahmans. Simultaneously, and in proportion, I conceive, the accounts of Sakya's life grew in magnificence ; more quickly, perhaps, than they could have done elsewhere, inasmuch as the Hindú fancy is evidently creative, and apt to body forth in narrative the shapes of its thoughts, or the glow of its admiration.

If you have anything better than the above to suggest, I shall be most ready to give it a respectful consideration. All I will now add on the point is, that it would be worth while taking a little trouble, to determine the precise antiquity of those stories which most seem to mimic Christianity ; *e.g.* the virgin birth of Sakya ; and then (but in a less degree important) to point out clear contrasts between the mysticism of Sakya (*even* in its *earlier* stages, for later the argument would be worth nothing) and the simplicity of the gospel. Of course the *moral pregnancy* of all our Saviour's miracles, especially as compared to flaming extravagancies of Hindús, should never be forgotten ; but I have been speaking above of the naked historical credibility, in the sense which your query suggested to me.

You think Grote's history better than Thirlwall's. I admit it is fresher, because it has newer views—query, some of them paradoxical ; but I fancy still there is a deeper under-current of thought on things in general in Thirlwall's.

As to the *Edinburgh Review* on the 'Church in the Mountains,' I personally believe that its brilliancy is purchased somewhat at the expense of accuracy. I regard it as the counter-manifesto of the higher dignitaries here, who are Englishmen, in reply to an ultra-'patriotic' party, which, with natural warmth, but great unfairness of invective, charges everything wrong on

the heads of 'English' bishops. The Archdeacon of Cardigan is, *ecclesiastically*, a sort of O'Connell on this subject. Hence the *Edinburgh Review* writer fires his 'revolver' rather recklessly into the ranks of the indigenous clergy. Out of all this blind 'strife' I earnestly trust that at least vigilance, and perhaps a better life, may be evolved. My own task is chiefly teaching with an eye to the future; when I have time I read over some of my MS., and add a few pages. In the summer vacation I added about a chapter, but the summer seemed gone almost as soon as it began; and I have still heavy headwork to make up. Your return to England administers to me a sort of fillip, being an occasion on which I shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing you, but not without anxiety, unless the work be by that time advanced.

CHAPTER VII.

RATIONAL GODLINESS: 1854—1856.

‘He lived
Too much advanced before his brother men.’

—*Browning.*

IN December, 1854, Rowland Williams was appointed select preacher at the University of Cambridge, and on Advent Sunday he commenced a course of sermons, the second one of which, preached the following Sunday, was destined to affect his whole subsequent career. The subject of this sermon was, the Relation of Scripture to Modern Science and Criticism, from the text, ‘Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,’ 2 Pet. i. 21.¹

A resident at Cambridge at the time thus records his recollections of the impression which these sermons produced upon all those that heard them:—‘In every combination-room throughout the university, one heard of nothing else—the intense and overpowering earnestness of his manner was admitted by all—the boldness of the language, and the wonderful eloquence, carried his hearers away. It seemed at the time that not a few were fairly

¹ See *Rational Godliness*, Sermon xix.—‘Servants of God speaking as moved by the Holy Ghost.’

scared by the mastery which, spite of themselves, he had exercised over their minds; others, again, and among them were certainly some of the ablest of the residents, were loud in their jubilations. They saw in Rowland Williams the prophet of the future, the man whom the Church of England had been long sighing for, and found at last.'

He had very reluctantly left his father, who was ill at the time, but who would not hear of the course being given up on his account; but when two of the sermons had been preached, the news of his father having become alarmingly worse reached him, and with a heavy heart he hurried back to Ysceiflog to watch beside what proved to be his father's death-bed. Upon this a cruel story was spread about at Cambridge that he had been prohibited from completing the course of sermons by the heads of colleges; it was industriously circulated, and referred to as lately as 1869.

An account of the Cambridge sermons, with the lying gossip connected with the cessation of the course, found its way into the *Record*, and from thence into the local Welsh papers, and was eagerly discussed by the clergy of the several deaneries. Although the mis-statement was afterwards corrected, the refutation, as is usual in such cases, did not travel so quickly as the slander, and the clamour raised was not destined soon to pass away.

With some hesitation I give his private record of the sorrow which awaited him on his return to Ysceiflog.

Dec. 28, 1854.—It pleased God to take from us the precious and honoured life of my dear father. Very terrible has been the blow, and yet mercifully lightened more than I could expect. . . .

My father, my father, the chariot of our household, and the horsemen thereof. Never can I forget, and never cease to honour and thank thee. Blessed be God for thee, my father. He died before the strangely lying report about my Cambridge course being stopped reached him. I preached on Advent Sunday upon *the Witness of the Spirit*, and on the second Sunday on *Holy Scripture*. Dear father, I had left thee dying, but thou sentest me away, and I was called back to close thy eyes.

For about a fortnight I was with thee. We knelt down and prayed, and called on our Father in Heaven; and I said the Lord's Prayer, and thou settest thy hand on my head and blessest me, even as when I was a child. God comfort thee and receive thee, and bless thee, O my earthly father.

But into Thy hands, O eternal Jehovah, whom I know not, and yet desire to love, I have commended my father's soul and my own. Neither will I plead with Thee Thy compassion and Thy knowledge of our weakness, for Thou knowest all things, and Thou madest us to love, much more lovest us whom Thou hast made. But, O God, stand by me in my need, and teach me Thy truth. Make me Thy servant, and let me go forward in Thy way.

On Founder's Day, March 25, 1855, he was appointed to preach the commemoration sermon at King's College. This proof of the confidence of his college, in the answer it gave to the calumnies which had been propagated, was very grateful to him. In anticipation of it he writes: 'On March 25th I am to preach in King's College. God help me to write my sermon and bless it, and stand by me in that hour and for ever, and prosper His own work in my hands. Other sermons I have printing at Cambridge.' Of this sermon Dr. Jessopp writes: 'The Vice-Chancellor of the University, with all the heads, and an immense congregation, were present. I remember, in the evening, there

was a little gathering at my rooms, and one whom Cambridge has reason to be proud of said, "No man who heard Rowland Williams give out his text to-day will ever forget it." It was on the words, "After the way which (they) call heresy, so worship I the God of my Fathers." ¹

These sermons, with twenty others delivered at Lampeter, were published in May, 1855, under the title of '*Rational Godliness*,' and produced a profound impression in England and Wales.

May 6, 1855.—My sermons are out about four days. One satisfaction is, they can hardly fail to clear up my position somewhat. God bless them!

But the hostile reviews which followed on their publication soon put an end to this hope, and served but to fan the flame already kindled.

It was in South Wales that the book was most vehemently assailed. Wherever the clergy met it became the chief topic of conversation. Clerical meetings were convened throughout the dioceses of Llandaff and St. David's, when extracts, not culled from the book itself, but taken from the local papers, were made the subject of discussion by men, the majority of whom had not even seen the book,² and

¹ See *Rational Godliness*, Sermon xxiv.—'The Spirit and the Letter, or the Truth and the Book.'

² A poor clergyman told me, with every sign of sincerity, he had not seen the sermons, but was coerced into signing a memorial against them. Others in this immediate neighbourhood had inuendoes if not threats tried on them, though, to the honour of their integrity, in vain. Another person wrote me word that he had not read, and would not read, any books of mine, but he would abstain from testifying his horror at them only on condition of my making answers to questions which he enclosed. Evidently he thought the power of sentencing books he had not read was a property not to be parted

who, according to the testimony of contemporaries, would certainly not have taken the trouble to read and endeavour to understand in their context, the garbled passages. They found vent for their indignation in angry letters of remonstrance in the papers, and appeals to the Bishop of Llandaff, who was said to have been inundated with letters on the subject, and in a protest to the Bishop of St. David's.

It was chiefly an 'evangelical' outcry; for though the *Guardian* had lent its pages to a review singularly wanting in fairness and candour (for which the writer has surely much to answer, and all the more if true, as was stated, that he was a so-called friend), the High Church party for the most part left the book alone, recognizing in his theory—'the Bible, the voice of the Church'—teaching akin to their own.

The immediate result of the agitation was a correspondence with the Bishop of Llandaff, who wrote, September 24, 1855, to tell him he understood a formal complaint about his doctrine was to be made to him. The letter was personally friendly in its tone, but the Bishop made it plain that, if appealed to, he intended to withdraw his support from his chaplain, and to express his regret that his theories on the inspiration of Holy Scripture were repugnant to his own views.

with except for a consideration. He might defend the principle by saying that his opinion was worth as much before reading a book as afterwards; but I think it no excess of sarcasm to doubt if such opinions ought to outweigh every standard of the Church, ancient and modern.—'Review of Bishop Ollivant's Charge,' note, p. 45.

'It is *really* amusing (I will not say absurd),' writes a contemporary, 'to hear men *condemning* what they had never seen nor examined. At a clerical meeting I asked one man, who had gone on to some length in his own way, a few questions, which put an end to his uncharitable language.'

Rowland Williams' letter of September 26, 1855, in reply, was afterwards published.¹ He regrets in it that the Bishop's letter expressed only a general opinion, unsupported by proof or argument; calls attention to the fact that though the sermons in *Rational Godliness* run counter to floating traditions, they had never been said to contradict either Bible, Prayer-book, or Articles of the Church of England. He refers also to those most objected to having been preached at Cambridge without animadversion—to the numerous divines who held the same opinions—to the growing conviction that Christianity, if true, is to be defended by inquiry—to the danger of putting forward, as the foundations of faith, assumptions which no longer find place in the commentaries of the best critics and the belief of scholars. 'So strongly,' he writes, 'do I feel this, that I should almost call it better for plain speakers of things as they are, to be cast out on that account, provided they do nothing rashly, than for a hollow surface of acquiescence to gloss over the sore.'

Of the deep conviction which alone urged him forward in this path, and of what it cost him, he continues—'Every prepossession and every interest I can have in life would rather have tended to bias me in favour of the most established belief. With a great price purchased I this freedom.' Then with prophetic forecasting he adds—'Generally I think the Church will tide over the critical time of education, into which the next generation will see her thrown. But if she does, it must be, I think, upon free waters. The result of making restriction eke out the

¹ In *Lampeter Theology*. London: Bell and Daldy, 1856.

shortcoming of argument, and so substituting prudential silence for eloquent conviction, must be either a lifeless and daily degenerating formalism, or else a non-conforming outbreak, such as the Christian world has not witnessed since the Reformation. Whereas, if religious men, instead of discussing what is expedient or necessary for facts to be, would first represent them as they are, it would be found that the results of truth are not so dangerous as may have been supposed. Many discoveries, once vehemently denounced, have been at length not only accepted, but almost turned into "evidences."

On the 12th of October the Bishop wrote requesting him to resign the office of chaplain, and soon after took the further measure of admitting students from other dioceses into that of Llandaff, and in the effect these steps had upon public opinion, Rowland Williams' position as theological tutor of St. David's College received its first blow.

By thus giving way to a popular outcry, and visiting upon differences of opinion a penalty due to moral offences, the Bishop was led into an action of exceeding unfairness and tyranny to the individual, as well as one productive of much injury to the college, in the difficulties thereby thrown in the way of him whose whole life was devoted to its best interests. Truly, it is in the name of religion that the greatest acts of injustice are perpetrated. Is there, indeed, any other profession than the Church in which tyranny such as this would be tolerated?

As an answer to, and in hope of appeasing the outcry which had been raised, Rowland Williams published a

pamphlet,¹ *Read before you Judge*:—the true meaning of a book called *Rational Godliness*,—in which, under thirty-one propositions, which had first appeared in the *Carmarthen Journal* (of November 10 and 17, 1855), he endeavoured to correct the misstatements concerning, and to give a true account of the book, ‘for which,’ he says, ‘I am far from claiming infallibility, but which I wish to see represented fairly, and discussed calmly.’ ‘Let them strike, but hear,’ was his constant desire. How little they were likely to do this, and something of the state of feeling which existed may be gathered from the words of a correspondent who, thanking him for a copy of the pamphlet which had been sent him, continues, ‘It is very good, but it is really throwing pearls, &c. The truth is, they are not able to understand your argument; the book must be read entirely to understand it. This these men never do.’

The following is an epitome of the most important of the propositions of this pamphlet:—

Revelation is an unveiling of the true God, as Love and as a Spirit, to the eyes of our mind.

There was a preparation for the Gospel of Christ, not only amongst Jews, but amongst Gentiles. God left Himself nowhere without witness.

Holy Scripture is the Church of England’s standard of doctrine and a record of revelations, to be regarded with veneration. It is to be universally read and studied with reverence, candour, and with prayer. But it is by no means our paramount source of secular knowledge. As regards things of earth, it contains the thoughts of fallible men.

¹ The proprietor of the *Swansea Herald* offered to print a certain number of copies for distribution at his own expense.

Scripture is the work of men divinely inspired, in the sense in which St. Paul meant inspiration. But the sacred writers did not mean that they had revealed to them supernaturally the facts of daily life and experience. The Bible contains a human element—the writers were not omniscient or infallible.

This does not affect the value of Scripture as a book of religion or devotion. Neither the discrepancies in the Bible, the shortcomings of the writers' knowledge, nor their participation in human passion and prejudices, nor, in short, the limitation of their horizon in every way, can properly affect the value of Scripture as a book of religion and devotion. If such things are vehemently denied, so that the truth of the gospel is made to depend on their absence, their discovery in an inquiring age may be a serious detriment to religion. The books of the New Testament were not *dictated* in words audible from the clouds, but are an expression by the writers both of historical and personal experiences, and also of truths taught them through their feelings by the Holy Spirit of God.

Inspiration was not confined to the Apostles. When they claim it for their own writings, they allow it also for their hearers.

The phrase 'Word of God' is *never* in the Bible made a synonym for the whole volume of Scripture, and though it may be a natural or innocent metaphor to call a sacred record by such a name, yet metaphors do not supply grounds for strict reasonings, and if they are abused wise men will discontinue them.

What Bishop Butler conceded hypothetically, that all prophecies of Christ in the Old Testament referred primarily to the Jewish people, kings, or prophets, must in the present state of biblical criticism be frankly adopted as a fact.

The 'Holy Ghost was the sacred writers' teacher' through the medium of their hearts, rather than of their hands. Hence there is nothing in the text of Scripture but what has passed through the mind of the scribe. But this does not mean that the interpreting revolution of events may not give to a passage new relations and

bearings, in virtue of an identity of principle which God repeats in His work.

There is a unity of spirit in the books of Holy Scripture ; yet they are written by different authors, in different ages, and will be understood better in proportion as their authorship is correctly known. Neither the faith of Christ nor the discipline of the Church of England forbid sober inquiry upon such subjects, if carried on with reverence. Jesus Christ came to bear witness to the truth. All other hindrances to His religion have not together been so great as those from the inconsistency of persons who defend it by falsehood.

In considering our Saviour's miracles, we should lay more stress on the moral significance and beneficence than on the mere element of power.

It is even now desirable that such a relaxation of our formularies should be granted as might have enabled men like Baxter to conform to the Church.

'Personality' is a metaphysical rather than a scriptural term, and may convey to some minds a grosser or more material conception, but to others a more delicate one. If good persons think that by intensifying such an idea in reference to the Spirit of Evil, they are enabled to fight, as it were, more vividly against the hosts of darkness, I say nothing to disturb them. But if any one without authority imposes on me a metaphysical term, he must first define it clearly, and then prove his definition.

We may measure to our own apprehension the great Fall of Mankind by that in which we feel we come short of our best resolutions. The best, though saddest, proof of the Fall is experience.

The common doctrine that sacrifice means properly slaying an animal, and that our prayers and Sacraments are only figurative sacrifices, is just the reverse of truth, for the truest of all sacrifices is the consecration of the heart and being ; and the slaughter of animals was only a figure to represent this. The perfection of true sacrifice is the self-consecration, devotion, and offering of our Lord Jesus Christ, and this is both represented in the Sacraments

of the Church, and continued spiritually in the lives of all true Christians.¹

In the views contained in *Rational Godliness*, on Inspiration, Revelation, and Prophecy, may be seen the fundamental principles of his later teaching on these subjects—set forth, perhaps, with a degree of caution here, while, in his later writings, there is more of the settled conviction which time and farther study brought—and the positions he maintains respecting them are those which have again and again been held by the most venerated divines of the Church of England.

The last fourteen years have brought about such a rapid revolution of thought, and the results of criticism are now so much more freely ventilated, that it seems strange, in turning over the pages of this book, to understand the clamour and agitation which twenty years ago were raised by these sermons. Ten years afterwards, referring to this agitation, he remarked, 'How tame the book would be considered now,' and continued, 'ten years hence it will be said I did not go half far enough'—words which have been already fulfilled to the very letter.

Certainly the book seems to have been in advance of its time, and in the storm which broke over its author's head he shared the fate of the solitary pioneer, who dares to leave the beaten track and venture on untrodden ground. It must be remembered, in endeavouring to understand and account for this, that while the Church of England herself lays down no positive standard as to the nature and mode

¹ These propositions were afterwards published in a slightly altered form in *Lampeter Theology*, p. 35.

of Inspiration, but has numbered among her ranks men holding very varying opinions upon them; and that, indeed, twenty years before, many of those esteemed her soundest divines held views more or less approaching to those set forth in *Rational Godliness*—the spread of evangelicalism had tended much to the fostering of the belief, not only in plenary but also in *verbal* inspiration, and at this time the latter was the more generally received view, especially in the Principality. While the more natural theory of inspiration came as a positive relief to many amongst the more educated classes, clearing up numberless difficulties and apparent contradictions connected with the Bible, it involved an entirely different way of regarding the dealings of God with man, which those who had not felt the difficulties, were not prepared to accept. It was also not then usual for sermons to contain the results of critical investigation of the Scriptures. However well known indeed such might be to the scholar, they were, for the most part, kept back from the people from some unworthy fear of consequences—as if it were possible that truth should ever mislead, or that foundations which would not bear the light of day could be safe for faith to rest upon.

In 1860 he gives the following account of the book:—

These sermons were the first-fruits of my more active preaching, and have the freshness and the faults natural to such a time. They aim more at saving souls than at solving mysteries, and place our faith more in motive, character, and life, than in dialectical dogmas; yet they attempt as much reasoning as hearers of sermons require; they proceed largely upon an interpretation of

texts somewhat different from the common, and unless that be first tested, they cannot well be judged ; they imply occasionally a timid half-consciousness of the undeniable, though undefined, discrepancies between our best critics and our loudest teachers on biblical questions of interest ; and they once or twice ask the more learned of my audiences to imitate the Bereans by such a tolerant frankness as implies the possibility of learning, though others may teach better, what we have to learn. Whatever may be thought of such passages, the substantial orthodoxy of the sermons has been proved by rude tests, and I have yet to learn upon what theological principles, consistent with those of the Church of England, they could be assailed.

In all the troubles which ensued, it is an undeniable fact that, however much assailed his views were by mere invective, they were never attempted to be answered by calm argument. And he would sometimes complain that those who blamed him for rashness, had not taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the first elements of the case upon which judgment was to be pronounced.

The private letters he received on subjects connected with these sermons were very numerous. Some from religious, simple-minded people, who had never considered the reason of the faith that was in them, and could not understand the possibility of the slightest question of the grounds on which it rested—they could only feel pained and shocked at the sentiments attributed to one of whom they had been accustomed to think so highly, and they wrote anxiously and deprecatingly.

Some, and these a very numerous class, understanding as little of the real bearings of the question, but accustomed

to certain shibboleths respecting *the Book*, feared in losing these they were losing religion itself, and they for the most part assumed a defiant tone.

Others, again, of his friends, acknowledging the necessity for critical investigation, but seeing the importance of the work he was doing—work which much needed to be done, and for which he seemed pre-eminently adapted—feared the effect the clear expression of his views would have upon his practical usefulness, and that by damaging his own prospects, the Welsh Church would suffer also, and so wished him to keep out of all controversy.

In this tone one friend, whose views were decidedly on the stricter side of inspiration, wrote thus to him in reference to a memorial to be presented to the Bishop of St. David's asking for his removal from St. David's College :—

I hope you will believe I exceedingly regret the state of things. We could better afford to lose twenty men than lose you ; the learning you have brought to your work, the boundless influence you can exercise over the minds of your pupils, eminently fitted you for your post, and, moreover, no one was more competent to assist in directing matters at the present critical position of our Church. Never was there a circumstance more untoward than this difference of opinion on so important a subject. To some minds your view seems a slipping of the cable which fastened the vessel to her mooring. I am aware that I write as if there were no doubt that you are wrong, and that I am right ; you will, I trust, excuse this apparent arrogance.

And Sir Thomas Phillips wrote :—

I could wish you steered clear of debatable theology, unless when forced upon you by the actual claims of duty. It is not

what you may say, but it is *what the world will be made to believe that you have said*, which will possibly impair your usefulness and hinder your advancement; and although you might disregard station or merely worldly considerations, remember that position is the condition of influence, and very often of usefulness also in this perplexed old world in which our lot is cast.—*July 10, 1855.*

Blamed alike by friend and foe, many of these letters were very painful to him. He had himself a great shrinking from distressing pious minds or loosening men's hold on early principles. It was in later life a comfort to him to reflect that it had not been the simple earnest believer who found the most difficulty in understanding the matter when fairly put to him, and at this period and always he was ever ready to spend both time and trouble in endeavouring to calm the fears of such by explaining the grounds of his views.

Any genuine expression of opinion or feeling as to the bearing of his sentiments he was always ready to listen to, making every allowance for those who differed from him either on principle or because they were only half informed on the subject; while to those who wrote to him expressing regret at the course he had adopted, seeing, as they feared, in the avowal of his views, their high hopes of what he was to effect for the Church in Wales dashed to the ground, and who mourned over the consequent sacrifice, of his own advancement and of the wider influence he might thereby have attained—his answer came clear and true from the deep-settled conviction of his mind, that the cause of true religion was best served by the enunciation of truth, and that paramount above all other duties and all

other considerations for him, was devotion to the sacred cause of the Master whom he followed.—‘Therefore came I into this world to bear witness of the truth.’—It was as it were a necessity to him, as it had been to his Master, and all personal considerations were as dust in the balance compared to it.

It is unfortunate that, for the most part, his answers to these letters have been lost. In reference to one set, the receiver¹ writes to me expressing his regrets:—

If they could be found they would show, more than any other matter I know, the honesty of Dr. Williams’ character. For the correspondence took place immediately after the publication of ‘Rational Godliness,’ and I took the liberty as an old friend and acquaintance of his father’s to rate him soundly for not being more worldly wise than [not] to withhold the publication until after the death of the then Bishop of Bangor (Dr. Bethell), on the ground that I knew of no Welshman other than himself capable of filling the expected vacancy. Of course I took the worldly view of the question, and I may also add, the *loyal* view of it as a Welshman fighting for a *Welsh* bishop, and as one who felt that the ground was cut from under him by the publication of the book. The sentiments in which he replied to me, I need hardly say, were altogether worthy of the true, honest, and sincere Christian that he was. Though we ceased to correspond of late, yet there was no man I was prouder of as a Welshman and admired more than your husband.

But if he was pained by some of the letters he received, he was in turn gladdened by others. His Cambridge friends wrote encouragingly. ‘You will, I am quite sure, pursue a straightforward course,’ wrote one; ‘if the winds be adverse, use more steam.’

¹ The Rev. John Griffith.

There were many who felt that these questions bearing on the examination of the grounds of our faith could not be avoided, and that those who approached them reverently were doing good service to the Church and religion. 'If,' wrote another friend, 'such things are not discussed by friends sooner or later, enemies will occupy the ground, and much mischief will be done. If our clergy believe in the literal interpretation of the English Bible, fair and candid criticism has little chance of toleration, and critics are likely to be martyrs.'

It was not only from his personal friends that he received letters, but also from strangers, who wrote from deep sympathy with him in the questions at issue. They had experienced, or were then passing through like phases of thought, at the root of which these questions lay, and they welcomed gladly the outspoken solution of many of their difficulties.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS: OCTOBER, 1855—JUNE, 1856.

THE following extracts are from a letter which was written in reply to the attack of one of his most violent opponents in South Wales. Outrunning the limits of newspaper correspondence, it was never printed, but the leading ideas were condensed in *Judge before you Strike*. A portion of it is inserted here as giving in a more enlarged form his answer to the attacks made upon him in connection with *Rational Godliness*.

I.

On the Misrepresentations of an Assailant.

Oct. 18, 1855.—The doctrine of mine which — caricatures is, that there was a preparation for the gospel among the Gentiles as well as among the Jews; and that the awakening of man's moral nature, which resulted from reasoning on the principles of right, and from the civil sanctities of a commonwealth which was the nursery of law, was preliminary to the fuller unveiling of the divine wisdom in our Saviour. Hence it is rather implied, that the godlike men of antiquity may, notwithstanding the errors of their time, still be objects of merciful regard from our Heavenly Father, and of tenderness from ourselves.

Before — utterly scoffs at such an idea, he should consider

that it has been held by the greatest Fathers of the Church, and is clearly enough implied in Holy Scripture. If Eusebius both assumes it in his history, and makes it the subject of a separate treatise, while all the Alexandrine Fathers follow in the same track; if St. Augustine was first moved by the reading of Cicero to desire to come to Christ; if Tertullian makes the common sayings of Gentiles indicate the Divine Unity, and both Justin Martyr and St. Athanasius illustrate the Trinity from Plato; if St. Paul takes his two texts at Athens, one from heathen custom and the other from heathen poetry; if the same Apostle teaches in Romans ii. that God had written His law in Gentile hearts, with no less emphasis than elsewhere he says like things of Scripture; and if one greater than Fathers or Apostles has declared, that many in the east and the west shall fare better than the children of the kingdom, can it be a heresy in me to repeat, what all these have distinctly taught—or rather, is there not a moral blindness in scoffing at it? There may have been in some modern authors a lamentable narrowness on this point, but the wider view both of the divine dispensation and of the divine mercy has been held by the best men in almost every age. One great fault of the generation which rejected the Son of Man was their inveterate conceit of an extensive sanctity as depositories of the written Law; and no one can fitly enter into our Saviour's language as regards the Samaritans, or St. Paul's general tone respecting the Gentiles, without feeling by an instinct which no Pharisee can gainsay, which alternative is the most essentially Christian. . . .

The subject under discussion is either as to the *manner* of the divine speaking, or else as to the *nature* and *extent* of inspiration, and not at all as to its existence, which I have *never denied*. Neither have I overlooked the distinction between ordinary and extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, though it seems to me carried farther by some interpreters than the Apostle could ever have conceived, for St. Paul's 'perfection' is not in the direction of omniscience, but of charity. What ——'s argument requires is, firstly, that he should show the Apostles and prophets ever to have claimed or

asserted for themselves the possession of all secular knowledge whatsoever ; and secondly, that he should adduce from their writings some proofs of their having possessed it. If, for example, when St. Paul said, 'We know in part, and we prophesy in part,' he meant us to understand that he was omnisciently infallible, the argument may then hold good ; but otherwise it seems to labour under difficulties, and has some appearance of being an utter fallacy.

The great questions of miracle and prophecy are too large for proper discussion in this place. If however — meant, as he almost appears to say, that my sermons reject the miracles of our Saviour, such an assertion would be contrary to the printed evidence of my pages (see Sermon x., pp. 137—145). My offence consists in suggesting for consideration, whether the moral significance of our Lord's miracles is not more instructive than the mere element of power in them. So, all along, I consider the internal evidences of our religion as far more important than mere external wonders. For instance, with a Hindú, I should think the comprehensive simplicity of the Decalogue a better argument for the Divine Legation of Moses, than the passage of the Red Sea. So, in treating of the crucifixion, I lay more stress on the wondrous patience and perfect self-sacrifice of the Son of God, than on the phenomenon of the earthquake. Thus by the *speaking* of God, I most commonly understand a voice through the heart and affections of man, rather than one echoing from the clouds, and generally my tendency would be, to turn men's thoughts from external sights and sounds as evidences, to the deeper phenomena of the mind, the moral pregnancy of our religion, and the revolution of thought and purification of feeling by which it works wonders. Possibly some words of our Saviour, and some of St. Paul's, in which they both censure the Jews for 'seeking after a sign,' might here serve as my apology. But I have made no attack upon those who argue differently ; and even supposing that I should have selected the wrong alternative, and that our Church should be wrong with me in saying that God declares His Almighty power

most chiefly in showing mercy and pity, yet will any thoughtful Christian declare my error so deadly, as to make me a proper victim for ferocious appeals to the most envenomed prejudices? As to Butler, it is utterly untrue, that my argument on prophecy contradicts his; though it might not unfairly be called an extension of it. Butler lived in a time, when suspicions were growing, that many prophecies, often applied literally to the gospel, had a primary reference to Jewish history. He put the question hypothetically; suppose it be so, why should Christianity suffer? The state of Biblical criticism now compels me to admit as a fact, what Butler made only an hypothesis; for I do not think it creditable that Theologians should never surrender the most untenable position, until they are driven out of it by universal dissent; but then I take up Butler's argument and ask, what is the real consequence of this which appeared so alarming? In endeavouring to answer this question I have expended very great pains, and return to it frequently (see Sermons xii. and xiv.).

As to the date or authorship of some books of the Old Testament, let me beg the reader's patience while I handle a cruel distortion of 'a very innocent fact.' When — declares that I make certain books an 'imposture on the credulity of mankind,' how does this wondrous conclusion follow from my suggestion of an interval of some generations between different parts of the Pentateuch? If a modern critic should say, that Hume and Smollett's histories, although bound together, were not by the same author, but that one was later than the other, would he necessarily make Smollett's portion an imposture? The Psalms, indeed, are generally called the Psalms of David; yet there is internal evidence that a large number of them were written by different authors, and at intervals of many generations. If God, the giver of every good gift, touches our conscience, and elevates our heart, by the record of glowing thoughts which he inspired of old, what difference does it make whether they were written a few generations earlier or later? I answer, in respect of personal religion it makes none, though some religious theories may be

affected by it, but whether it makes a difference or not, we must admit the facts as they stand. We are not justified, because our congregation may be simple, in taking liberties with facts which we should not care to take before a jury of scholars; perhaps the truest fact may ultimately lead to the most edifying doctrine. Now, I do not expect the Pentateuch will ever show as many authors as the Psalms; but if there are genealogical tables in one part, ancient songs of 'the wars of the Lord' in another, and a diversity of style between the first and the last, whoever finds these things deliberately, has a right to state them soberly. The Jews did not always name their books, as we do; nor did they give them names with critical precision. We are not forbidden to examine such subjects by any doctrine of the Gospel of Christ, or by any article of the Church of England. On the contrary, it is the business of clerical Academicians to do so; and if they think the cause of religion becomes embarrassed because less informed advocates mix up its true merits with assertions difficult to prove, or not really concerning it, they cannot fulfil their mission better, than by uttering a word of caution in season. Such was the judgment of Hooker, whose every expression I need not adopt, but with whose general tone in his second book I agree better than my opponents do. There happens to be still by me a Latin essay, in which some years ago, I drew out in detail arguments, by which the age of the book of Joshua might be fixed; nor would there be any difficulty in mentioning internal evidence in the Book of Daniel, which corresponds with the position in the Hagiographa assigned it by the Jews from whom we receive the Canon. If we allege Jewish tradition when it is in our favour, we must listen to it when it is against us, especially if the internal evidence corresponds. Words probably Greek, and an exact history as far as the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, but no farther, tell somewhat in favour of such a correspondence.

But all I now contend for is the liberty of stating any conclusion which may be soberly arrived at. . . .

—— is very indignant at my assertion that our sacred writings ‘contain, as regards things of earth, the thoughts of fallible men.’ But does any educated man seriously think that Christianity is served by denying this? Our most learned apologists generally teach that the subject-matter of revelation is religion, or such doctrine, for example, as that of a life to come; but the arts and sciences, and all the business of this life, seem committed by Divine Providence to the ordinary play of human faculties. Hence it follows, that the latter class of things admits of improvement and progress, though the spirit of the former may be (as my sermons maintain) strictly *unalterable*. The things of grace are on the side of heaven the same; but the things of providence change, like the generations of men. As regards astronomy, this has been admitted since the days of Newton; and in our own time geology has extorted from the most competent judges a similar recognition. But every thoughtful reader of Holy Scriptures sees clearly, that the secular knowledge of the writers is commensurate with their earthly experience (Sermon iv., pp. 47—56); and that ideas of their own time, some of which we no longer partake, tinge every page. The overwhelming majority of Christians assent to this in practice, for they practise arts, and teach sciences, in a manner very different from that of Moses. Yet from not considering how far their own ideas are coherent, many of the same persons hesitate to admit the truth in formal theory. If I have spoken more clearly on the point than is quite usual, I have done so at all hazards, because observation has convinced me of the great detriment which arises to the true interests of religion, and the mental embarrassment or perplexity often resulting, from inconsistency in our views of Scripture, or from the want of frankness on the part of its professed expounders. It may be easy to tell simple people that ‘railways are foretold in Daniel,’ or that ‘Armageddon means Sebastopol,’ but if we give our children such foundations as those for their faith, the flood of knowledge will one day sweep them away like sand. It would be far safer

to build upon the rock of Truth ; and to acknowledge the lesson of the ever unfolding providence of God, while we hold fast the unchangeable riches of His grace. Invidious as the task might be, I believe it would be a great gain to the cause of that religion which Jesus of Nazareth taught, for it to be clearly dissociated from the accidents of humanity which are the mere vehicle for conveying it to us. *We have the treasure in earthen vessels*, says the Apostle ; and again, *we know in part*. Nor is this truth necessarily at variance with the saying of our Saviour, that '*the Scripture cannot be loosed*.' For He uses these words in St. John x., in order to rebut a charge of blasphemy which the Jews brought against Him, and He is alluding to the 82nd Psalm, in which certain unjust judges are called worshipful, or gods, *Elohim*. Does He then mean to say the Scripture, which gives this title of *Elohim* to unjust judges, cannot go so utterly for nothing, but that it indicates some kind of divinity as hedging round any office conferred by the Most High ; and much more, then, the Jews, who acknowledge that title, should not call it blasphemy for Him whom the Father had especially consecrated and sent into the world to be called the Son of God ? Is something of this kind His meaning, or did He mean that every unjust magistrate is now to be called a god ? or did He intend incidentally to base upon this little sentence, as upon an inverted pyramid, the whole fabric of Old Testament ideas, in which case neither the Mosaic law is loosed, nor the gospel come, nor can any knowledge, of which the level has once been marked in the Old Testament, be ever raised to a higher stage ?

An unsparing assailant of Revelation would wish no greater vantage-ground, than that it should be responsible for all the shortcomings and ignorances of all the human agents who may have been instrumental in handing it down ; whereas Burnet and Paley, who speak as defenders, draw many distinctions which —— would utterly ignore. They tell us boldly that the doctrines of Scripture are divine, but that its arguments, or the modes of conveying the doctrines, are human, 'and that we

are not bound to be able to make out, or even to assent to, all the premises made use of by them,' &c. Upon what better principle, I ask, could the adoption by St. Paul of metaphors and reasonings from Philo Judæus, or his ratiocination about the word *seed* and *seeds*, be explained? If any one will consult the Rev. Professor Jowett's commentary on St. Paul, he will find many such things critically demonstrated, which I have been obliged, both here and in my sermons, to indicate but briefly. If, however, any living writer has the candour to admit such things, he may be styled an unbeliever. So was Bishop Butler in his lifetime, and so was Paley; and both probably were so by the very class of persons who, when their authority is thought convenient, profess to canonize them.

To my own mind it seems reasonable to illustrate the case of religion by the analogies of music, of geometry, and of language. Whoever first brings to perfection a treatise or grammar on any of these last, will have wrought a work which time will not let die. Yet, however excellent his book, it will be something different from the deep principles of harmony or of proportion which pervade all nature, or from those unerring instincts of logic after which God teaches the infancy of nations to mould their lisps. Thus, in our religion the things revealed are the first *principles*, or what may in one sense of the word be called the *Spirit*; but these, being once cradled in human nature, must work like a leaven, and put themselves forth in a body, or a letter, until they beget a record, which shall be sacred and precious, yet will partake of the earthly mould in which all human experience must be fashioned. Some such theory as this will best meet the real difficulties by which inquirers on this important subject are sometimes embarrassed; and while it best satisfies the facts upon which our induction must proceed, so it will justify us in dealing freely with things temporal, while we lay fast hold on things eternal.

Acting upon some such theory, I have endeavoured, amidst human infirmities, and am still prepared to teach at Lampeter the religion of Christ, according to the discipline of the Church of

England. If any one could start with every earthly interest and prepossession on this side, I with as much, if not more. But I dare not say that the secular knowledge of the patriarchs, as mirrored in the page of Scripture, is that of our own time ; I cannot blaspheme the grace of God, who left Himself nowhere without witness, by calumniating all noble spirits among the heathen ; I cannot join in persecuting the ancient people of Jehovah, because they construe some passages of Scripture better than many Christians do ; I cannot say there is no handwriting of God on the human heart, and no divine promises legible in peace of conscience and the experience of devout men everywhere ; nor can I even willingly sacrifice the spirit which gives life to the letter which kills ; nor quench the freedom which St. Paul preached, by fastening upon Christian necks a yoke of the precise framework of Jewish ideas, such as neither our fathers nor we have been able to bear. If any of these latter alternatives are required of the professors in our college, by either the Government or the public to which — so triumphantly appeals, they must find some other man to do the work—I shall fall alone and in a good cause. There was a time when I thought some popular exaggerations about Scripture required qualifying on the side of Church order ; I now think so mainly on the side of moral truth and intellectual freedom. Hence some minor discrepancies in the aspect of some of my sermons, which, however, do not affect their general statements.

But here it should be observed that no assailant has yet ventured to extract any proposition entire from my sermons, and to place it in parallel columns with any one Article of the Church of England, so as to show a discrepancy between the two. Yet some men have manifested no want of inclination to convict me. What is it, then, they do want ? But if they reluctantly acknowledge that my teaching is within all the fences of the Church of England, and that it is only their private tradition which I have broken, is this a time to narrow the liberty which even the Tudors and the Stuarts left to the Church ? or is it rather one for lengthening her cords ?

All this letter is written at an enormous disadvantage, because

under the painful necessity of refuting minute cavils, which have laid hold on what seemed vulnerable points in my sermons, without taking into account the general body and tendency of the whole. If any one will peruse my volume, he will see whether its main purport is such as those who have selected certain specimens for criticism would allege. And, if any humble or sincere Christians should have been disquieted by the sort of questions laid open in this letter, let them rest assured that no practical part of Christianity, nor any just reverence for the Bible, has been in any way imperilled by anything I have written. The cavils against me partly turn on questions of scientific criticism, and partly come of that spirit in which Pharisees of all ages have waged war against whatever truth they heard deeper or more charitable than their own blind formalism. Whoever reads the Bible for spiritual comfort, or as a rule of life and manners, will find nothing in my sermons intended to disturb him. . . .

But can that cause be pre-eminently Christian, or must it rather be desperate, the advocacy of which degenerates into such a method as has been employed? It begins with sowing discord and accusing the brethren. It makes good its accusation only by garbling and misrepresentation, such as our first instincts of honesty should shrink from. It gives a scoffing caricature of a doctrine which all the most affectionate and spiritually-minded Christians have cherished from the days of St. Paul to our own. It narrows the compassion of our Heavenly Father, by making Him the God of the Jew, and not also of the Gentile. It lays more stress upon external phenomena than upon moral meaning and spiritual life. It heaps together irrelevant texts, so as to make them instruments of cruelty. It distorts, so as to put in the most unfavourable light, some opinions which may be questioned, but which scholars at least are likely to hold more and more from day to day. It invokes, with rhetorical tears, the clamour of prejudice to drown the voice of argument; and it professes to claim for its narrow exclusiveness the sanction of an author who is eminently renowned for his unanswerable vindication of a larger freedom.

Surely it ought to be remembered that a system which appeals to men's better reason, as being the highest *Truth*, must both give inquiry free course, and suffer the results of inquiry to be honestly stated. If in the course of such statement any one should err, that refutation of his error will have the best claim on attention which shall be most gentle, modest, and ingenuous.

The next letter was written in answer to one telling him of a proposed discussion, to be held at a meeting of the Llanelly Church Association, upon the Inspiration of Scripture, with especial reference to his writings, and also informing him that the clergy of the neighbourhood of Lampeter intended to memorialize the Bishop of St. David's on the subject of his teaching.

II.

TO THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.¹

King's College, Cambridge, July 17, 1855.— I am very sensible of the honour which it may be truly said that the members of the Llanelly Clerical Meeting propose to confer upon me, by deigning to make my modest volume the subject of a regular discussion; and I trust they will have the goodness to carry out their proposal with consistency and equity, by at least furnishing themselves, each member, with a copy of the work, which they have undertaken to discuss. 'Strike, but hear,' is as much my motto as it was that of Themistocles.

As to collateral or illustrative books, the subject of Inspiration branches out into such a vast number of topics, and has been so often treated incidentally in the wide field of theology, that the difficulty is not so much to mention books bearing upon it, as to select the most pertinent. You probably know the

¹ Present Rector of Llanelly; at this time Professor of Welsh at St. David's College.

commoner books, at least in part, such as Tomline, Horne, and Gray, with the passages in Burnet and Paley; these *two* last being often cited, though not quite satisfactory to either the old or the new learning, but being of the nature of a compromise.

Bishop Lowth has suggestions; so has Hey in his lectures. Lowth wrote more expressly a small volume on the subject, and provoked the criticism of Locke (in Lord King's *Remains*) rather than won his assent. Soame Jenyns in his *Internal Evidence*, and Conyers Middleton in his *Discrepancies of the Gospels*, broke ground in the qualifying or negative direction. The Socinian and Deistical writers, coming to a head in Priestly and Belsham, and more recently, I see, in Higginson, carried out that side of the question with more daring consistency.

Bishop Williams, in his *Boyle Lectures*, and Warburton, in his *Divine Legation*, moderate and qualify; but would be said in our own day (by many) to concede more than they ought.

Gaussen, a Swiss Protestant, was employed recently to re-state the plenary Theopneustia in its strongest form; and he executed his purpose with an amount of ignorance and dogmatism sufficient to satisfy the most thorough English Bibliolater.

Perhaps the best among the more recent books would be Neander's *Planting of Christianity* (in Bohn's Library), a very good introduction; Coleridge's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, a profound, but not thoroughly self-consistent sketch of the whole subject; Westcott's Essay on the *Harmony and Inspiration of the Gospels* (a Cambridge Prize Essay). These three, with common sense and *sober* seriousness of thought, taking also into account the second book of Hooker, Burnet in the Article on Holy Scripture, and Paley's *Evidences*, with his quotation from Soame Jenyns in the latter part, would suffice to give an intelligent clergyman a view of the present state of the question.

Two books, on different sides, but both of merit, may be added. One is Morell's *Philosophy of Religion*, an elaborate treatise, far outstepping our received views, and on the qualifying or even dismembering side, but easier to abuse than to disprove

or refute. The other is Lee's *Donellan Lectures*, the work of a Dublin Professor—not of the Cambridge Dr. S. L. quoted lower down; able, if I may judge from reviews, and reported to be an answer by anticipation to my poor sermons. I do not happen to have read it. In case you buy it, lend it to me.

As you have launched me on this theme, I will also mention other books, which give hints or illustrations. These would be Alford's *Greek Testament*, Stanley and Jowett's *Commentaries* on certain Epistles, Maurice's *Lessons of the Old Testament*, and his *Kings and Prophets*, and Rosenmüller's *Scholia*. Hugh James Rose, and Dr. Pusey, each on German Theology, the first assailant, and the latter (strange to say) *then* apologetic, would give a picture of both good and bad, critical and fantastic, in the *many* German schools. Semler's Latin writings, in St. David's College library, would give one of their very strong, yet still not extreme phases.

My own belief is neither based on any single author, nor is it capable of being appreciated by any *à priori* theory; and hence no critic, however hostile, has yet ventured to analyze it, since it proceeds much on a critical examination of many passages in the Scriptures of both the Old and New Testaments; and especially upon interpretations of Prophecy, which require to be severally and carefully weighed. Digest Rosenmüller on the Psalms (though he is very moderate, if compared to the bolder Rationalist commentators), and the same, or Gesenius, on Isaiah. Cambridge Professor S. Lee on Prophecy, especially on Revelations, may be consulted for views of Isaiah, and of Gesenius on the same, and add for yourself examination of the *animus* flowing through texts of the New Testament, often quoted on the stricter side, and you will then divine what I must hold, and why I hold it. The sermon on Holy Scripture, preached at Lampeter in 1850, gives the practical and hortatory side of my views, not then perhaps fully matured, and the sermon, 'Speaking by the Holy Ghost,'¹

¹ See *Rational Godliness*, Sermons iv., xix.

preached at Cambridge, gives the formal theory underlying my views, and expounded after a mature self-digestion of it to a more critical audience. Similarly, the last sermon in my volume is, for scientific theologians, the key to the rest. But this last hints things which either I had not arrived at previously, or thought less adapted for hortatory purposes.

Perhaps I have said enough to weary or frighten, if not to instruct you; but wishing you fair wind on your voyage of discovery, I am, very truly yours, ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

P.S.—One more book is very well worth studying, especially in its best dress, which is an edition published by two American Episcopalians (Tarver, *I think*, and Whittingham, the latter of them since a Bishop).

I mean Professor Jahn's *Critical Introduction to the Old Testament*. He was a Romanist divine; states difficulties fairly, and answers them judiciously, though not always convincingly; while his episcopal editors supply much illustration and suggestions. But this is [a] book to *study*; not to get up for an evening's talk.

Moses Stuart is worth looking at, on the picture of Eden and the Fall in the Book of Genesis.

Last of all, Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* is a book which bears on this subject *quite* indirectly, yet well adapted to brace and clear the mind for study of it. You will not confuse this with the same writer's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, which is addressed directly to the topic of Biblical Inspiration.

III.

TO THE REV. ARCHER GURNEY.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Nov. 18, 19, 1855.—A pressure of lecturing and other occupation has prevented me from replying to your letter so early as I could have wished, in order to prevent my appearing to you to slight it.

If every critic would mix his blame as agreeably as you do with praise, the blow of the censor's rod would be easily healed. Very different are the rude cuffs which my compatriot Boanerges deal me with pen and tongue. I thank you for the expressions of kindness, and readily make allowance for that in which you differ.

But in some points you appear rather to misunderstand me, and in others, you must pardon me for saying that, you can hardly have taken the pains even to have informed yourself of the *facts* upon which our opinions ought to be based. For instance, you tell me that I contradict the 'Jewish Church' about the Book of Daniel. Do I? Upon opening my own Hebrew Bible, I find Daniel, not ranging with Ezekiel or Isaiah, as in the English, but near the end, amongst the mere Hagiographa. If I ask the expounders of such things what this arrangement implies, they tell me that 'the Jewish Church' put books of a later date, and inferior or subsequent to the eminently prophets, in that portion of their sacred volume. 'Now, Sir,' to borrow your own pretty rhetoric, 'who are you, to contradict the testimony of the Jewish Church' on the mere force of your own opinion, or that of others, who choose to take things for granted?

Again, if I *ask the book itself*, it answers me that it contains words not Persian, as any contemporary of Cyrus must have written, but manifestly Greek, such as *Symphonia*, and even Macedonian, such as psanterion (for *Ψαλτήριον*).

If I then examine the facts, it narrates in a form of vaticinatory parable the history of Ptolemies and Seleucidæ, down to Antiochus Epiphanes, who thought to 'change times and seasons,' abhorred the God of his fathers, and set up his own statue (like Caligula afterwards) in the character of Jupiter O. M. Out of that dark distress, in the agony of a struggle for natural faith and life, some parabling patriot foretold that God would yet raise up an eternal kingdom. And so He did. In a way, then, the cry of faith and zeal has found a response in the compassion of the Eternal, to whom all our strong cryings are known, and a fulfilment in the

advent of that Prince of peace, who, though born of David after the flesh, yet after the spirit of holiness is the stone cut without hands.

But it is obvious that a book, so long after the events supposed in Babylon, and with such an admixture of temporal purpose, cannot on grounds of proper historical criticism give us the same guarantee for *very marvellous* narratives ; as if it had been contemporary. Without, then, 'rejecting' the Book of Daniel, but taking it as the two Churches of Jerusalem and of England give it me, I can read it for a certain kind of edification ; but dare not, if history and criticism have any meaning, put it forward with all the confidence of some expositors of the seventy weeks, nor even look upon it as strictly historical. But this is no new opinion. I only say what critical scholars have thought, from Porphyry down to Dr. Arnold.

You may see the arguments not unfairly stated, but with a natural wish to decide on the alternative supposed orthodox, in Jahn's *Introd. in libros Vet. Fœd.* ; but better in Tarver and Bishop 'Whittingham's translation' of the same learned and candid work.

In fact, both external and internal evidence settle that question as I have settled it—if criticism is to go for anything ; and if it is not—why are we to believe, or why not the Vedas ?

Let us turn to Joshua. Here you rightly discriminate between the materials and the present shape. The materials may be in part nearly contemporaneous with the conquest ; and I have no doubt of the substantial facts of the Israelites having conquered, and divided Canaan ; which the Judge of the whole earth must have given them for reasons approved in His Providence. But the present shape of the book tells me that it is long posterior to the event ; for it speaks of descent, &c., *to this day*. It mentions the division of Israel and Judah, hardly known before Saul's time ; the name of Jerusalem, probably not given until David took Jebus ; other names which admit of similar minute reasoning ; and the Book of Jasher, which was certainly not complete before the death of Saul.

The portions it cites from Jasher are *poetry*. So are those in which the cutting off of the waters of the Jordan is mentioned ; whereas the book in general is prose. Now, different people may draw different inferences. The note you refer to in my volume draws none. But if you apply the ordinary tests of historical evidence, no critic will permit you to interpret ancient fragments of song with as *literal* accuracy as contemporary prose. Such a distinction will especially acquire force, if the *marvels*, which have a legendary air, are found in the poetry and in the remote fragments, while the prose history relates more nearly events in harmony with the ordinary course of Divine Providence.

It is not that I have any difficulty in believing the present government of Almighty God ; but because the evidence for the special form of the 'Miracle' is by no means such as you suppose it to be, that I speak about the poetry in the Book of Joshua not being necessary to be interpreted literally.

But why should not the Author of our being teach us by poetry, as well as by prose ? and why not through the imagination, which elevates, as well as through a dull logic which picks up straws ? You are, I think, a poet ; if so, you should believe in the living God, and ask Him to give you the lyre of David ; or at least pray Him to strengthen you, that you may neither despair of His truth, nor of His child Mankind, though many a twilight dream of morning fade in the serene light of His awful noonday.

You remember how Bacon compares Fiction and Truth ?

If you will read up the above subjects, and do me the favour to write again, I shall be much interested in hearing from you. At present, perhaps, we may postpone the discussion of angels and evil spirits.

Be it only understood that I neither deny 'ministering spirits,' nor limit the infinitely ineffable range of higher beings ; though such knowledge is too wonderful for me ; and I cannot help seeing that many bodily appearances and fanciful circumstances are rather embodiments of the devoutly shaping thought than visible visitants in purple or golden robes, with palm branches in

their hands, and pinions on their shoulders, from that world which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, &c.

Touching evil, the more you think of it, the more abstract it becomes. Analyze it, and it fades; embody it, and it becomes the great enemy. God be thanked, who puts it under our feet, the more we trust in Him—whether we imagine it, with Milton, in the form of mailed myriads quailing before the Archangel's thunderbolt; or whether we see it with clear glance of thought, vanishing at the presence of God, even as unsubstantial darkness vanishes before the light.

You say that I see the dangerous consequences of my own system. Believe me, I see far greater dangers from not telling the truth; from deifying a book; from making the letter everything; from resting Christianity on foundations which hardly any jury of critical scholars would find a verdict in its favour upon.

What does Christ's saying mean, that 'He came to bear witness to the truth?'

I have very much to learn; and if I seem to speak with undue confidence, it comes of pride rather than of knowledge. Hence, if you will only teach me better, I shall be most thankful to learn of you: but at least I have learnt that some things you rely upon are not solid foundations.

Let us then ask our Father and our Master, whenever the letter crumbles beneath us, to strengthen us so much the more with the Spirit, of which, after all, the letter is only the creature and the visible pronunciation.

I can never again symbolize intellectually with many simple and devout Christians, but I have more sympathy of heart with them now than when I fancied, for want of due analysis, that my intellectual coincidence was more precise.

So I thank you very heartily for your friendly and interesting letter; and only ask you to hope and believe, that when the earthly temple fails, God will 'in three days' rear it again a heavenly.

I recommend you to read Jowett upon St. Paul's Epistles.

My own sermon on 'The Witness of God'¹ has some hints to be considered, though its idea is *miserably and only half brought out*.

Parts of Luther on the Galatians might do you good, *e.g.* on *Lex literæ*, and on the '*Traditions of the Fathers*,' for which Saul the Pharisee was jealous ; as Saulites (not Paulites) are now.

IV.

TO A CLERGYMAN.

St. David's College, Lampeter, Nov. 16, 1855.—Pearson may have, and perhaps has, given us, the masterpiece of English divinity, but I know no book, unless possibly Beveridge, on which the crucial experiment might be tried of how far our theological systems quote Scripture fairly, with more certainty of an unfavourable result. When Bentley called his dust gold, he spoke not as a critic, but as a man conscious of the *mecum facit*. However, he must be read (and I have twice analyzed him through with my class ; so that any help to the student in that respect may be welcomed). But the notes detain me longer in reading. It pleases me also much to have any token of your kind remembrance, especially at a time when I stink in the nostrils of many respectable Pharisees, and am running the gauntlet of abuse, both for some things which I have said and for many which I have never said. So long as these 'adversaries' keep at a distance, it may be hardly worth while contradicting them ; but I may be obliged to shed a little ink on some neighbouring parsons who have affected to beard me in my den.

For either good advice or friendly reminiscence I am duly grateful, and under the latter head thank you for your little book.

I hope your college prospers. . . . Mine had taken a start upward from the state in which I found it ; but the want of cheap classical schools, and the competition of *shorter-coursed* seminaries,

¹ *Rational Godliness*, Sermon xviii.

which require less examination at entrance, are keeping us back seriously; and it is less than ever clear to me whether the seven years' experiment which I had devoted myself to try here, will end in raising our clerical standard, or the contrary.

V.

TO THE SAME.

Rhual-Isa, Mold, North Wales, Jan. 2, 1856.—On your return to —— I intend you to find on your table a copy of my volume,¹ which I shall beg you to accept from me.

You may judge from reading it how far my friends' criticisms are correct. My own feeling is that I have sinned on the side of caution, or (though from conscientious motives) of accommodation, rather than of rashness. For most of the Sermons attempt to proceed hortatorily upon a certain basis, rather than detail critically the elements which make up that basis itself. If there is any exception to this hortatory and reverential tone, it is only, I conceive, in the last Sermon; and there you will see why.

One or two of the notes, however, are somewhat more controversial in tone. But is there not a cause? It may well be that I have failed in bringing out the moral significance and perpetual truth of what is essential to Christ, in so persuasive a tone as men of happier mould or higher life might do; but I am tolerably certain that I have not overstated the intellectual difficulties on the side of those who desecrate the world, in order to deify a book. Nor have I (except in a sentence which the context explains) said anything to confound *religious* inspiration with that of the arts and sciences. But certainly I lessen the gulf between Bible and *Prayer-book*; make it, indeed, accidental, rather than essential.

Slowly, and by sad steps, I have been pushed where I am, and am more likely to go forward than backward.

¹ *Rational Godliness.*

More parable, less circumstance,
More poetry, less prose,
More truth, less incident,
More humanity, less heaven-dropt image,
More providence, less *formal* miracle,
More predication, less prediction,
More the living God, less the dead Book,
More unveiling life, less 'revealing' fact, are the sort

of tendencies on which my own mind, and probably that of others in our generation, is bent.

They who will not have Siloam, may have the rushing of Jordan.

But I had rather see some one else go forward, and think I have been cautious rather than rash. Only, if we are put forward to speak as Truth that which we have studied, it does not always rest with us to choose what we shall say.

Thanks for your friendly letter. You cannot well object to my way of treating Deborah: though some people do. On the whole, I should have no great reason to complain of the critics *since* my book has appeared, if — had not done me an unkind turn in the *Guardian*.

In South Wales they will try to Jelf me; but that I naturally expected.

After all, the justification or condemnation of my 'manner' depends upon how far a very different language is now required from that our apologists ordinarily use.

I would not soften a word in my nineteenth Sermon, which is the most offensive, but I might alter or guard some sentences elsewhere. You will see how some have confused *analogy* with equality.

If, however, all is right, and adapted to our modern criticism, in the drippings of Paley, and in the *strong antithesis* (so much insisted on) between Divine Providence generally, and Revelation in particular; *or* if the Bible was before, and is above, the Truth, of which I conceive it to be rather an embodiment, then I am

wrong, not in manner, but in matter and in spirit. Far be it from me to think this conclusion a 'reductio ad absurdum.' But I am pointing out the nature of the issue raised.

The disturbing portion of the volume, after all, is only that at Cambridge. The Lampeterian is rather hortatory.

Write me a line of criticism when you have read for yourself, and believe me, with every friendly feeling, yours most truly.

VI.

TO A STRANGER.

Rhual-Isa, Mold, Jan. 12, 1856.—Rev. Sir,—As you do me the honour to express a wish for my sermons,¹ I will direct my publisher, in the course of a few days, to forward you a copy.

I also thank you, by anticipation, for the volume which you are good enough to offer me, and will lose no time in perusing it.

But you must excuse my saying, in all simplicity, that the demands on my time and eyesight are far too numerous for me to be able to welcome the idea of an epistolary discussion.

It may suffice therefore to suggest that the question of 'primary' or 'secondary' in prophecy must depend upon the end at which we begin; since that which is last in history may be first in idea, and what is first in human contemplation may be last in the divine regard.

The language you refer to in my Propositions was used *historically rather than* (platonically or) metaphysically. At the same time, I would humbly trust that the result of all discussion and consideration may be the promotion of that sacred cause of truth, which He whom we call Master came into the world to bear witness to.

VII.

TO THE REV. C. A. SWAINSON.²

St. David's College, Lampeter, June 3, 1856.—I have too long delayed thanking you both for the very acceptable present of

¹ *Rational Godliness*; which the writer had begged in exchange for his own sermons.

² Canon Swainson, D.D.

Robertson's Sermons and Lectures ; and, more recently, for your little aid to the Study of Butler.

The Sermons appear to me just what one could wish—affectionate, earnest, practical ; with no pomp of speculation, but yet with a free tone of criticism evidently underlying his hortatory application. But then, he had in a way the happiness of addressing a congregation in which general intelligence and humanity both suggested and welcomed such a style. Those who speak in places where theory and criticism are more appropriately discussed can hardly avoid getting into something harder.

However, it was a great pleasure to me to read Robertson ; and I said to myself, This is how I should have *liked* to preach if I could, and if circumstances, as well as self, had been more propitious. You may have seen, from a pamphlet I sent you, that I have made some use of him in quotation.

Conscience and intuition against miracle and tradition, with perhaps poetry against prose, would express roughly what seems to me the theory implied at bottom of my later sermons, and to run, with more or less of practical affectionateness, through Robertson. But probably I started from more of a High Church and critically authoritative point of view, than he did. Hence an imperfectly fused, though growing consistency (as I fancy), in my volume. (But how the heathen rage, and my critics, I trust, imagine vain things !)

Whatever helps us to study Butler, is useful. He must be read for ever. Yet, what he really *proves* is, after all, as little as Barrow (I think) found proved by 'Paradise Lost.' He confounds the dogmatism of unbelief, and reproves its levity ; nor is it a slight gain for the mind to be schooled into a habit of approaching religious discussion with reverential modesty ; but farther than this, I don't know that Butler does much for the bystander or seeker, whatever he may do for the person already convinced, and only wanting to be strengthened.

His arguments on prophecy I can only make available by my own device *of a new relation to new events*, rather than by the

common talk of a 'secondary sense.' Tell me, please, some day, if you think otherwise. Tell me also what you think of my way of putting the comparative priority, as foundations, of Morality and of Miracles. The way seems to me new; though the ideas of that being the true order is old. I hope it is not in wrath, but, as I believe, in deliberate and calm disgust, that I say, recent events have very much lowered my estimate of the amount of knowledge, acquaintance with their proper craft, and sincerity, which the religious critics of England bring to their task.

But my gossip is running on with more or less of an egotistic breath about it.

My proper business was to thank you for your friendly presents.

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE BISHOP OF
ST. DAVID'S—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL: 1856.

‘His complaint always was that nobody would question his views in *particulars*, that nobody would fight with him hand to hand, but that random missives were discharged at him from a distance, by men who fled away while they fought.’—*Sara Coleridge, of S. T. C.*

FROM the friendly relations which since his appointment to Lampeter had existed between the Bishop of St. David's and himself, as well as from Dr. Thirlwall's high scholarship, perhaps also on account of the well-known liberality of his theological views, Rowland Williams naturally expected from him a measure of sympathy and support in the difficulties which had arisen; but the correspondence which took place in the spring of this year made it evident that, though the Bishop had no desire to interfere, he as little intended to do or say anything which might be construed into positive support.

Early in February, finding that the clergy of the diocese were carrying out their intention of making a formal complaint to the Bishop as visitor of the college, on the subject of his theological opinions, Rowland Williams wrote to his Lordship, desiring that if his decision could possibly be doubtful, he might have an opportunity of

remarking, on whatever might seem to him to call for a judicial decision.

The Bishop replied that he had been on the point of writing to him on the subject, being desirous to know the steps he proposed to take in consequence of the agitation. He said he did not foresee that it would be necessary for him to pronounce any judicial decision in the case, and waived discussion; but regarding the proposed complaint as an indication of clerical feeling, and considering the effect that this, together with the hostile position taken up by the Bishop of Llandaff, was likely to have upon the prosperity of the college, he broadly suggested resignation, on the ground that continuance in his office would no longer secure the object which was the end of his appointment, and which he was well assured he had constantly and earnestly at heart—the well-being of the college; at the same time he wished his final determination to be the result of his own unbiassed judgment.

This seemed an easy way of solving the difficulties, but the suggestion did not betoken much moral courage. To follow it, Rowland Williams felt, would be to give way to an ignorant clamour, and to condemn himself in the very matter wherein he had acted most according to the convictions of his conscience; while it was at the same time not at all clear to him, and in fact very much the reverse, that he would thereby benefit the college. He therefore again asked for a fair review of his doctrine, conduct, and movements. ‘The rights of literature, the interests of truth, the freedom of the clergy ought,’ he thought, ‘to be taken into some account.’ ‘I am impelled,’ he says

‘in this direction by a desire neither to convict myself, as it were, of unfaithfulness, which I have not committed towards the Church of England, nor to appear to have succumbed immediately after the expression of doctrine which I believe reasonably reconcilable with our standards.’

‘My own belief,’ he continues, ‘is, that if the agitation is not artificially fomented it will very soon wear itself out. Nor is it my impression that the broad public opinion of South Wales has any quarrel with my book, though it may have with distorted views of it. And again, if I have said some things “disputable,” it is not to be assumed, as a premium to punishment, that they are indisputably wrong, but it is manifest that, in the gross exaggeration of my critics, I have been as much assailed for things in which the confessions of all Christendom and all the soundest divines are with me, as I have been for other things which may possibly savour of paradox. In short, I am naturally slow to concede that my doctrine either is so censurable, or so widely censured as might seem to have been assumed. If I was a beneficed clergyman, there is not an iota or a jot which I could not defend by established standards, or which I would not stand by.’

While renewing in this letter the desire that his teaching should be critically judged, he expresses his readiness to leave Lampeter as soon as his presence there should be *proved* detrimental to the college; ‘for so,’ he adds, ‘I shall have done what God enabled me to do on the side of faith and freedom, which is very dear to me, and shall at the same time have refrained from injuring by any perversity my college, which as yet is higher in numbers

than it was in the whole of 1851, and not lower in character.' But before binding himself to such a course he requested time for consideration of his lordship's suggestion.

The Bishop, in a letter of 22nd of February, 1856, replied that he did not know he had the power to refuse or consent to his request, and again repeated that he wished his resignation to be spontaneous, the result of his own free conviction. The plea of orthodoxy, he said, he considered irrelevant; and to the desire expressed by Rowland Williams that his doctrine might be examined, he replied that he considered there might be sufficient ground for the exercise of authority on account of the book, though no proposition could be extracted from it which could be legally convicted of heresy, and this, on the ground of the Bishop of Llandaff's movement in the matter, which not only was indicative of the general feeling, but would in itself be injurious to the welfare of the college.

At this critical juncture, Rowland Williams writes in his Journal: 'God help me to do what is right. I took counsel not with flesh and blood. I am not conscious of having broken any law, or broken faith to the Church of England; on the contrary, to her, at least, I have been faithful. Nor, again, in my heart of hearts have I ever forfeited allegiance to the very Truth, and least now when I trust it most.'

Gradually, his conviction that he should be right in retaining his position gained strength, and on February 25th, 1856, he replies to the Bishop's letter, saying that he had considered the effect the Bishop of Llandaff's *private opinions* might have upon the tenure of his office, but that demonstrations of hostility did not increase his inclination

to give way. 'I certainly intend,' he says, 'to stay long enough to prove that my legal standing-ground in the Church has not been shaken by anything published in my book; and when that object is attained, the effect of my connection with the college upon its prosperity, would require serious consideration from myself, and natural deference to the opinion and suggestion of the visitor.'

In answer to the remarks the Bishop had made as to the tendencies of the book, based on some quotations from it which he understood to imply 'drifting' (*Rational Godliness*, pp. 56—60), he says, that the only changes of opinion referred to in the passages quoted are changes of exegesis or interpretation. 'Now, whatever may be the precise connection of hermeneutic and dogmatic theology (and they seem to me not quite so intimately connected as they do to many persons), yet at least we must ever retain the right of interpreting particular texts as our growing knowledge may require. Yet doctrines may be deeply grounded in the reason and the nature of things, though popularly supported by interpretations of little value, *e.g.* the Trinity, and the first chapter of Genesis. But at any rate, I can never foresee the possibility of a day's arriving when I shall have ceased to expound the recognized theology of the Church, and yet retain office in her college. Still less, if possible, do I think any one else justified in foreseeing such a day on my behalf. Nor does my book appear to me other than definite in its theology, unless it be in the last sermon, which has a special object, and is apologetic rather than dogmatic. Since I have been at Lampeter my hold on

Christianity as a practical faith has strengthened rather than weakened, though my estimate of "evidences" and popular hermeneutics may have lowered.'

He now brought out a pamphlet entitled *Lampeter Theology*, exemplified in extracts from the Vice-Principal's lectures, letters, and sermons.¹

He thus writes of it to the Bishop of St. David's:—

Feb. 25, 1856.—A circumstance apparently accidental had brought to my recollection an old lecture which I had more than once delivered here, and which is the only written specimen in existence of my Lampeter lectures. On looking at it, I found it likely to give a more just impression of my sayings and doings here than certain critics have done; so I sent it on Thursday last to a printer at Carmarthen. I purpose adding to it two or three small papers, all of which will, I hope, have an effect rather explanatory, though not quite free from a certain polemical tinge. I wish my countrymen generally to know at least what sort of things I say here, before I am 'hounded out of Rome.'

Besides this opening lecture to the divinity class at Lampeter, April, 1850, the pamphlet contained:—

2. *The Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff* respecting the chaplaincy, already mentioned.

3. *The Propositions*, slightly altered from their original form, and entitled *Modern Judaism and Rational Godliness*.

4. *A Parallel of the Issues*—antithetical propositions, giving the substance of the sermons on the one hand, and on the other, what would be logically the counter propositions.

¹ London: Bell and Daldy; Carmarthen: Spurwell.

The title and sharp antithesis of these Propositions having been found fault with, he thus defends their form :—

Whoever has preached in the hope of benefiting men finds it useless to make sermons consist of syllogisms and definitions. We throw out broad truths, and attempt to reach the heart as best we can. Nor need every sermon stand in syllogistic connection with its neighbour, though all may be pervaded by a ruling sentiment. We may habitually exalt life above form, or spirit above letter, without disparaging in either case the lower instrument. Those again who blame our ruling sentiment may be expected to have some leaning towards its opposite ; and whatever justifies the one may seem polemically affected toward the other, though not in direct antithesis to it. If it becomes necessary to state the substance of our preaching in propositions, these may hang together in as loose a connection as the sermons. They need not proceed in logical sequence one from the other. But their dialectical aspect will have reference to the objections, either raised in fact or logically presumable, on the part of critics who disapprove the sermons. For instance, in defining the subject-matter of revelation, as things divine, there will be a reference to those who made it involve infallibility in things secular. Now, it was originally my impression that those who censured, and those who wavered over my doctrine, must believe more or less something opposed to it. Hence I thought it natural (without meaning individual persons) to direct arguments against such sentiment as would logically justify (and in some cases is actually employed to justify) censure of the simple truths preached by me.

These Propositions give, indeed, not only the substance of the sermons, but an epitome of his teaching. In their simple aphoristic form, they were well calculated to arrest the attention of those who had called his teaching in

question. Many persons in South Wales read them, and thus gained some idea of the truths he aimed at, who knew *Rational Godliness* only from hearsay, and would not have cared to read a more continuous and lengthy argument.

In *Lampeter Theology*, he adopted as his own the Welsh motto, 'Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd,'—'Truth against the World,' than which none could better describe the attitude of his life.

The title *Lampeter Theology*,—given in defiance of unscrupulous attacks,—he afterwards thought was an unfortunate one, as leading to the supposition that there was something especially peculiar in the divinity of St. David's College.

About this time he writes in his journal :—

May 1—6.—My pamphlet strengthens me to hold my ground. It has brought out my position more clearly to my own conviction.

I teach what Jesus taught in spirit. I teach it as the law under which God placed me teaches it in letter.

Mind of Christ, discipline of the Church, freedom, and yet compliance for truth and goodness' sake—is not this essentially St. Paul's giving no offence, with law or lawlessness, to Jew, to Gentile, or to Church?

But in spite of this conviction and determination, it was not possible that he could remain undisturbed amidst the misrepresentations which arose on all sides, and he says : 'I live too much alone, and such things awaken angry reveries in me. Blessed Lord, Thy Holy Spirit can rule my unruly affections—peace, forgiveness, love. Especially let me not waste in such squabbles the strength due to nobler ends.'

In June, 1856, he wrote again to the Bishop a letter which was afterwards inserted in his 'earnestly respectful letter,' informing him of his decision to retain his position.

In this he sums up the questions to be considered under two heads—whether his doctrine was wrong, and whether he injured the college. Again desiderating examination on the first before it was condemned, he refers for the second to the state of the college, which had increased in numbers since 1850, notwithstanding the inefficiency of grammar-schools, the lessening of grants, and other obstacles connected with internal reforms. Parents, he said, had shown no great alarm at his doctrine—'I have not heard of one instance of a student's being frightened by my opinions, though some have been by my examinations.' The immediate engagement of his pupils, as soon as ready for curacies, showed also that clergymen were not deterred from receiving them. And in regard to the attitude taken up by the Bishop of Llandaff, he was at this time inclined to hope, that were the worst construction put upon the Bishop's intentions, the consequences to the college would not be so serious as had been feared. He concludes, 'I will not retire in the presence of false accusations until my accusers retract, or my judge confirms them.'

This correspondence, while it afforded a partial relief by showing that Bishop Thirlwall did not intend any active hostility, was yet—from the general tone of his lordship's letters, which chiefly indicated a desire on his part to be spared trouble—exceedingly disappointing to Rowland Williams.

In the autumn of this year he writes: 'Certainly I am

sadly isolated, and cast in an unsympathizing corner of a barbarous land.'

Nothing but the bitterest sense of misapprehension and want of sympathy could have drawn from him words like these concerning his beloved Wales.

* * * * *

The following entries occur in his note-book this long vacation, a part of which was spent at Cambridge :—

July 10.—Dined with Watson at Queen's. A curious question, whether converted Zulus at the Cape, if they have two wives, should put away one of them. H. Goodwyn thought not, for what is to become of the children? The Bishop (Colenso) acts on this view; rightly, for the case is like that of the patriarchs, done in simplicity (though not, as St. Austin pretended, in 'mystery'), and it is no duty to God to break faith or mercy to woman or man. The subject would almost do for a poem.

P——, of Caius, thinks the Hindús will never be converted; for, he says, they have too broad a Pantheism to be narrowed into scriptural limits. I don't think they ought to be converted by the common arguments, which have neither solid facts nor reason; but the good works of teaching children and women, of elevating their ideas, and giving them such a picture of God as comes forth in his thought, fulfilling itself in Christ, will probably work on them in time.

July 11, 1856.—Immediate emancipation has failed where tried; and if applied suddenly to the Southern of the United States, would probably ruin both negroes and masters. The one set is not fit, the other could not afford; and perhaps a social war might ensue. Sir B. Brodie remarks this in his ingenious, though light, essays on physiology and mind. We might apply it wholesomely to the idea of religious freedom, and to larger views of

revelation, if suddenly thrust on nations unprepared. A training of generations seems necessary.

Read on coming home last night much of Scholefield's life. Its tone is affectionate and wholesome, with too much family gossip for strangers.

Scholefield was very commonplace as a scholar, useful as a parish priest, and, for a university don, honest as a man.

Read on Sunday last Dr. Youngs' 'Christ of History,' a poor and twaddling book, with no knowledge of the real sense of criticism on the books of the New Testament; yet taking a far better line than men of his stamp would formerly, by bringing out the meaning of the life of Jesus, and the inherent goodness of His doctrine.

A book by the same man, on the Mystery of Evil, or some such name, correctly observes, that there is much of *what seems to us evil* in the world, which yet seems to come directly of God, and not of the devil, or of the fall of man which theologians speak of.

Certainly God forms the light and creates darkness. Both Zoroastrianism and Diabolism are imperfect parables of that duality of opposites, which has a deeper unity comprehending them both, and having its root in the Creator's mind. Blessed be God, who putteth all things under our feet.

How gloriously some of the grand utterances of the earliest Gentilizing teachers of righteousness among the Jews, such as Isaiah, cut through the Rabbinical theories many build upon the loose popular sayings of the simple speakers of the New Testament.

Have read about half of Brodie's Essays. Their value seems chiefly in their assertion of our spiritual individuality, in their discrimination as to moral insanity—a thing which men may bring on themselves and suffer for—and in his wholesome cautions about injuring the body by license of pampering, or the mind by that of ill humours.

Both these cautions I might profit by. It is strange how on

horseback I relapsed, on Wednesday, into moody reveries about my Shimeis; whereas at Cambridge, recently, my thoughts had been more sunny. This is partly association.

Was mentioned yesterday a preacher in Westmoreland, who began by starting the question to his hearers, whether was the Ethiopian eunuch reading the Septuagint, or the original Hebrew? A queer beginning, but a good question. As high in rank, the man would know Hebrew; as near Egypt, he would be in the region where the LXX. was needed and used.

July 21st.—Dined with Vice-Chancellor Whewell, who, sitting between two judges, Campbell and Coleridge, looked magnificent. Such a trio of big heads got surely never together before.

. . . . Sedgwick, kind but aged. Amusing to hear his horror of Quakers' 'infidelity.' These geologists seem to pacify the wild beasts that would devour them, by occasionally dropping some of the more awkward of their own crew, to stay the ravening, and avert it from themselves. However, good and bad are tangled things.

August 11th.—Preached on Sunday at Boxworth; but was ashamed of reading out my two formal discourses to a few simple folk, and made some remarks from notes on 'Not by bread alone,' and on 'Our Father.' Felt some comfort in having done so.

Have twice seen Leslie Ellis. What a miracle of patience and of intellect! Six or seven years he has been dying, with rheumatism gradually encroaching on the seat of life, yet mind clear, and faith (I should think) clearing, and his knowledge even now outflowing that of three or four common men. Ellis reads now Philo and Aristotle, so far as his sight permits.

I have finished chapter xi. [*Christianity and Hinduism*]. Thank God, and may He bless what I have written, to men, and Christendom, and my life! When this book is finished, I shall have performed David's vow; and may seek his gift.

Lady Affleck lent me a queer book by V——,¹ Paul Ferroll. It is a frightful tale of passion, murder, and conscience. Read lately the 'Virgin Martyr,' a most charming play. Ruggiero's fair one is very interesting, with her disavowed tenderness hid in mocking tones. It is by H. Taylor.

An invitation from Mr. Wayte to Calne, which I have accepted. Another to Powis Castle, which I have also accepted, though at the price of preparing a paper for the *Archæological*.

Sept. 13.—Mr. —— one day told us in a sermon that no religion before Christianity had ever dared to teach the eternity of future punishment; and this he made a merit, as a thing connected with our stronger assurance of the independent oneness and life of every soul. Perhaps he learnt this of Isaac Taylor, but it is only a specimen of the ridiculously groundless assertions which our evidence writers make no scruple of throwing out, as if they thought to serve the Almighty by lying.

Had he never read Lucretius',

'Æternas quianam poenas in morte timendum?'

Or the Tusculans of Cicero?—

It would be far truer to say Christianity found such fears in the world, and delivers us from them, or at least from the evil which causes them. Whatever heals the soul is medicine against such fears.

Sept. 16.—There are sharp sayings in the Gospels of 'weeping, and gnashing of teeth,' and of flames and the worm. They come out more in the teachings of Jesus than in those of His followers.

The reason is that the work of Jesus Himself was to turn the external literalism of the law and the Pharisees into inward spiritual truth. The law embodied the natural fears of evil conscience, sacerdotally denounced. Jesus takes away the

¹ Mrs. Arthur Clive.

sacerdotalism, but leaves the right and wrong : the praise of God, and the scourge of evil. His tone, if taken alone and on its human side, has a mystical sound. St. Paul opens the freedom of the conscience towards God with more explicit and logical reasoning.

The Master teaches righteousness of the heart.

The disciple teaches freedom of the conscience.

The good news was in the establishment of a mental kingdom, and so the fulfilment in spirit, of hopes failed in the letter.

The forgiveness of injuries is far from being peculiar to Christianity, but is, more than anything else, characteristic of it.

He who forgives is a Christian.

He who forgives not is not one.

He who forgives not has all the scourges of conscience and the threats of the law still open against him.

He who forgives freely, the devils are cast out of him. He sits calm and clothed at his Saviour's feet.

Lord, I forgive ; help Thou my unforgiveness. If I could forgive others perfectly, I know that then would be said to me,
Thy sins are forgiven.

CHAPTER X.

‘CHRISTIANITY AND HINDUISM’—‘ORESTES’—
PROPHECY PRIZE—JOURNAL: 1856–1857.

‘Not removing the footsteps of the Eternal from Palestine, but tracing them on other shores; not making the saints of old orphans, but ourselves partakers of their sonship.’

AT the close of 1856, in the middle of the storm caused by the ill-judged agitation on account of *Rational Godliness*, and while his compatriots in South Wales were doing their best to make his position there untenable, Rowland Williams found some satisfaction in the completion and publication of his great, perhaps his greatest literary work, *Christianity and Hinduism*.

The reader will recollect that upon his gaining the Muir Prize, in 1847, for a preliminary essay on the comparative merits of Christianity and Hinduism, he was instructed by a special grace of the Senate of the University to proceed with the composition of the entire treatise, on the completion of which the remainder of the prize was to be awarded.

During the interval which had elapsed, he had given much time and care to the completion of the work; all

his studies and thoughts, indeed, he said, had been subsidiary to it, and he had spared no trouble to make the book all it should be as an authority upon the subjects of which it treated. At the time of its publication it was said by competent judges, that it contained the best account of the rise and progress of the Buddhist religion which had been written in the English language, and that a knowledge of Hindú philosophy would be greatly facilitated to the English reader by the clear exposition which was here given of it.¹ The book was therefore considered well calculated to be of service to missionaries in India brought into conflict with Brahmanism, and also to those in the Island of Ceylon, and Asiatic countries where Buddhism prevails;² for, though for the most part our missionaries have not thought it necessary to become acquainted with Hindú philosophy, there is little doubt that some knowledge of its subtleties would greatly increase their powers, and it was hoped that the possibility of attaining this in a comparatively easy manner might induce them to turn their attention more to it. It was thought the book would also be of use to the missionary in suggesting to him that the best method of dealing with the Hindú might be by endeavouring to find some common standing ground to start from, in the recognition of some truth held by them.

¹ Of the Indian part it was said, that any one may learn more from it of the Hindú systems in a week, than he would ordinarily acquire in India in seven years.—*Col. Church Chronicle*, No. cxvi. p. 48.

² Buddhism prevails among about one-third of the inhabitants of the earth, and is the religion of Burmah, Siam, Tonquin, Mongolia, China, Japan, Cochin China, Ceylon, Thibet, and other parts of Asia.

The book was published anonymously, but the date 'Lampeter and Cambridge' left no doubt as to the author. It bore on its title-page the (to ordinary English ears) hard title, 'Paraméswara-jnyána-góshthí,'¹ 'A Dialogue of the Knowledge of the Supreme Lord, in which are compared the claims of Christianity and Hinduism.'

It is dedicated to Dr. Muir, whose munificence had been the occasion of it. According to the plan prescribed by him, the form of the dialogue was adopted, and this, which would have hampered many, from the peculiar aptitude the author had of throwing himself dramatically into the position of others, constitutes one great charm of the book. The Socratic model was closely followed, and both in style and spirit the work was found to be strictly Platonic. In its calm philosophic investigation and close reasoning, as well as in the singular beauty of many of its passages, it has been acknowledged, it cannot well be surpassed. The deep interest of the book consists—in the account it gives of Indian religions and philosophies, and in the discussion and refutation of the claims of Hinduism to divine infallibility—in its exposition of Christian doctrines, especially in their metaphysical bearings—its allusions to the speculations entering into modern religious thought, and its indications of the line of agreement and divergence between different forms of religious faith and worship. The undertones of truth lying amid the discords of the old Hindú faiths are drawn forth and made use of as a testimony, that God did not leave Himself without witness throughout the

¹ Parama, supreme ; Iswara, Lord ; jnyána, knowledge ; góshthí, dialogue.

world, while it is shown that in the gospel of Christ alone these and all other such dissonances are resolved into one full harmony.

The plan of the book may be briefly stated as follows: The scene is laid at Conjeveram, where a learned discussion takes place between two Brahmans—one enjoying a reputation for special sanctity, the other a Guru or Brahman teacher of the more learned type—a Buddhist, two English clergymen, and a German physician of the materialistic school. The subject of their conversation is the Supreme Being, and they compare the merits of different religions and forms of worship. In the course of the discussion descriptions of the two great Hindú faiths, Brahmanism and Buddhism, are given. The different systems of Eastern philosophy are also discussed.

Many doctrinal questions necessarily arise and come under consideration. Blancombe, the younger of the Englishmen, whose views represent those of the author, draws from each of the disputants his peculiar opinions, and in controverting them shows their weakness, and by degrees leads the way for a full enunciation of the theory and principles of the Christian religion.

The last five chapters are then occupied with an account of Judaism and Christianity, in the course of which an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, couched in strikingly beautiful language, is made the medium of bringing forward the new and better way of access to the Father.

In this part of the book, the doctrines and difficulties of the Christian faith are stated, and here may be found

the clearest and most dispassionate and comprehensive account of Dr. Williams' own theological views. To this he always desired to refer all inquirers, both the seeker after truth for its own sake, and those anxious to ascertain his opinions. He said it contained the best answer he could give to some of our most trying questions. He used often to regret, that owing to the controversies in which he was engaged, pamphlets, which having been written with some special end in view, gave his theories in more or less of a polemical form, were consulted rather than this larger book, which contained a more well-balanced statement of his sentiments, and by which he would have preferred to have been judged.

Between the last eight chapters of *Christianity and Hinduism* and *Rational Godliness*, he tells us, 'there is a close connection; the same principles of exegesis are followed, and the same stress is laid upon the inner witness of man's conscience.' And again he writes of *Rational Godliness*, as showing the hortatory side of his doctrine, and *Christianity and Hinduism*, as being a development of metaphysical reasonings connected with it.¹

The difficulties which arose before him when he was contemplating this task, the manner in which he met them, and the effect the studies incident upon the writing this book had in the modification of his own views, especially as regards his views on prophecy, may be seen in his letter to the editor of the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, in which he gives an account of the book.²

¹ *Notes to my Counsel in the Court of Arches*, p. 139.

² See Appendix D.

The sympathy which the book drew forth from those whose opinion he valued, was most refreshing to its author. The friendship it was the means of bringing about between Dr. Muir and himself was a source of mutual gratification, and much correspondence ensued upon its publication. Dr. Muir wrote, November, 1859: 'For the dedication I am much obliged for the kind terms in which it is expressed. I consider it a great happiness that the book has been the means of bringing me into contact with such a lover of truth as yourself. . . . Whatever be the truth in regard to the adjustment of doctrine, I must say for myself that I am rejoiced to see the whole subject of revelation handled in a free and manly spirit, in place of the unworthy timidity which has hitherto characterized our British divinity. . . .' And again, 'I admire very much the beauty of the thoughts and doctrines in this and the last sheet.' Unfortunately the greater part of Dr. Williams' letters to Dr. Muir were destroyed but a short time before his death. One on the subject of the book has already been given. The following letter and fragment announce the progress and completion of the work.

King's College, Cambridge, August 1, 1856.—My dear Muir,—You seem to have had a very interesting tour, and I congratulate you on having made such good use of it in seeing literary celebrities.

My book has been moving famously; and I am at the end of chapter xi., and hope to finish chapter xii. before I leave Cambridge. There will remain only chapter xiii. and a conclusion, which I might hope to write by Michaelmas, so as to be out early in next term, or at least in the course of October.

The only part I particularly *wish* to show you is the chapter

on Indian literature, which probably reached you to-day. It is as full as I well knew how to make it, and I hope the leading ideas are brought out clearly enough.

If you care to see the remaining chapters as they pass through the press, you have only to say so ; but we are now *moving*.

Here are the headings—

VIII. Indian Literature classified, and found wanting.

IX. Hebrew History and Christianity.

X. Christ and Apostolic Doctrine.

XI. Scripture Criticism, Miracles, Church History.

XII. Doctrinal Difficulties and Explanations.

XIII. General and Special Providence, Inspiration, Church, Bible, and Miscellaneous, &c.

XIV. Conclusion.

Any suggestions which you have to make of a *practical* kind will be thankfully received.

TO THE SAME.

Rhual-Isa, Mold, North Wales, Dec. 23, 1856.—First I have to thank you for two or three agreeable letters, and for a book by Uhlmann, which I have not yet read. Secondly, I have to blame you for being somewhat more moderate than you need have been, in your taking of copies of the book.

And now a few words with you as to the book itself. It is only natural, in putting forth what has cost me so much thought, to consider how far it is likely to answer its original design, or my own wishes. Some natural errors, of less importance, caused chiefly by frequent separation from my library, are too obvious ; but these, I hope, will be considered among the ‘few specks’ of human infirmity. As regards the general argument, it appears to me as good as I was capable of making it, and perhaps nearly as satisfactory as the subject permitted. A somewhat firmer touch of delicate points may be noticed by keen critics in the *latter* part of the book.

As to what you say of Pantheism,¹ I beg to be understood as speaking with great humility, and under correction. Partly, I am not sure what 'Pantheism' is, or, at least, what the definition of it most current and tacitly assumed should be considered as being. Some apply the term to any sense of the vast and infinite in nature as connected with the presence of Deity, as, for instance, to parts of Wordsworth, and to much of *poetical* nature-worship. Some, again, understand by the term any such bringing together of matter and spirit as makes the world a sustained manifestation of Deity, and would thus include Sir I. Newton and many of our men of science in the category to which it belongs. Others, again, mean by Pantheism

[The rest of the letter is unfortunately lost.]

Dr. Muir distributed the book largely. Amongst others, he sent a copy to Baron Bunsen, which drew forth the subjoined correspondence.

THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN TO ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

Heidelberg, 21 April, 1857.—My dear Sir,—I have finished yesterday the attentive reading of your great work, and seize an opportunity offering to-day of forwarding to you, as token of regard and Christian affection, a copy of my last three volumes of 'Egypt,' which exist only in German, and have been published in January last. I scarcely recollect having read, these last twenty years, a book with so much interest and I may add, admiration. Mr. Muir sent me a copy, which arrived just when I had almost finished my article for 'Gott in der Geschichte,' on Zoroaster, the Vedas, and Buddha. I found such a congeniality of thought

¹ This is in answer to a letter of Dr. Muir's, in which he says, 'You have not thrown any fresh light on the best mode of dealing philosophically with Pantheism; *i.e.* you have not done anything to prove scientifically to the Pantheist that his theory of Being is wrong and ours right. Perhaps, as Dr. Kay and Müller think, it may be impossible to refute Pantheism on philosophical grounds.'

and of purpose, that the reading of your volume confirmed me greatly in what I had just written. You will also find much in the sense of your criticism of Indian Literature and Chronology in the *fifth book of my Egypt*, of which the English translation is now progressing, but I am afraid will not appear before the end of 1859, in consequence of a want of arrangement of the publishers. We have gone over the same grounds, and on the whole, with the same result.

I have written to Mr. Muir that I think the task that he has proposed to himself is accomplished, if he makes a hundred thinking and serious Indians read your volume at Benares, Calcutta, in Nepaul, and Lahore ; but that I hope this book of yours will not only convert many a Brahmanic man and Buddhist, from his Vedas and Puranas and Sutras, to the Bible, but also many a nominal Christian, perhaps even a denominational theologian in England, to Christ, our Saviour. There is nothing for which I thank God more having granted you to do, than for your *Christian courage*. I know well how rare that virtue is in England, the land of domestic self-devotion, of civil and political courage, but of religious cowardice,—simply, however, with many out of *Denk-faulheit*, which is, I am afraid, a mortal sin in Dante's 'Inferno,' under the head of *accidia*. I am therefore glad to hear from my dear daughter (who, as well as her excellent husband, Mr. B. Harford, and my eldest son, Rev. H. Bunsen, appreciate the blessing of your being and remaining at St. David's College) that you are resolved to *hold out*. I would wish to see you at Cambridge if there was a professorship which, under the reformed system, would afford you an opportunity of working upon the minds of the rising generation at a great national institution—but as it is, *Spartam quam nactus es orna*.

Your explanatory sheet which Mr. B. H. sent me, as from you, has answered many of my questions. I would have many more to ask ; but I do not give up the hope that you will accept our invitation to pay us a visit during your next summer vacation. A philosopher's cell will always be ready for you at *Charlottenberg*, if

you only let me know eight days before. Twice thirteen hours bring you (by Paris) from London to our house: *viâ* Belgium, Bonn, and Frankfort, if you are pressed for time.

I see no prospect of paying a visit to England. My task is clearly defined, and almost too great for a man of sixty-six. However, I hope to have published my *Bibelwerk* (six vols. Bible 8vo.), concluding with the life of Jesus and beginning with *the People's Bible* (three vols. great 8vo.), in 1860. Nobody has an idea of the state of the text of books like Samuel and the Kings, who has not gone through them critically; all that is only *scouring the porch*; but we must begin with that, as Christ began with driving the venders and bankers out of the porch of the Temple!

Yours sincerely, in Platone and in Christo!

BUNSEN.

To Dr. Muir, Bunsen says in addition—

Having yesterday finished the excellent volume of *Christianity and Hinduism*, which you have so kindly sent me, and which the world owes to your enlightened munificence, I must satisfy the want of my heart to express to you my warmest thanks. When I had read the first sketch, I perceived I had before me the book of one of the deepest scholars and philosophical minds of the age, a perfect master of the Platonic dialect, and a truly Christian man. My admiration increased as I advanced, and has gone on increasing to the end. *There are very few works of our age* which I would place as high as this noble book of Mr. Rowland Williams, *in every respect*.

I have not yet read his *Rational Godliness*, but to judge from the serious tone and Christian character of this book, and from what my eldest son, Rev. H. Bunsen, has written to me about those sermons, I have no doubt they are worthy of the author of *Christianity and Hinduism*.

I should think that this book (which Dr. Sprenger, now here, assures me will be read at Benares with great interest, and likewise

at Nepaul and Lahore) will do much for the accomplishment of your noble Christian wishes among our Indian cousins and Christian brethren. The spirit alone is the vivifier of the world, and the letter of any creed will never stir up the mind of a native of so old and tough a civilization.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN,

Lampeter, South Wales, May 1, 1859.—My dear Sir,—I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your most kind and gratifying letter of the 21st ult., and can hardly express to you the satisfaction I have felt in reading it.

For one so eminent as yourself to send me, from Germany, a dose of encouragement, where I so much want it, in our Welsh mountains, is a thing which recalls the days of the Reformation. Of course, I am not unaware how much more handsomely you are good enough to speak of me, than I deserve; but this excessive generosity of yours is a pleasant counterpoise to the hard buffets which my Boanerges compatriots frequently deal me. You must have seen that I am not unacquainted with many of your books (though especially those which have appeared in English); and those which you are now good enough to promise me I shall value most highly as your present, and, I doubt not, hereafter for their own sake.

It has, before now, occurred to me to ask whether you would not be prevailed upon to reprint, in a cheap form, your *Comparative Evangelical Dictionary*, with the Scriptural Declarations and Expositions which follow it, and the XXX. Theses; or rather, perhaps, the whole of Part II., from p. 149 to p. 338, of the second volume of your *Philosophy of Universal History*. An idea which has great hold of me is the want which people have of understanding each other, even when they mean nearly the same thing; and I think such a reprint for popular purposes would both quicken thought, and enlarge the *area* over which some sympathy extends. Only this XXXth Thesis would require (if I may venture to say so), some development, in order to reconcile it with

what you say of a 'conscious life of the individual soul,' in p. xvi. of the Preface to the same vol.

I shall look forward, though at some as yet indefinite time, to the hope of profiting by the invitation you are good enough to give me ; not, however, with the view of being catechized by you, which I should have an un-Socratic dread of ; but rather for the sake of paying my sincere homage, and learning the many things you would teach me.

It seems not easy to fix the birthplace of the Zoroastrian lore, without being hampered by the appearance of the stream of religious ideas and that of the Aryan migration, having flowed in just contrary directions (though at different epochs, we must presume). I had fancied, from the earlier portions of your *Egypt*, that you took a *lower* view of Indian antiquity than you now appear to approve of as expounded in my volume. However, I shall soon learn your views more distinctly.

We must (certainly) trust in God, that the end of more light will be right, and of freedom, truth. In this hope, I persevere in what falls within my own range of duty, and do not covet (though probably I might get) employment at Cambridge, believing myself happier and more useful here, until weariness of 'grinding' shall make me subside into a parish and matrimony.

But, in the mean time, the problem for one who has to *teach* Anglican 'theology' is not free from difficulty, though it admits of a practical solution. If, on the one hand, technical theologians honour their Master's name by *undoing* His work in the world, we, again, seem to explain the Bible so as to take away its 'authority.' Nor does the English mind accept kindly the idea, that the Bible may be a moral instrument to awaken us, rather than an idol to deify ; there being a dim instinct, that such a theory would destroy our handiest weapon against the Pope. Then ignorance of facts begets intolerance, and that begets cowardice. How it will be possible for even you to write a life of our Lord, which shall be both severely critical (which I presume you intend), and yet satisfy the devout minds in this country,

almost passes my comprehension. What *you* call sober and even reverential criticism, others will call by many frightful names. Yet such a work would be a worthy close to the labours of the life of a Master in Israel. I am also inclined to hope much from your revised version of the Prophets, with historical prefaces and sober headings. In a smaller way, I had thought of attempting something of this kind for the Prophets, taking perhaps, Archbishop *Newcome* as a basis to start upon, or beginning possibly with Daniel and the Apocalypse, as two cognate and ill-understood books. Again, in *Hosea* there is almost as much to be done, as anywhere. But teaching so far wearies my not very vigorous health and eyes, that the execution of such things can hardly be, except in vacations.

There are many complications here (as perhaps elsewhere), and the invariable kindness of the Harfords, when they are here, is one of the pleasantest circumstances about the place.

I am very glad your letter will have consoled Mr. Muir for the good Bishop of Calcutta's condolence with him on having elicited 'so metaphysical, neological, and almost pantheistical a production' as my poor book!

To myself there could hardly be a greater comfort or encouragement than the kind regard of one whose vast knowledge and whose righteous use of it I have so often thought of with admiration.

Perhaps it should be said, that I am somewhat more ecclesiastical, and a *good deal* more *Celtic* or *Cymric*, than the author of the 'Hippolytus,' &c., &c.; but this does not hinder me from remaining, with affectionate respect and thankfulness, faithfully yours,

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

Baron Bunsen also wrote to Max Müller of the pleasure he derived from the book. Perhaps the Baron thought he bestowed upon it the highest praise when he said, 'No German could have written it.'

Rowland Williams' *Christianity and Hinduism* has been a real refreshment to me, in this investigation of the Indian consciousness of God in the world. The mastery of the Socratic-Platonic dialogue, the delicacy and freedom of the investigation, and the deep Christian and human spirit of this man, have attracted me more than all other new English books, and even filled me with astonishment. . . . I have pressingly invited him for his holidays to our little philosopher's room.¹

Professor H. H. Wilson,² on receiving the book, expressed surprise and gratification at the extent and carefulness of study it displayed, and the mass of information it contained, and said he 'did not doubt the work would become a standard reference for the leading points of Hindú speculation, and the scope as well as history of their religious opinions.'

Professor Lassen wrote in words of high appreciation to the publishers, requesting them to mention his thanks ; and Ewald noticed it in the *Gottingen Anzeigen*³ in the most favourable terms.

* * * * *

Rowland Williams' interest in the study of prophecy, to which his attention had been much directed in the researches incidental to the writing of *Christianity and Hinduism*, made him desire to stimulate his countrymen to a more critical investigation of the prophetic books than was their habit. To this end he, this spring, offered a

¹ Letter from Bunsen to Max Müller. *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. iii. p. 506.

² Professor Horace Hayman Wilson, the well-known English orientalist, late Boden Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford.

³ *Gottingische gelehrte Anzeigen*, 1862, Stück 43. 1695.

prize of £100 for the best Welsh essay giving—‘*A critical and impartial analysis of the Prophecies of the Old Testament and of the Apocalypse, in their Messianic or other relations, with a view to determine the kind of prescience or instruction in the Prophecies ; their relation in time to events or persons alluded to, their value as spiritual lessons, and their witness to the facts of inspiration in the Church of God in different ages.*’

The further notice¹ of the different aspects of the subject which he desired should be drawn out, shows the liberality of his mind, and that it was his desire to promote a general investigation of the subject, rather than to enforce any special views, either his own or those of others. ‘A writer,’ it was said, ‘may state any conclusion he prefers, or may indicate the reasons leading to any ;’ the only reservation was, that ‘no irreverence of tone, no misrepresentation of known facts, no imputation of motives to opponents could be permitted.’

A difficulty arose with respect to the judges who were to award the prize, when of those first named some retired from the office, declining to act with others who were of the Unitarian persuasion. This caused a feeling of distrust, from the idea that party views might be allowed to influence the judgment. To allay this, in a circular of January, 1858, which gave an extension of time to the end of the year, the judges affirmed it was their intention to act upon the principles laid down in the programme, and to deal with the essays in the light of criticism, not of sectional theology, assigning the palm

¹ Appendix E.

to literary merit, without favour to preconceived theory or party view. A further extension of time to 1859 was given later at the request of some of the competitors.

The fear entertained by some that the critical judgment of these essays would be biassed by theological preferences, was seen afterwards to be groundless, for, of the eight essays sent in, the one to which the preliminary portion of the prize was awarded—as displaying the most comprehensive knowledge of the literature of the subject—‘rejected the results of recent criticism, and attempted to uphold the genuineness and antiquity of the Book of Daniel and the works of the later Isaiah.’

The condition on which the entire prize was to be received—the publication of the essay—was not fulfilled. The disappointment this failure in carrying out his intention in offering the prize caused Dr. Williams, is indicated in the following letter. It also shows the strict justice which, in the midst of numberless acts of generosity, governed all his monetary transactions, and now made him refuse to break the stipulations, subject to which the entire prize was to be awarded.

May 9, 1865.—DEAR SIR,—The history of your misfortunes gives you a claim on my sympathies, but does not affect the principles which must govern pecuniary transactions.

The object, not merely contemplated, but avowed and stipulated, in the institution of the prize, was not that a book should be written, but that one should be published for the instruction of a certain class of readers.

Whatever obstacles to such a publication, causes you a loss of a certain sum, causes me a loss of four times that sum, and of all the objects to the furtherance of which it was devoted.

Profoundly mortified as I must feel by the frustration of my plan, I cannot be justly held responsible for the consequences involved, in either an omission or an incapacity dependent in no way on my act or will.

I once explained to you that the custom of the University of Cambridge (which I have good reason to know), is in accordance with the stipulations of the programme, and with my fixed intentions.

Abstaining from remarks which could only pain either of us, I am, Rev. Sir, faithfully yours.

Early in 1857 he published *Orestes and the Avengers*,¹ an Hellenic Mystery in three acts. As long before as 1844, he had first conceived the idea of such an accommodation of the ancient Greek drama, founded on the *Eumenides* of Æschylus. Just as in *Christianity and Hinduism*, the religious feeling underlying heathen forms of worship is recognized in this drama, and there is an evident undercurrent of application to modern Christian thought and difficulties.

The wrongs and misapprehensions from which he was himself at this time suffering, give an unmistakable point to many of the lines of the sonnets at the end. In the following, for example, it is impossible to help seeing, that he is describing his own circumstances and what he feels to be his own peculiar mission :—²

I KNEW not, if to hermitage of song,
Or if to cloistral lore of days of old,
Or if to health of souls my path should hold,
And life went wavering on, 'twixt right and wrong.

¹ *Orestes and the Avengers*, an Hellenic Mystery. By Goronva Camlan. J. W. Parker, London. 1857.

² 'Consultation,' *ibid.*, p. 78.

But God said, All thy gifts to Me belong :
 Dare not in silent ease thy limbs enfold.
 Tell what thou knowest ; so shall more be told :
 I bar thee from the dreamy fugitive throng.
 Others with happier hand shall strike the lyre,
 And courtesy with joyance better blend,
 Winning fair women's love, or men's desire.
 Thou for the Truth before the world contend,
 And from thy path perplexed, still struggling higher,
 Work out for faith with reason happier end.

Again, in a sonnet,—‘Lord, Remember David and all his Trouble,’ dated February, 1856, he meditates on the exile from his fatherland which then seemed impending.

In another—‘The Army of Witnesses,’ ever handing on the truth, we find him naming some of his own special theological favourites, and claiming for Cambria's sons a place among their roll.

AND yet, methinks, if Truth retains her power,
 And of the living God stands fast the throne,
 Triumph awaits their soldier, though alone
 Trampled he lie, in most disastrous hour.
 Nor shrinks from stormy blast the amaranth flower
 Of men who witness for the truth have shown.
 Hooker yet lives, by whom the seeds were sown
 Of reason consecrate in freedom's power ;
 Butler made Nature minister to Faith ;
 Cudworth in Gentile hearts found heavenly awe ;
 In Barclay's page still Gospel freedom stayeth,
 And Coleridge taught the Spirit's holier law ;
 Is Cambrian soil with heavenly seed less rife ?
 No, by a thousand years of patriot life !

* * * * *

January 18, 1857.—Preached at Gwernaffield, in Welsh, on the Pharisee and Publican ; and in English, on Judgments of Opinion, Conscience, and God. Some sympathy stirred.

Certainly affections and instincts of conscience developed by habit affect us more than logical corollaries. Only, when the requirers of these blaze at us, they vex us, and threaten our usefulness.

Some one sent me a review, in the *Saturday Review*, of my book.¹ It takes no account of my biblical criticism, but sneers in a tone half Puseyite and half worldling, or like one who, not feeling religion, would fain keep it up by requiring its externalities ; and therefore echoes all the cry of the scribes.

I have noticed, sometimes, in the *Saturday* before, an equal severity to devout writers for not being critical, and to critical writers for not echoing popular delusions. Which would they have from us, Esau or Jacob ? we cannot bring both.

I have attempted to misrepresent nothing ; but to show fairly how, on the side of human consciousness, the doctrine of the Incarnation arose. What deep unity, or mystery, lay behind it, or in what way we are now to reconcile its apparent necessity to the faith, yet its difficulty to the understanding is best known to Him who knoweth our thoughts.

May He guide us aright : and trusting in Him, though yet groping my way, I speak what I know ; and so may more be known.

Thou, Eternal Spirit, be my comforter, strengthener, guide into the entire truth.

I read lately Maurice's famous appendix,² not in my copy of his Essays. It is clear enough in making life knowledge of God, and death not knowing God. So far it falls in well enough with my mental notions of the kingdom. Yet I think the Scripture seems to mean more. I think, too, the human heart requires more.

¹ *Christianity and Hinduism.*

² '*The word Eternal and the Punishment of the Wicked*'—a letter to Rev. Dr. Jelf.

We surely crave for immortality ; which, yet again, in sin we shrink from, and in speculation subtilize with almost Hindú refinement.

But Maurice's argument, that because *Eternal* is applied to God, therefore its sense must *always* be such as to be applicable to Him, is surely of no weight ; unless all other adjectives which are ever applied to the Almighty, are always to have the same meaning, when otherwise combined.

But the general idea, of the horror of a mental hell, considered as alienation from God, is surely very grand, and forcible to touch the mind. It would seem almost, as if Maurician, or even *ultra-Maurician* spiritualism were right : yet not as if the sacred writers always and consistently so meant it ; yet at times they do.

February 21, 1857.—Connected with the above is the true interpretation of the Apocalypse, all of which (except a little about the loosing of Satan and the second judgment in chap. ii.), refers to the fall of old Jewry and heathendom, in the great city representing each, rather than to anything modern.

So the first resurrection is clearly of the prosperous Church. But what a change, then, ought to come over our popular exegesis. P. S. Desprez overstates his case,¹ but is more right than wrong.

¹ See *Apocalypse Fulfilled*, by Rev. P. S. Desprez. London, Longman.

In a fly-leaf of his copy of the work Dr. Williams has written these notes :—

‘The more carefully I look at the whole, the more I think the argument is right in the main, though the Woman on Seven Hills seems to be most naturally Rome.

‘But the great central idea is the Fall of Jerusalem.

‘1869.—The author of this volume adopted, some ten years or more afterwards, a different system of interpretation. In this volume, seeking for a fulfilment of the Apocalypse, he found it in the fall of Jerusalem, to which he might have added that of Rome.

‘At a later date, surrendering the date of fulfilment as unattainable, he found predictions of a second coming of our Lord, which he thinks never came to pass.

‘He seems not sufficiently to have considered, whether our Lord did not come in the spirit, when Judaism was replaced by Christianity, and the Roman empire by the kingdom of God in the Church.’

Touching Revelation, whoever sees thought underlying phenomena has so far a revealing. Incarnation is the embodiment of that which brings out Deity into our consciousness, or intuition. Deity we never see, save with the mind.

When the Nicene Fathers made the WORD co-eternal, they did not mean to introduce plurality of substance; but our vulgar and carnal notion of *Person* would have seemed to them to do so.

One Substance.	...	Three Forms.
One Person.		Three Manifestations.
One Being.	...	Three Outshinings.
One Essence.		Three Agencies.

would be nearly their true thought; or better still, it would be thus:—

Being	...	...	Word	...	...	Life
Substance	...	...	Truth	...	...	Union
Author	...	...	Outcoming	...	...	Consciousness
Majesty	...	...	Wisdom	...	...	Presence
Will	...	...	Reason	...	...	Harmony
Mind	...	...	Thought	...	...	Breathing

the ultimate Foundation, Authorship, Volition, and Causation, or forthgiving, being ONE only with all the orthodox Fathers, down to St. Athanasius, inclusively, and perhaps to St. Augustine:—But Ignorance rushes in; Imagination embodies or individualizes, and in the straining of rude minds to be ultra-orthodox, there is a perpetual tendency to outrun the ancient thought. So where our Fathers said, and our Church says, One God: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, our modern preachers ignorantly say, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost.

So the ancient *Gloria Patri* was corrupted from its form of to the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Spirit. This is proved by St. Basil's Tract on the Holy Spirit.

So the pseudo-Athanasian Symbol says, 'each *by Himself* God and Lord,' a phrase illogical at best; and requiring a larger charity than that of the formula, to save it from being heretical.

I have been reading De Wette's *Christliche Glaube*, and find it very interesting, critical yet devout. Only he breaks up too much the unity of man's mind, and then disparages the understanding, as if it did not play a wholesome part in guiding and rectifying the affections.

Again, he quotes the Bible at times, as if it were a higher standard than our best conscience and moral experience, and as if they must bow to it; but yet he handles parts of the same Bible with a freedom which shows that in practice, if not in theory, he subjects it to the living witness within us.

March 20, 1857.—Lord Raglan, in a very interesting essay in the *Quarterly Review*, has justice done his memory. He must have been amiable and right-minded.

Sir Charles Napier, far greater: more genius, equal industry, only less patience. His studying after the Peninsular war shows the great mind, and merited his final glory. Excellent his advice to prepare for high place by study.

More instances of a generous and humane tenderness are recorded of the French, than of any other people.¹ In James II.'s Irish wars, a French soldier stepped from his ranks to pick up a stray infant, and restored it to its mother.

Napier, standing on a wall at Corunna, was spared out of admiring sympathy by men who could have shot him.

Taken prisoner, he was saved by the drummer *Guibert*, whom Napoleon rewarded for his humanity with a cross of honour.

The tall officer, who saw him, shed tears over his young face wounded.

Felton Harvey had lost his right arm, and a French officer who was going to cut him down in battle, seeing him thus defenceless, withdrew his sword, and changed the deadly stroke into a military salute, and rode away.

I do not think Englishmen, even if well-born and bred, are

¹ Would his estimate have been the same after the late French war?

on the average so humane as the French. Horses live longer in France than with us, because not treated so cruelly.

March 22, 1857.—When Ruth says to Naomi, ‘Thy God shall be my God,’ we feel the beauty of the saying, though an Evangelical might ask, was she justified in thus making the Divine depend upon the human? For what if Naomi had worshipped Baal, or Apollo, or any other misnamed deity? Then Ruth, by her loving heart, would have been led into false worship, and as our Evangelicals tell us, into endless fire. Nor can it be fairly pretended that Ruth knew Naomi’s God to be the true Jehovah; for no such hint appears, and if the writer had meant that, he would have laid stress on it.

But what if the Eternal Spirit, who clothes Himself to our conceptions in the shape of man, teach us more by our sympathies than by our speculations, and, perhaps, would have accepted Ruth, though she bowed to Baal, rather than Jehu or Baasha, though they called Him Jehovah?

Creative and eternal Spirit so transcends our thought, that we must give it shape by reflecting it in a mirror of human moulding. It is as if one would personify the air, and in order to do so confined a portion of it in the mould of a statue. Anthropomorphic Deity is in shape a reflection of our personality, though not in substance.

Remember the cherub-monsters of Ezekiel; and by multiplying infinitely what he makes fourfold, we may conceive how spiritual faculties exceed ours in the flesh.

May 28, 1857.—Read a good bit of Herder—an able and suggestive book, which I wish I had read sooner. His polemics are like Semler’s, otherwise deeper.

Read a bit of Origen. His discussion ‘on the true faith’ (if it be his), is poor, and seems later or interpolated, as Ed. says.

His letter to Africanus most amusingly defends the Apocrypha. Is it credible that God would not care for the Christians, for

whom Christ died, and therefore must not the LXX. be better than the Hebrew!! What an inference! But Augustine says, somewhere, the same sort of thing about a Psalm in which the Greek differs from the Hebrew.

CHAPTER XI.

*D.D. DEGREE—VISIT TO BUNSEN—CHARGES
OF THE TWO BISHOPS: 1857.*

‘If two great men are existing at the extremities of the earth, they will seek each other.’—*Landor*.

ON the 11th of June this year he took his degree of D.D. In reference to it he used to say, ‘I believe I am the only man who ever took a doctor’s degree in preparation for a prosecution.’

About the same time he became Senior Fellow of his College. He wrote thus to his mother of this event, and of proposed reforms at Eton and King’s :—

King’s College, June 4, 1857.—With very mixed feelings I have to announce to you that I became yesterday one of the thirteen seniors, the news arriving of poor Walker’s death, which causes a vacancy.

We have had a series of meetings about our new legislation, and, after some loud discussion, have agreed to throw open half the scholarships to all the world, and to let Eton and other scholars compete alike for the Fellowships. We are also to have fewer idle Fellowships, and about four times as many scholars, taking also pensioners in, so as to become a great educating body.

I am taking this opportunity of keeping also some University exercises.

The subject of the Acts he kept on this occasion was : 'The ecclesiastical writers of the first four centuries after Christ, rightly thought that the Holy Scriptures were divinely inspired.'

He preached, as was then customary upon taking a degree, a Latin sermon at St. Mary's. His text was Acts x. 43 : 'To him bear all the prophets witness.' And the argument of his sermon was, 'That the prophets must be spiritually interpreted.'

It was not known at St. David's College for what purpose he had gone to Cambridge, but when the news reached Lampeter, there were great rejoicings. Loud cheers resounded through the quadrangle and College grounds. The College bell was rung throughout the day ; and the students prepared to welcome him on his return with an enthusiasm which gratified him much, in its testimony to the love and respect they bore him. 'Long before he arrived, at half-past ten,' says a contemporary, 'the Llandeilo road was occupied by the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood ; and when the carriage reached the Cwman turnpike gate, about a mile from Lampeter, ropes were attached, and a large body of students drew him to the town, and up and down the length of the High Street amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the inhabitants, the ringing of the church bells, and every demonstration of affectionate attachment.' A breakfast which he gave to the students and all his friends, on

the conferring of degrees, at the close of the Trinity term, completed the commemoration of the event.

The long vacation begun, he returned to Cambridge, and on Commencement Sunday, July 5th, he preached before the University a sermon said to be the shortest heard for many years from the pulpit of Great St. Mary's.¹ The text was from Acts xv. 28: 'For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things.' The sermon was directed against 'that disputatious literalism, which is the vice of our age'; and the preacher contended, in well-chosen words, for 'freedom of thought,' and for obedience to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Old Testament.²

He now determined to pay Baron Bunsen his talked-of visit, and wrote to him as follows, proposing it:—

TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

July 9, 1857.—My dear Sir,—As somebody went from Spain to Rome for the single purpose of seeing (I think) Seneca, so, having a few days to spare before the Eton election, I think of venturing as far as Heidelberg, and hope it may not be inconvenient to you to give me your promised hospitality.

But, if the occasion does not fall in with your arrangements, will you have the goodness to write me a line addressed to the post-office at *Frankfort*, from which place I can conveniently vary my route, if you do not encourage me to proceed.

In that case, I must beg you to accept from me this expression of thanks for your 'Gott in der Geshichte,' which otherwise I

¹ See p. 338.

² *Clerical Journal* of July 8, 1857. This sermon was afterwards published under the title, 'Christian Freedom in the Council at Jerusalem.'

hope to offer in person. Hitherto, I have enjoyed certain 'dippings' only into it, but hope, in the course of August, for a more thorough perusal.

Dr. Jessopp gives the following account of some incidents of this visit :—

It was in the summer of 1857 that my intimacy with Rowland Williams began. I had taken lodgings at Heidelberg for a few weeks, and it was my privilege to be admitted as a frequent visitor at Bunsen's villa—Charlottenberg. One afternoon Bunsen, suddenly turning to me, said, 'Do you know Rowland Williams? he is a wonderful man! a wonderful man. You must read his book—it's a wonderful book. Stay! don't go, you shall see him.' As he spoke, Rowland Williams was announced. I fell back and watched the greeting. I thought as I looked at them, 'These must be the two most magnificent heads in the world.' Bunsen darted a quick keen look, and his face flushed up as it was wont to do; while the other, with characteristic courtesy, bent his glorious brow over the proffered hand. . . .

The preface to the *Bibelwerk* had been promised from the printers for the next day. It was arranged that three copies should be provided, one for each of us Englishmen and one from which Bunsen was to read aloud to a very small family circle. When the time came, Dr. Tregelles, who happened to have 'dropped in,' formed one of the party.

It was a scene never to forget. Bunsen sat before a small table on which the 'proof' was spread—every now and then he would lean back, take the damp sheet in his hand and *grasp* it. As he continued reading, his grand voice, deep, clear, sonorous, with its astonishing richness and flexibility, seemed to me as an organ with a thousand stops of infinite compass and delicacy. Every now and then he would look up from the paper and fix his eye, kindling with indescribable brightness, upon one or other of us. Sometimes it seemed as if he was on the point of being overcome

by the emotion which shook his whole frame—then he would pause for a moment and once again burst forth with renewed emphasis and power. It was not reading, it was not reciting, it was not haranguing ; it was all these in their perfection but a great deal more. Rowland Williams sat cuddled up in a big chair, much in the attitude of Wilberforce as he is drawn in his well-known portrait. It seems to me as a thing of yesterday since I was following Bunsen as he turned over the last page. I see him now, his every look and movement betraying his intense and burning enthusiasm. I hear him now like one in an ecstasy—the echo of his voice seems scarcely hushed, while the sound of those last noble lines came from his lips with an almost awful solemnity.

‘Also wird zeitlich Deine Güt’ erhoben
Also wird ewig und ohn’ ende loben,
Dich, O Du Wächter Deiner armen Heerde,
Himmel und Erde.’ Amen !

Once again we met on a Sunday evening at Charlottenberg. My wife and sister-in-law were with me. We spent much of the evening in singing German hymns, while one of Bunsen’s sons played the harmonium. On our rising to go, Bunsen fetched two copies of his ‘Gesang Buch ;’ he gave one to Rowland Williams and one to me, writing our names in them with his own hand.

We left early the next morning. Rowland Williams had intended to stay longer, but on hearing that our sister¹ was to accompany us, he found it necessary to return too ; and we went

¹ Ellen Cotesworth, daughter of the late Charles Cotesworth, Lieutenant R. N. He was born at Falmouth, 1792, and saw active service during the war, being wounded at the passage of the Dardanelles. He afterwards settled in Liverpool, and became one of the leading merchants in that town. He was unceasing in his efforts to improve the condition of the sailors ; took an active part in establishing the Mission to Seamen in the Mersey, and in founding the Sailor’s Home, of which institution Prince Albert laid the foundation stone in 1846.

down the Rhine together, and at this time, I suppose, first began that attachment which resulted in his marriage.

He used himself to say, we first met in the little English chapel at Heidelberg, on the morning of that same Sunday of which the evening was spent at Baron Bunsen's. 'Strange,' he would add, 'that those whose homes¹ were almost in sight of each other must needs travel all the way to Heidelberg to meet!'

The Baron's hearty 'God bless you!' as we took leave of him that evening, was often recalled afterwards by us, as having been an omen for good.

* * * * *

Returning to England, Rowland Williams acted as Poser at the Eton Election; and almost immediately afterwards enjoyed the somewhat unenviable distinction—one which was henceforth repeatedly conferred on him—of being made the subject of a Bishop's charge.

According to the account given by a contemporary, the disturbances in the theological world of the diocese of Llandaff were quieting down, when unfortunately they were once more aroused by the Bishop of Llandaff's charge of August 31st, the greater portion of which was occupied with reflections upon Rowland Williams and his writings.

It was said at the time, that the Bishop, after having allowed two years to pass since the publication of *Rational Godliness*, had been instigated now to take this course by one who had much influence with him, and whose jealousy had been roused owing to the reception the Vice-Principal

¹ Mold, where his mother lived, and Liverpool.

had received, on his return to St. David's College, after taking his D.D. degree. However this may have been, Bishop Ollivant now denounced him as holding and propagating heretical opinions. There seems to have been little doubt, and this was acknowledged by those who did not themselves agree with the book, that the Bishop did not treat the subject fairly; he enlarged much on what he supposed might be the tendencies of the views set forth in the sermons, though he allowed that the author would not himself have intended to teach the principles which he (the Bishop) considered to be the necessary expansion of such views,—quoted from the *Saturday Review* and other periodicals in condemnation—in fact, denounced, but did not argue the questions in dispute.

Rowland Williams was strongly advised by some to take no notice of this charge. 'If you answer it,' it was said, 'it will provoke hostility. Let it pass, and in a year it will be forgotten, whereas your working and teaching at Lampeter will not be forgotten; let these be your answer;' and again, the fear that he might damage his own prospects was set before him. No doubt, there was much practical common sense in all this advice, and his life might have been more outwardly tranquil had he been able to pursue his course unmoved, amid the accusations and denunciations which were so constantly hurled at him. But men's lives are very much moulded by their temperaments, and to a man of his sensitive, ardent nature and quick temper, it was simply impossible to sit down quietly and hear himself thus maligned and accused of perverting the very truth which it was the main desire of his life to elicit; in

fact, it would have seemed to him a cowardly acquiescence to allow statements like these to pass unanswered, and for the sake of his pupils also it seemed to him not desirable to do so. His review of the Bishop's charge was therefore written and published before the year was out.

In the mean time, this same autumn, came the Bishop of St. David's charge. The formal complaint had been made and signed by upwards of seventy of the clergy of the diocese. An answer was looked for, and it was not without anxiety that some allusion to their protest was expected in the forthcoming charge. The attendance of the clergy was said to be the largest ever seen in the diocese. The charge occupied three hours and twenty minutes.

The desire the Bishop had already evinced, of as much inaction as possible in the matter, was here again to be seen. In some respects there was a degree of fairness about this Charge; his lordship appeared not anxious to condemn, made it clear that the questions raised, did not, as the remonstrants thought, affect any article of the Christian faith, that they had reference rather to the mode of communication by which these truths are known;¹

¹ 'It is quite consistent to say that the Church was before the Bible, and that revelation was before the Church—to say that Holy Scripture is not the foundation so much as the creation of Christian faith, and yet that revelation is not the creation so much as the foundation of that faith. One who asserts that the sacred writers only "expressed thoughts that were stirring in the breast of the Church," need not be supposed to deny that what they made known was "the mind of the Lord." "No question is raised by such statements as to the origin of the revelation, but only as to the mode of its transmission." [Dr. Williams' own words.] The truth that the Church was before the Bible is not the less certain because it has been abused by the

but on this ground he reminded them that the Church had laid down no decisive teaching, that the right of free investigation was left open to her ministers; that this principle being conceded, its application must be left to the individual, and he proceeded to show the danger of indulging in an intolerant spirit, which would number among the assailants of the Church those who were truly her best defenders. He referred also to the fact that the sermon most assailed had been preached before the University of Cambridge, which had since conferred on its author the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Nothing could be better than this, and so far he seemed on the side of the accused; but here his temporizing policy came in, and lest he might appear too favourably inclined towards his writings, he proceeded to select passages from the 'Propositions,' of which, he said, the wording was ill-defined and the reasoning inconclusive. He supported the theory of the book itself, that Holy Scripture is the embodiment of Christian faith rather than its foundation, but raised doubts about other parts of the author's teaching, and seemed unwilling that the principle he conceded theoretically should be applied practically.

This course satisfied neither party. If, as was said, the remonstrants were not contented, Rowland Williams was still less so. To his assailants it seemed nothing if they

Romanist; and it is confirmed by the testimony of the Bible itself. And then it follows that there must be a sense in which it is allowable and necessary to affirm that Scripture embodies the experiences, expresses the thoughts, makes known that which was the mind of the Church no less than of the Lord.'—Charge by Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's (1857), p. 79.

did not get a positive condemnation; while he himself felt bitterly, from first to last, that the support he might have expected from the scholar was not accorded to him; and the difficulties of his position becoming thereby aggravated, it is not to be wondered at, that he complained again and again that he had gained nothing by having a scholar for his Bishop. For the present, however, he took no public notice of this charge, being just then engaged with his review of that by the Bishop of Llandaff; but from a letter written to the Bishop of St. David's in acknowledgment of a copy of the charge, the following remarks are worth noting:—

St. David's College, Lampeter, Dec. 11, 1857.—My Lord,—
. Perhaps I may go so far as to thank you for what you say about my view of the relation between the Bible and the Church. You seem to have caught my meaning, but express it naturally better than I could.

As to the illuminating office of the Holy Spirit, I certainly had conceived myself to teach it as fully as the sanctifying office of the same Divine Agent. Nor can I even conjecture how the kingly or priestly offices of our Lord should appear to have been overlooked by me, or not to be at home in my system. Rather, indeed, it has appeared to my mind that the clearness with which every part of my theological teaching can be reduced into harmony with the doctrine of the Trinity, and again deduced from the same doctrine, is a conclusive proof of the soundness of my teaching; and this the more, since no antagonistic system of any of my critics could bear so severe a test. But it is neither easy, nor perhaps desirable, to put all Christianity into a single sermon.

Another thing which surprises me, is that you should speak of Inspiration, in connection with my Sermons, as a merely

modern question. So far, indeed, as the question is one of limits to Inspiration on the side of secular science, such may be the case. But I have been just as much attacked by those who think the gospel a dispensation of the letter rather than of the Spirit, and again by those who put allegiance to the volume above right interpretation of its doctrine, as I have been by the third party, who conceive Holy Scripture to be our rule of science. Hence, whatever has been said by the most devout Christians, in all ages of the Church, on the side of the spiritual affections may be claimed, or at least should be considered, in my behalf. Hence, also, whatever the old Anglican divines of the highest school have said in favour of doctrines, creeds, and traditions is so far on my side, that it makes more for me than for my hostile critic. But also I must, at the risk of appearing paradoxical, ask you to allow me the benefit of those numerous passages of the ancient Fathers which ascribe Inspiration in its strong sense to lessons and books which we now acknowledge fallible. For since the advocates of 'dictation,' or of systems which confound inspiration with infallibility, plead the authority of the ancient doctors as a reason for our believing Holy Scripture inspired, and therefore (they say) infallible, they should listen to the same doctors when they make other books (and other men than their writers) inspired, throughout subsequent generations. If, then, fallibility can consist with the abundant inspiration ascribed to Sts. Dionysius, Chrysostom, and Basil, it need not be excluded by the inspiration conceded especially to the writers of Holy Scripture. So I have hinted in a recent piece of polemics,¹ and believe it might be shown at large, that the testimony of the Primitive Fathers is on my side as regards the question of inspiration, notwithstanding that some aspects of the question may not have been foreseen by the Fathers themselves. You will, I am sure, be good enough to pardon me for declining to waive the vantage-ground, which here fairly belongs to me, and for saying

¹ Review of Bishop Ollivant's charge, just out.

accordingly that the question does not seem to me altogether 'modern.'

My poor 'Propositions' I must resign to your mercy. They were never intended for scholastic handling; but rather to give the best aspect, for simple people, of points which had been ill-naturedly put in an invidious light. But if they are plain, it is because my whole doctrine, when not prejudiced by misrepresentation, is as plain as the nature of the subjects treated permits.

To the remarks which you think it right to make upon a portion of my language, I can only bow; though it may be doubted whether any possible language would have satisfied those who make entire agreement with themselves their only condition of peace. I have not intended to speak hardly, or contemptuously, of any sentiment which was not accompanied by mis-statement, or enforced by violence. I could, however, maintain that no essential position of mine can be denied, without contradicting the most certain principles, either of Holy Scripture or of the Churches.

There are some questions suggested by your charge, on which I should have been glad to have the benefit of fuller information than your immediate object led you to give: as for instance, if the moral or spiritual excellencies, which to my mind appear instances of Divine inspiration, are to be struck out of the idea of inspiration, what is there left to form the subject matter or manifestation of that quality? My critics seem to me to make void and blank, not only inspiration, but even Deity; inasmuch as they blame whoever finds manifestation of either in any moral or human excellence. I should also have liked to learn whether the 'Divine' is not necessarily 'supernatural,' though working possibly by not unnatural methods.

I may perhaps put this letter in type, for the benefit of those who wish to know the position of affairs.

* * * * *

As a sort of preface to his review of Bishop Ollivant's
VOL. I. z

charge he published with it the sermon which he had preached before the University of Cambridge, on Commencement Sunday (July 5th), this year. The subject was 'Christian Freedom in the Council of Jerusalem,' upon Acts xv. 5, 7, 10, 13, 19—23, 28—'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us,' &c.

'These are strange words,' he commences, 'if the holy breathing of God does not truly work in the mind of man,' for the decisions of that early Council had been arrived at after earnest thought and discussion. He goes on to show that the first care of those who composed it had been for truth and freedom; but remembering also moderation and charity, they had 'brought the discordant voices of its divers members into the unity of the Divine breathing, and left the Church for ever a precedent, by which that may seem good to us, which seems good to the Holy Ghost.' He then traces some analogy between the circumstances of the early Church and of our own as regards theological discussions, and lays down the broad principle of the freedom of the everliving Spirit, in opposition to the Judaizing bondage of every form, as the temper in which all such subjects should be approached.

It was a fitting sermon to preface his review of the Bishop's charge, for it was for the use of this very freedom in asserting the perpetual presence of God's Spirit in the Church, and the everliving witness implanted in men's consciences, that he was now and again called in question.

Of this review he said that it gave a true account of the nature of his controversy in South Wales.

The reader will remember that this controversy turned

upon questions concerning Inspiration and Revelation ; that when his views of these were controverted, his standing point was that the Church of which he was a minister had nowhere laid down any express definition of them, but that she allowed her members a right of discussion of all questions of criticism connected with the sacred books, and that, therefore, these subjects should be left open for the consideration of the best scholars, 'without restriction or penalties attached to divergence from preconceived views of any party, which were often derived mainly from floating traditions.'

In his review of the Bishop's charge, he complains that no fair arguments were used ; no clear definition of terms given ; Rationalism was imputed to him, but what was meant by the term was not explained. There was the same want of definition of the terms, *Authority, Revelation, Interposition, Miracles*. There was no clear definition of doctrine, no reference to any ecclesiastical standards, or quotations from approved authors—no attempt to *prove* that facts were other than he had stated them.

He then proceeds to examine the effect of such denunciations upon the right study of the Bible and the moral character of the rural clergy, and shows the evil results which might be expected to follow, from thus overstraining episcopal rule in the highest walks of theology.

He complains also of the complications which arose from these discussions being removed from the strictly theological arena to which they properly belonged, and being made responsible for difficulties arising from a variety of causes immediately connected with the working of the

College—that is to say, when the real causes of a want of prosperity in the College were overlooked, and its want of success was charged to his theological views. This seemed to him more especially unfair as coming from the Bishop of Llandaff, who, having himself been at St. David's College, was aware of some of the difficulties which had to be encountered.

The argument of this review was considered to be masterly and unanswerable; the tone of it was thought wonderfully forbearing, by those who were acquainted with the provocation—by others it was said to be not sufficiently deferential. 'You should have thrown in more "my lords,"' was the remark of some. Bishop Ollivant resented this review, and printed an evasive answer¹ in the papers, to which Rowland Williams replied briefly. If controversy has its darker side, in that ever and anon some play of earthly passion finds its way into it, at least this seems gained, that truths are brought out into more forcible relief, and attention is arrested in a manner which the calmer enunciation of them does not always effect.

Bishop Ollivant gave his charge and the letter he had written in answer to Dr. Williams, to the candidates for ordination, among whom were Dr. Williams' pupils; some of these thought the present would have been more complete, had his lordship added to it their tutor's Review of the Charge also.

¹ (Journal), *December 14th*.—Yesterday, Bishop Ollivant's angry missive appeared in the papers. . . .

Preached to-day with life and feeling [on the Baptist, and on Balance of Doctrine]; God grant that it may be with His blessing, and if many faults of others still let this College live, let not a little truth of humanity now kill it.

CHAPTER XII.

LAMPETER—INNER LIFE : 1850—1858.

‘He fought his doubts and gather’d strength.
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind,
 And laid them : thus he came at length

‘To find a stronger faith his own :
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone,

‘But in the darkness and the cloud.’—*In Memoriam.*

THE history of Rowland Williams’ Lampeter life would not be adequately told without taking into some account the conflict of thought which he went through during this period—a conflict which was very much increased by the opposition with which his opinions were assailed, and which, perhaps, in a measure, reacted on the attitude he assumed respecting it. His life at this time was, intellectually and mentally, a very solitary one, and often when most bold and uncompromising outwardly, he was really much depressed—apt to judge himself severely, and susceptible of being wounded by every harsh word.

Notwithstanding the troubles peculiar to Lampeter,

which at times weighed on him heavily, there was a good deal in the place that suited him, and was congenial to his mental condition—for the wild rugged country of the neighbourhood often seemed to harmonize with the outward perplexities and inward struggles through which he was then passing.

Strange and unaccountable as is the effect Nature has upon us,—whether, as sometimes seems, she gives us back but the reflex of our own minds—the same scene changing with our varying mood—the thrush's note at one time thrilling us with joy, and at another time with agony,—whether the power to touch us is inherent in herself, or whether it is not rather that amid her solitudes the still small voice makes itself more distinctly heard, and we feel more immediately in the presence of the Eternal,—there are few minds, and certainly none of an imaginative and poetic temperament, that are not sensible of her influence. Perhaps nowhere more than at Lampeter did Rowland Williams lay himself so open to her soothing power, or seek more, in close intercourse with her, to rid himself of the burden of care which often seemed well-nigh to overwhelm him, and amidst her solitudes to gain strength in communion with God. When walking or riding alone he had contracted a habit of unconsciously talking and praying aloud, and thus giving vent to disturbing reveries, which he once forcibly described as—‘the wild horses of rhetorical remonstrance flitting through my brain.’ There was a wild spot a few miles out of Lampeter about which he used to ride, praying aloud in this manner. He named the place Bryn-Gweddi—the hill of prayer. Some time

later he complains in his private diary—‘The Bryn on which I used to ride round, passionately praying, has been hedged up, so that I cannot well get there;’ and he adds, ‘this partly falls in as a sign with my mental feeling, that not merely passionate prayer, but steady work and conscientious exertion, is a means of peace.’

We are reminded here of Elijah alone on Horeb; and in rugged force of character—earnestness of purpose—steadfast resolution in resisting evil of all kinds—and loneliness of mental life—as also in occasional fits of despondency—the type of the prophet of old seemed often to repeat itself in him.

* * * * *

It would be impossible to give the precise dates of different phases of thought, or to describe accurately the growth of a mind, which must ever be a hidden and subtle process; yet some entries in his note-books give an idea of the gradual development of his opinions, of which, with some hesitation, I venture to throw out a few hints.

Cambridge life seems to have been the preparation time, during which was laid the foundation of that bold line of intellectual thought which he subsequently followed, and which moulded his entire life.

The great object which he very early set before himself was the attainment of Truth—words easily written, and frequently spoken with but little thought, but fraught with deep meaning, and involving oftentimes a rugged path and many a heart struggle, to one who unflinchingly fixes his eyes upon this goal. In his undergraduate days he wrote of it: ‘Truth, holiest of things, let me love thee, and know

thee; it is for thee that in my better soul I hunger and thirst.' At Lampeter, again, we find him desiring to be kept 'less distracted from that striving for the Truth to which,' he says, 'my life is mainly vowed.' In controversy he wrote, 'I take my stand upon that Truth, which St. Paul preached, and for which the Lord Jesus died;' and it has been already mentioned, 'Truth against the World' was the motto he adopted as his own.

These aspirations after Truth give the ideal of his life, and furnish a clue to understanding it. Herein may be found the explanation of the dauntless courage which spurred him on to follow the leadings of his intellect and his conscience; and the inward trials and outward difficulties which beset his path, seem to follow but as a natural consequence.

* * * * *

As a boy at home his religious education had been in sound Church principles which were then considered 'high,' but of a type which, for its moderation, would hardly now be recognized as such. Together with this training, his early journals bear traces of a fervour and manner of expression denoting some contact, and considerable sympathy, with evangelical modes of thought. Very soon at Cambridge he came under the influence of that phase of ecclesiasticism¹ which had its origin in the Oxford movement. Not, however, that he ever espoused Tractarian views, or went in this direction beyond the limits of pure Anglicanism; but his strong attachment to the Church of

¹ Comparing himself with F. Robertson he said, 'Probably I started from more of a High Church and critically authoritative point of view than he did.'

England, and his love of unity and order, gave him much sympathy with the High Church party, and 'more than once,' he writes, 'my inclinations would have led me far in this direction, but my parents' will sobered me.' But priestly dogmas and elaborate ritual had not much hold upon him, and his yearning after the inner life and spirit of worship rather than for its mere outward forms, prevented his resting here; and in later life he used to look back upon this time, as the days of his formalism.

While throughout life he continued to be a moderate High Churchman, and symbolized doctrinally¹ with this section of the Church rather than with the Evangelicals; yet, in the devotional spirituality of his piety, there was much in him that was akin to the latter school. By degrees his theological opinions more and more shaped themselves into a system in which reason and knowledge held a prominent place, and were closely allied to faith, and 'the inner light in man's heart as well as on the written page' was recognized. That God has implanted in every man a faculty whereby, if not obscured by ignorance or deadened by sin, he may discern good from evil—truth from error; and that this 'verifying faculty,' or the evidence supplied by the witness of man's heart, should be applied to matters of religion and to the study of the Scriptures, as well as to that of other books, became a distinctive feature in his creed.² Together with this was another equally prominent

¹ As already said, Anglicanism most properly describes his position in the Church, and this is especially true as regards Sacramentarian doctrine.

² The distinction between his methods and that of the High Church party in interpreting Scripture was, that where they appealed to *tradition*, he appealed to *reason*.

one—the spirit above the letter, the life above the form ; and herein he claimed special kindred with St. Paul, calling him ‘my apostle,’ and saying he thought his epistles, more than any other, contained the very essence of the religion of Christ.

He had so much originality of genius and individuality of character, that in a way he may be said to have called no man mentally his father ; but yet, again, there is no doubt he had largely assimilated to himself the philosophy of Coleridge, many traces of which may be seen in his writings ; while of German philosophers, Lessing, Schelling, and Hegel were those from whom he had drawn most.¹

He had given much study to the early Fathers, and was deeply read in the divinity of the English Church, finding kindred with the more reasoning of her divines. Hooker, Butler, Jeremy Taylor, and Cudworth, he mentions as his chief favourites ; the first three he called his masters.

Writers also of his own day had their full share in engaging his sympathies and moulding his opinion. Shortly before Dean Milman’s death² he said, ‘It is dangerous for me to praise any man, but Milman has now so nearly reached his earthly goal, that I think I may venture to say, I have learnt more from him than from any man living.’

With Bunsen and Ewald he had much in common. He had arrived, concurrently with the former, at many of the same conclusions, delighted in the profundity of his thought, and saw reason to agree with him in most of

¹ For a fuller treatment of this subject see an article in *Contemporary Review*, April, 1870—*Dr. Rowland Williams and his place in Contemporary Religious Thought*.

² Dean Milman died Sept. 1868.

his critical results, while at the same time he differed widely from several of his theories. 'I both hail his concurrence and quote him as a shield,' he writes; 'but I do not count myself as his pupil' (July, 1855); and again, in 1857—'It is the weakness, in my judgment, of Bunsen's theory that he magnifies Holy Scripture in words, but yet drops in fact what the common mind thinks its cardinal verities. Others,' he continues, 'might say the same of me; but my theory is undisguisedly more largely spiritual, and I only take Holy Scripture as an instance of the general, or concrete of the abstract, and (hardly so much as) a realization of the ideal.' With Ewald, while agreeing in the main, he dared in many points to dissent from him, saying, 'I have not blindly followed in all things the conclusions of even the sagacious Ewald.'

In any adoption of German theology it was with the more moderate of the schools that he agreed. Ewald and Kuenen alike point out how far removed his position was from that which is generally understood by German Rationalism.¹ Schleiermacher, Stier, Rothe, and Tholuck, in their devotional tone, were especially pleasing to him. He said about this time that Neander and Stier were the only two he ever preached from; later, he used

¹ 'Dieses Werk [*Christianity and Hinduism*] beweisen wie gemässigt und besonnen sein Urtheil über alles Christliche ist, auch wie wenig er als ein einseitiger Freund und Vertheidiger alles dessen gelten kann was man heute in England als deutsche Wissenschaft bezeichnet.'—Ewald in *Gött. gel. Anz.* 1862. Stück 43.

'If we must assign him a place, we should certainly not rank him with the "Modernen," but rather with the much more orthodox, or among the followers of the "Ethisch-irenische" school.'—Kuenen, *Theologisch Tijdschrift.* 5. Jaargang. 5. Stück. 1. Sept.

occasionally also to read Rothe, with a view to hortatory purposes.

The present volumes contain so many allusions to his favourite authors, that it is only necessary here to allude thus briefly to this subject. See especially a letter in which he sums up his position in 1860 as being 'the converging result of Neander, Bunsen, Stier, Jowett, and Robertson, coming upon plentiful doses of Coleridge, with some study of the Christian Fathers, in the spirit in which they are unfolded by Bunsen in his *Hippolytus and his Age*.¹

From his undergraduate days the subject of revelation had a peculiar interest for him. In 1857 he said that for twenty years it had more or less occupied his thoughts.² Perhaps the twelve years between 1845 and 1857 bear signs of the most decided change in his opinions, as well as of his greatest mental struggle. 'University life,' he writes, 'brought me some critical difficulties, especially in interpretation and prophecy.' It was his interest in these subjects which led him to become a candidate for the 'Muir prize,'³ and his investigation of the evidences of Christianity, connected with the treatise which he wrote for it, had much to do with the modification and formation of his opinions. Applying historical tests of criticism to Hindúism, he was led to consider how such tests could

¹ Letter iii. chap. xvii.

² In a Journal-note of very early undergraduate days he writes: 'Arnold startled me by remarking that the circumstance of a book being a record of prophecy delivered, did not necessarily prove the inspiration of the record, though that of the prophecies was of course shown by the event.'

³ See p. 140.

be met if applied to Christianity,¹ and he tells how he dreaded the answer to the inquiry.

It was, perhaps, an inevitable consequence of his researches and desire to elicit truth, that, in the unscientific state of biblical criticism then prevalent, he should begin to find himself in antagonism to current opinion; and he became aware that in expressing convictions which were the results of critical examination he could not well avoid running counter to traditional belief. Brought into more active life at Lampeter—assailed on all sides by the ignorant and prejudiced, and standing quite alone with regard to any intellectual sympathy and support—the conviction became strongly forced upon him that his theological standpoint was not free from embarrassment. Hence the mental struggles which succeeded, and which added to the difficulties peculiar to Lampeter and its college, made his position there no bed of roses. Though it was not his manner needlessly to obtrude his opinions upon others, yet the earnestness and truthfulness of his character made it a necessity for him not to conceal, but to speak out that which he believed.

‘Tell what thou knowest, so shall more be told,
Thou for the truth before the world contend,’

came to him as God’s mission, and he said, in reviewing his life in 1858, that he had but followed necessities which,

¹ *Christianity and Hinduism* contained, he said, the best answer he could give to the most trying questions connected with Christianity, and he thus refers to the fairness with which he had endeavoured to do this: ‘I have put into the mouth of my oldest speaker all that can be said for the strictest view of Inspiration, but I should not like it to be discovered, when this hand is cold, that on so grave a question, I had made a critical argument turn on doubtful ground, without hinting a doubt.’

being of intellect or conscience, were in fact divine guidance; so, he adds, 'to God, their author, I trust myself.' And again, 'Lampeter—distress—work—taught me more deeply the need of practical religion; on looking back I think God has wonderfully taught and led me.'

Niebuhr's *History of Rome* first introduced him to anything like historical scepticism, but all approach to rashness in scepticism was distasteful and utterly alien to him. 'I have felt my way by inches,' he writes, 'and have never ventilated a conclusion for which I have not examined the data on both sides.' And again, 'I think I have been cautious rather than rash. Only, if we are put forward to speak as truth that which we have studied, it does not always rest with us to choose what we shall say.' And again, 'It was not wantonness in me to search patiently and report truly.'

Above all critical and literary scepticism, he had the strongest living practical faith; not indeed a faith which could turn aside from difficulties, ignoring them—but one of a much higher order, which dared to face and patiently investigate them, and which out of doubt strove to win a surer resting-place. A remarkable childlike confidence characterized his boldness. He followed the leadings of his conscience and his reason, and was content to leave the result to God. Doubts with him might be said to be like surface waves; below, there was the deep-ocean calm, and his anchorage firmly fixed upon eternal verities. Speaking once of evidences which seemed doubtful, he added, 'This does not mean that I have not faith; the wonder is that, knowing all this, I believe as firmly as I do.'

Some passages in his Journal, as already seen, raise the veil which separates the outer and the inner life, and give glimpses both of the line of intellectual thought he pursued, and also of the mental conflict through which he passed. In addition to those scattered through these volumes, this chapter gives a few extracts which more especially illustrate the early years of Lampeter life. Some prayers of the period, also indicative of heart struggle, are added. Belonging to his private devotional life, they seemed more suitable for insertion here than in the volume of Psalms and Litanies already published since his death. While the philosophy of prayer was a frequent subject of his speculations—prayer itself was the habit of his life, and all his deepest emotions found therein relief. He said *that* system of theology must be deficient in which prayer did not occupy a prominent place, and nothing repelled him more in the advanced liberal school of thought than the prayerlessness that characterizes it. He considered that petitions should be chiefly for spiritual gifts, but he had at the same time a great dislike to fettering the free outpourings of man's heart by prescribing rigid bounds which they might not pass, and objected to confining prayer within strictly scientific limits. In this respect, it was thought by some, that he did not carry out to their logical conclusions his own principles of reason, but his position on the question was eminently characteristic of the man and of his theology. Hence, while he was wont to urge that prayer should be governed by reason, he contended it was not unreasonable to ask for temporal blessings—for he said God might, in the

largeness of his providence, find means to answer even prayers such as these; and practically he did himself so pray, and would sometimes trace seeming answers to such prayers. But what he most strove after himself, and most urged upon others in all earthly matters, was a spirit of association with Christ in submission to the Father's will. 'Give what thou wilt, only fit me for what thou givest.' 'Father, not my will, but Thine,' was the desire of his heart, and became the action of his life. He did not in this give that which cost him nothing, for he had strong feelings and ardent passionate desires; but thus the self-sacrifice of his life became a living prayer.

* * * * *

His theories of Revelation and Inspiration have already been noticed. Arising out of these, and in turn strengthening them, was his conviction of the natural growth of Christianity. About 1858 he writes:—

Christianity is the daughter of Nature, even as Jesus Christ is the Son of God. This sentence sums up all my heresies, and I say it emphatically—all our doctrines have their roots in our feelings, and often are our feelings congealed.

But God, the Maker of our hearts, thus by feeling fashions our faith.

With this conviction he set himself to draw out of old forms, new truths, to elicit the thought underlying the doctrine, and thus endeavoured to make the teaching of the Church to which he belonged, a living power.

What (he writes of his position) is my hope? Being in a machine too vast for me to move, but yet in which God's providence placed me by birth, education, early belief, and ordination, as well as of office, I strive to throw into it something more of the spirit of the unwritten *Truth* adhering to Christianity: but in its philosophical and devotional spirit, rather than in its historical particularity. Truth of God, be thou my guide. Spirit of Jesus, bless, exalt, comfort me, but chiefly employ and sustain me in a work like His.

In a way, my practical religion is now far more evangelical of heart than when I was jealous for Church traditions, and believed in New Testament letter; for now I seem to love the very thing signified, and I follow Christ of free will: and all evangelical devotion pleases me, though not scriptural literalism; but my condition is often perplexing, and I pray God to find me, and men like me, a way into purer light.—*March 11, 1855.*

Again, October, 1858, alluding to the inextricably tangled mazes of his life at Lampeter, he writes:—

How to tell the nature of my troubles here; the searchings of heart, doubts of conscience, dangers of name, fame, &c. May the time to come be easier for those who, like myself, have learnt that the Bible is not omniscience; and may the Eternal Spirit bless me in helping on the time.

May we not venture to apply to him his own words, 'Worthy is he that suffers and prays, to open the spiritual seals of the book of conscience unveiled. To him ancient faith grows young, and the God of old is the living Friend.'¹

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The following extracts are placed according to dates, as far as these are known:—

¹ *Psalms and Litanies.*

May 25, 1851.—The strength of Christianity lies in its recognition of a *struggle* to be undergone between the constituent powers of our nature, and in its earnest appeal to the Divine sympathy and compassion for aid in its struggle. Hence it strives, it aspires, it mortifies, it controls; it lives a new life in this new light of a relation to the Eternal as Helper, Redeemer, Judge.

In common language, it is the *sense of sin*, and the freedom of redemption—that is, ‘redemption of the captive will,’ which makes Christianity attractive. Its real force is as symbolizing human shame, struggle, passion, duty, aspiration, renovation. In not recognizing the ‘reproach of the cross’ implied in the parable of the ‘Fall of man,’ the above extract from Mendelssohn¹ (which I made a year ago) is defective. God has taught me this by the gloom and dissatisfaction which attended my attempts to look up at Him, merely as Creator of Nature (just as great as in the latter days of my formalism): and by the comparative peace which came to me in engrafting on a mere *nature* stanza, some stanzas with prayer for grace and help in struggles.

Revelation, then, is as much more ‘than reason,’ or Christianity and the Bible [or History] as much higher than Heathenism and the book of Nature, as our mental consciousness (including the affections) is more than the visible and sensuous creation.

Amidst doubts and perplexities of mind in 1852, he writes :—

That which has lost its power to sustain should no longer be able to torment.

¹ ‘The system of our duties rests upon a twofold principle: man’s relation to nature, and the creature’s relation to the Creator. The former is philosophy, the latter religion; and with him who is convinced of the truth, that the relations of nature are only expressions of the divine will, these two principles flow in one: to him the ethics of reason are as sacred as religion. Nor does religion require of us any other duties; it only gives those duties a sublimer sanction.’—M. MENDELSSOHN.

O Lord, Thou knowest: I pray Thee, save me by whatever is Thy truth. Teach me words which cannot pass away. If I am wandering afar from the Way, the Truth, and the Life, turn me back by Thy holiest Spirit, and the all-availing resources of Thy mercy. But if Thou hast opened to me a new and more living way, enable me by Thy strength to walk in it. If salvation is of Christ, let His intercession avail for me, even as Thy providence called Cyrus, though he knew Thee not; but if Thou only, O God and Father, one and eternal, art our living strength and our holy fear, then in Thy fatherly-like compassion forgive me, though, like Socrates and Plato, and peradventure many others, I use the shadows of my time and country, as pictures of the ineffable and but dimly imagined verities of Thy eternal kingdom. But, whatever parables I now speak on earth, I earnestly beseech Thee that all my words, my thoughts, and my life, may have the Spirit which is justified in heaven, and that I may be Thy most unworthy, yet accepted, servant.

Thou shalt show me very wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O Lord God of truth.

Ascension Day, 1853.—Preached in the evening upon Alexander Knox. More a review than a sermon, but with suggestions at the end, of praying for a double portion of some good man's spirit. People listened, and seemed interested.

I pray Thee, Eternal Father, that many of my pupils may ask of Thee a double measure of the spirit of those who have served Thee in their generation; and do Thou, O God, hear my prayer and theirs also.

Milton, who prayed to sing what might not die, and Bacon, who prayed to open new fountains for poor mankind, and Samuel, who said, 'Speak, Lord,' and Solomon, who sought wisdom to judge Thy people, and above all, Him who said, 'Father, not My will, but Thine be done,' and, 'I go to prepare a place for you,'—all these have I thought of before Thee, and I

pray, O God, for a portion of their spirit, according to the need of the world and growing time.

June 11, 1853.—Upon this great point, I have made up my mind clearly, and, by God's grace, I trust unswervingly. Scripture was not revealed to make our religion; but our religion, being uncovered, embodies itself in writings. We do not believe truth because it is in the Bible, but believe the Bible inasmuch as it is true. Our sacred books are the expression of our spiritual forefathers' convictions; the embodiment of their thoughts, feeling, and sighings; and, in short, the record of the entire Church's history and experience. Thus, the Bible is the voice of the Church. Yet it is not on the accident of the Church's priority that we should fix our mental sight, but on the essential of the idea of truth contained.

Aug. 16, 1854.—I cried unto God for hope. When my heart was stricken, I prayed unto Him, saying, Let my thoughts be stayed with cheerfulness, and let my words come forth in gentleness.

Then He said unto me, I, the Eternal, am He on whom thou mayest trust; they that obey My commandments stand fast for ever.

He that trusteth in flesh, his hope shall perish; they that run after the lusts of their own hearts, their joy shall wither like a leaf when it is blighted.

But blessed is the man who walketh through things seen, as beholding Him that is unseen; who hath said unto himself, The Lord is righteous and merciful, by His word will I guide my steps.

Yea, blessed is he who knoweth that the Lord loveth him; his faith standeth fast on the everlasting Rock, and his hope dwelleth for ever.

God loveth them that abide in His path; yea, He bringeth back them that go astray: He gathereth all that hearken unto His voice, into the shelter of His arms.

Be still, then, and hearken when God speaketh ; many a time He calleth unto us, and we cast all His counsel away.

Blessed are they that return in meekness unto the Lord ; He consoleth them one by one, and bindeth them with cord, till He setteth them in ranks like an army.

All their enemies have flitted before them like shadows ; God is in the midst of them, like a flame consuming the adversary, and they are every one filled with His glory.

O God, we have rendered ourselves all into Thy hand ; glory be to Thee, O Lord.

Lord, who in many ways, open even to my earthly imagination, couldst deliver me instantly, if it were Thy will, out of all present perplexities (even as of old the seer said, And if this had not been enough, I would have done for thee such and such things) ; enlighten me hence by faith to understand that it is not good for me yet to be delivered, but to persevere a little longer, since all things are ordered by Thy wisdom, which is far better, so that patience may have her perfect work. But also, I humbly beseech Thee, gracious Lord, to put a great blessing upon my work, far beyond that of which it would have been naturally capable ; and let my patience work experience, and experience hope ; and let my hope, being wedded with faith, never be ashamed, but let it abound exceedingly by Thy might in love to men upon earth, and in joy to Thy glory hereafter. Glory be to Thee, and let Thy mercy be upon Thy servant, O Lord.

One thing more I earnestly entreat of Thee, O Heavenly Father, upon this my earthly birthday : that, having so much need of mercy, I may become the more merciful in thought, and feeling, and word, and manner, and deed. Take away, then, from me, O Thou that searchest the heart, all passionate reveries, all wayward moods, and all habit of dwelling on provocations, or thinking vindictiveness, or brooding on quarrels. Cast out, O God, these strong men, and enter with Thy breath, which is far stronger, into my heart and mind, and dwell therein for ever.

Lampeter, Sept., 1854.—Lord, Thou knowest all my perplexity, and my groaning is not hid from Thee.

The remembrance of past years has come before me, and the words of my youth being better than my thoughts now are, bring forth shame in my soul.

My father and my mother sent me here, and my country called me, and Thou, O God, didst place me.

Also Thou hast broken down bars before me, and hast blessed the fruit of my lips. But I am weak, sinful, and solitary; I speak in parables, and I dread lest Thy Spirit should fail me.

Send me, then, O Father, the company of angels; purify me for Thy presence, and establish me with Thy presence.

There is no help for me but in holding by Thy will. It is good for me to obey, and trust in the Lord my God.

Ash Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1855.— I offer myself up to God, to be taught, used, and sent by Him; beseeching Him not to take His Holy Spirit from me, but to make me worthy of His service, and fulfil the noblest prayers of my youth in a sense deeper, higher, and wider than I could then conceive. Lord, let not Thy servant die till he have wrought a great deliverance in the earth—but in godliness, after Thy mind, not in sensual malice. And as I pray, so let me do. But, O God, my Saviour, ever guide, teach, support, sanctify, and bless me, to Thy own honour, and to the working out of Thy kingdom. Amen.

Truth is born of the breath of God upon a pure and virgin heart.

Religion is more poetry than prose.

Gospel is more advice than command.

But Thy will, Heavenly Father, be done; into Thy hands I commend my spirit, and my race, my country, my college, my Church, and Thine own great cause, even truth, and mankind. Even so, Lord, our Father, Saviour, Strengtheners.

March 11, 1855.—Lord, let me not sin in peevishness and folly, nor find fault with the number of Thy gifts. . . .

Grant me patience to abide Thy time ; teach me not to miss by my own fault, and to be content with Thy will.

But above all, let me accomplish Thy work ; and, O Lord, make my work truly Thine.

Count me not as Judas, but give me the mind of Jesus, and enable me to overcome by Thy truth.

Let this be the cause for which I came into the world ; and let me fulfil unto the end, bearing witness to Thy truth.

Teach me Thy truth, and stablish me by wisdom ; give me faithfulness and soberness before God, and let me grow in quietness towards men.

June 17, 1855.—If we could call back our childhood's impressions, they would sometimes be more correct than our later thoughts.

I remember when my feeling of Christ as subordinate to God, or as the Son of the Father, changed into the doctrine of Trine Co-equality. Now I see that Christ is truly the Son, and there are not three Fathers. Therefore, even in true Athanasianism the Son is subordinate to the Father, and much more in New Testament Scriptures.

Are we so weak we can think of nothing but on one side ? Should we not think of Christ as Son of man, symbol of humanity, and also as Son of God, picture of divinity.

Sunday, June 22, 1855.—Mr. Mansel, of St. John's, Oxford, preached to-day. A solid fragment of Butler, and quite as good, with additions ephemeral, touching 'atonement,' and bodily resurrection.

Mansel thinks the body ought to be more dwelt on. Spoke strikingly of the weakness of man, naked in pride and intellect, standing up to face heaven in his strength ; and of his strength,

when bowing amidst human prayers, and smiles in his weakness. So far good. But where, then, the might of faith and communion with God? And did he not disparage too much ancient wisdom of the devouter kind? Again, what real proof of the common theory of Revelation is in the correspondence of Christianity with our entire nature? Would it not rather seem hence to be an aspiration expressive of our natural turning to heaven—which is what the spiritualists contend for?

How far, however, spirit could act without body of some kind, is an idea I have before thought of, and must try to carry out. (On this I must touch in my book, and find curious things in Robertson.) Only if it cannot, the presumption becomes enormous against spiritualism; and yet the gain is not to Christianity so much as to materialism.

Again, is the world to Deity what body is to us? These lumbering metaphysicians, with their solid understanding and formal thought, do not see how much of external evidence (so called) has been stripped from Christianity by criticism, or how much therefore must depend upon the internal reasonableness, or rather the intuitive self-evidency.

Again, such men do not see that Christianity turns everything into spirit, so far as it has turned out true; and that, if taken literally, it has turned out false.

Christ did not come bodily in the clouds before that generation passed, though in power His spirit did.

Christ gave the kingdom to the poor, but what kingdom? Surely that of thought and ideas, not that of chariot and sceptre.

Christ spake of raising a temple in three days. Undoubtedly He meant a temple of a wider and more spiritual faith. If He ever said His body, He meant the Church. But dull ears heard Him as if He meant the physical frame; and hence, after the allegory had been popularly epicised, came the misinterpretation.

In three days, or yesterday and the third day, is a familiar proverb for *soon*, very soon.—See Hosea and *passim* O. T.

What is doubtful to me is, how far Jesus Himself was above

the local Judaisms of His followers, so as to employ them with divine benignity as parables which should lead them on, or rather us by them; or how far, again, God used even Him as a man, indwelling in Him in a way by the reflection of the Divine Thought, and so suffering Him to partake not only of time and place, but of all the notions which belonged to them.

This must be settled by minute comparison of the earliest and latest Gospels. But even in St. Mark are many things far more spiritual according to the conception of Jesus, than the interpretation of His recorder.

Take the Sermon on the Mount, the phrase of the kingdom, the second coming, the freedom of the truth, the powers of the world to come, the power of the resurrection, and see if they have not all a spiritual meaning.

April 28, 1856.—How much more I now seem to believe of Christ than of Christianity, and how much more of Christianity than of its 'evidences.' The religion seems to me divine—its vehicles providentially human—its proofs a dream of theologians. It has been a comfort to me to find in Archbishop Sharp a definition of faith, as taking Christ and His doctrine for the guide of our life, to shape our conduct by. In that sense, I have faith; in some senses not. I pray God increase my faith, and help whatever is wrong in my belief, or unbelief.

Nov. 9, 1856.—The time comes, and almost now is, when nothing will be counted Christian doctrine but what has also a witness in the conscience of man.

Then the word revelation will change its sense; and mean again, as of old, an unveiling of God to the mind.

Christ's religion is indeed the Natural one. He unveils the obscured truth of the God of nature. For this cause is He the Son of man, that He puts humanity nearer to God.

The questions at first were whether the law of Moses might be laid aside, so that without it Gentiles might be delivered from evil; whether simple piety, as a breathing of the heart, might take the place of formal temple-worship; whether the breathing of God on our heart teaching us things pure and good, was not a better guide than legal Scriptures; whether God freely forgave sins against that old law; whether men could be raised into a new life, by a renewal of the heart and mind; whether the old sensuous view of a God sitting in heaven, and earth divided from Him, should pass away before a deeper view of the Eternal Spirit embracing all things in the clear vision of His everliving love. Such as these were the questions when Christ's disciples first called men to the service of the living God. Accidentally was joined to the above a question whether Jesus was the Deliverer spoken of by the Fathers, as anointed and sent from heaven. But this question turned upon the deeper one which was before it, whether the greatest deliverance for man was from moral evil?

O, Lord, Thou only knowest all things; and in Thy sight heaven and earth have no mystery. Deal not hardly with our ignorance; but, since flesh, and sense, and language, and human thoughts are as veils between our spirit and the naked truth, give us such light as may be sufficient for us, and pardon our involuntary darkness. Give me, above all things, faith in Thee, and then wisdom to love, and serve, and believe of Thee as I ought, and then charity towards those who believe differently.

Forgive us, O Lord, all our harsh words and uncharitable thoughts, and evil surmises, and whatever be Thy truth, let us know it rightly, and whatever Thy law, obey it steadfastly; and if Thou hast not designed a more perfect knowledge for Thy wandering children in this world, yet seeking honestly Thee, and loving whatever is Thine, let us obtain pardon for our mistakes; and bring Thou all Thy wandering sheep by diverse paths to the true fold, and the one Shepherd, for Thy name, and for Thy

goodness, and Thy glory's sake. Even so, Heavenly Father. Amen.

O God, of whose very guidance it cometh that I doubt or disbelieve many things which others assert as Thy truth, give me Thy helping grace, that these doubts may never quench in me Thy inner light, or silence the rightful voice of my conscience. Let me know myself still too far from Thee, and strive daily to come nearer to Thy blessed Being. Give me a healthy and a sober shame for all my misdoings, and let me henceforward stand upright, upheld by Thy hand, and walk holily, sanctified by Thy Spirit.

Let not, then, my scepticism be a proud one, nor my religion a barren one, but, as Thy child, let me do and think ever what is well pleasing in Thy sight, by whose mysterious providence I came into this world, and to whose everlasting arms I trust to resign myself when I leave it. Even so, Holy Father. Amen.

God, who settest free the captive, and breakest the bond of the slave, I heartily thank Thee for even this glimpse Thou grantest me of a freedom of the soul, into which whosoever is born has no longer need of any creature, since Thou his Creator art sufficient for him. Lord, with a great price I am ready to obtain this freedom ; only perfect Thy work in me, and glorify in my weakness the strength of Thy grace. Even so, Thou greatly provoked, yet merciful and dear Lord, my Saviour and God.

O Heavenly Father, and Almighty Saviour, by whose Holy Spirit the Lord Jesus Christ became the Way, the Truth, and the Life, lead me, Thy servant and Thy child, by Thy Spirit, into all truth. Thou knowest, Lord, the errors and dangers which beset us, and how, seeking for the light, we fall into grosser darkness. O God the Father Almighty, Saviour of the world, Lord of life and death, leave me not to go astray unhelped by Thy hand, and unpitied by Thy compassion ; but since in Thy name

I am baptized, and to Thy altar dedicated, evermore keep me steadfast in Thy faith : or if Thou hast some greater truth to show me, let me know it to my soul's health, and according to the gracious will of my Heavenly Father.

Lord, I believe ; help Thou my unbelief. Give me this blessing, and add no more to it. Even so pray I in the spirit of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

For working out good desires in an unpleasant place of duty.

God, whose providence encompasses us, since Thou hast brought me to this place, and keepest me here, as I think, so let me not fail here to work out the holiest prayers of my youth, though in a way different to any I expected. Let me serve my country here, by training holy and skilful pastors, who may save souls alive.

Let me serve Christianity by having love of God and of man, and our Church by quickening her internally with the truth.

And let Thy wisdom dwell in me, not only in knowledge, but in lively power to hallow every word and work.

And let whatever effect I produce on my generation, be accepted by Thee and blest by Thee, to the advancement of Thy kingdom ; so that in all, and by all, and by me, and in me, Thy will be done.

Here, if Thou wilt, or elsewhere, according as Thou sendest, let me work out the fulfilment of my youthful prayers, even the good of Thy Church, especially the Church of England, the growth and welfare of my race and country of Wales, and the doing Thy gracious will by spreading more of some truth or happiness among mankind, and in words not to pass away. Grant me to work out these prayers, and add thereunto blessings of health, peace, love, and joy, as Thou seest fit.

For singleness of intention in difficulties.—Michaelmas, 1854.

O God, the giver of all wisdom, I earnestly beseech Thee

in all difficult circumstances of my life, and in all proceedings which call for circumspection, so to over-rule my humours by Thy breath, and to guide my thoughts by Thy light, and uphold my goings by Thy hand, that I may have the testimony of a good conscience in Thy sight, as having neither in vindictiveness nor in self-seeking gone about to injure any one, nor with any indirect motive or any passionate outbreak sullied my fair enterprise ; but working out truth in righteousness, and seeking the public weal with tenderness to the feelings of every one ; until at last I both obtain such blessing on my labours as Thou in the largeness of Thy mercy wilt give, and have my conscience made clear as the noonday.

O Thou that dwellest for ever, let not the godless triumph over me, lest Thy truth be trampled down.

Lest men say that God reigned of old afar ; but that His kingdom is no longer present among men.

Are Thy heavens become a wall of brass, that Thou canst not hear ; or is the fountain of Thy compassion dry ?

Thou that puttest Thy harp in the hand of David, does not Thy finger play upon our heart-strings for ever ?

Is Thy breath quenched, like a wind that is gone by ; or do the children of men live by any life save Thine ?

Is Thy sceptre fallen, and Thy everlasting throne cast down ; and are there no more mercies left in Thy treasury ?

Shall the Spirit that is within us strive in vain ; and is there no more answer of life to our prayer ?

I heard the voice of the scoffer and the scribe ; and they scorned my belief in the living God.

When the earth was young, they said, then God blessed it ; but all things are grown old, and darkness is on the world.

Thine, they said, were children's dreams, and not man's thoughts ; Thy power was in the twilight, but the daybreak is not Thine.

Read the book, but pray not as its writers prayed ; take the words of freedom, and make them instruments of bondage.

What the writers said of God is false, though they knew Him ; but all that they dreamt of earth is true, though they had not seen its thousandth part.

There is nothing now as then ; let us speak the words of old time, but not seek the truth now, for it is no more.

Measure not the earth, lest it be wider than Jewry ; and look not on the stars, lest their courses be from everlasting.

Ask not any of the isles of the ocean their story ; go not into any ancient city, lest its memorial be from before the flood.

Speak evil over the graves of all the mighty that are departed ; call the searcher of truth an idolater, and the virtue of the master and the maiden vileness.

Say not that the Eternal was king over any nation, lest thou take away his power, that it suffice not for Jewry.

So the scoffer and the scribe spake scorn of thy children ; they set bounds to the Almighty, and counted years for the Eternal.

In my distress I had almost said even as they ; but then I should have condemned the generation of all them that sought the truth from of old.

Then I looked to the great deep, and behold, it obeyed Thy law ; I asked of the mountains, and they answered, God upholds us for ever.

I asked of all the nations from of old ; and their ghostly voices said, There was no life among us, but by the Eternal Spirit.

I turned to Moses, and he called Thee, God of the spirits of all flesh ; I put Paul by his side, and he said, Thy voice was like the starlight, to the ends of the earth.

For how should they be judged, if they had not known ? and how should they know, if the eternal light had not lightened every man ?

Then I bowed before Thy Son, and He called the Father, Spirit ; they that worship Thee in spirit, worship in truth.

Then I said, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, and of all our

Fathers, even He that liveth for ever; our souls are not farther from Him now than the first man on earth.

I have seen Thee, O my God, with the eyesight of the mind; I have heard Thy voice like deep melody without sound.

Thou sendest forth Thy thought in man's heart, like the light upon the earth: Thou bringest Thy counsel to pass through a thousand generations.

Let the Hebrew unroll his volume, and I will learn; but let the Gentiles praise Thee, and I will join their songs in Thy name.

But I will not offer to the Holy One the sacrifice of lying; I will buy the truth, and sell it not, and I will offer it as the incense of the heart.

He that lieth for God will lie against Him. He that deceiveth with his lips will not spare the alms of the altar with his hands.

So then they that hated the truth hated me; and the reproaches of them that sin against the Holy One have fallen upon me.

O my God, uphold my goings in Thy paths, that they slip not; let not my weakness give occasion to Thine enemies to blaspheme.

Lest they say, Let us lie, and steal, and do even as we list, for the faithful witness has perished from among us.

O Eternal God, Thou art my guide and my strength; set my feet upon the rock, and order all my goings.

So will I give Thee praise without ceasing, in the temple not made with hands; so shall they that love Thee rejoice with me in Thy name for ever.

O Heavenly Father, whenever fear and perplexity come upon me, say unto me, Fear not, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

Yea, even when the voice of Thy consolation is faint,
When sickness of heart, like a cloud, overshadows me,
Yet let my soul not consent to earthly darkness,
But trust in the everlasting light beyond.

Not in our feeling we trust, but in Thee who art felt ;
Not in the steadfastness of our footing, but in the Rock
beneath our feet.
And though the veil hide Thy beauty, it takes not away Thy
goodness ;
But if Thou art far off to understand, Thou art near to comfort
and sustain.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAMILY SORROWS—MARRIAGE—BECOMES VICAR OF BROADCHALKE : 1858—1860.

‘Light flashes in the gloomiest sky.’—*Keble.*

THE following entries in his journal find place in the beginning of 1858 :—

Jan. 1.—‘The year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn’st with woe.’

But see Hosea xiv., ‘I will heal him.’

Jan. 2nd.—Left for Cambridge on summons for college meetings ; digressed to Liverpool, and saw E. C.

Jan. 3rd.—Spent in London, and heard —— preach at Marylebone, in the watery eloquence style, but should be glad never to hear worse. He conceded to geologists pre-Adamite death, with a candour honourable, but liable to be called Pelagian.

Attended St. Barnabas, and saw a pretty mixture of glass and gas, half Romanish, half theatrical, and a tinge of evaporating Anglicanism.

I lounged two unsatisfactory days about Cambridge, the library being closed ; and on the 5th came the sad news of my dear sister’s decease. I dwelt on it as little as possible ; but it was a dreadful shock. . . . In truth, this seems the law of God, and of His world. Man must give himself for others, husband for wife, mother for children, pastor for people, statesman for country,

soldier for his cause. And this general contribution by each to others, of that which each has drawn from the whole, is the principle of life and change in the moral world, as in that of nature. So St. John truly says, that if Christ gave His life for us, we ought also to give our lives for the brethren.

This is the true principle of what is called the Atonement. It is the principle of the martyr, and of all self-sacrifice everywhere.

Strange as it may seem, the funeral relieved somewhat my dull and pent-up misery.

To his sisters he writes afterwards—

Our dear sister is in the hands of God, and there let us try to rest ourselves also.

Jan. 14.—Am reading, with great pleasure, Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, English translation. Many of its ideas are far more those of Christ, than our received jargon among the scribes.

Yet some things make the Idea too impersonal, and lose the emphatic I AM of the Hebrew Jahveh.

Nor do I think his Trinity quite ours; but doubtless ours was once a philosophical truth, rather than a self-contradictory enigma, into which our solemn blunderers have now perverted it.

I most easily present to myself the Christian idea thus—

<i>First.</i>	Father	...	Person	...	Being.
<i>Second.</i>	Son	...	Voice	...	Thinking.
<i>Third.</i>	Breath	...	Living	...	Life-giving.

Or thus—Being, Thinking, Living, as considered primævally and potentially, but Causing, Speaking, Life-giving, as considered creatively and actually. Just as any person has a voice and breath, and as any rational being has living and thinking, so has Eternal Being a co-eternal reason, eternally self-uttering, and a co-eternal energy, eternally life-giving. This is both philosophical and true; and somewhat more orthodox than Hegel's Potentiality, self-revealing Actuality, and self-reflecting Nature.

Jan. 30.—Am reading with mingled pleasure at its knowledge of nature and of law, but with disgust at its proud prayerlessness, H. Martineau and Atkinson's '*Laws and Development of Man.*'

They see truly faults in our theology. They feel not the truth in our religion. Their magnetic facts are most curious. See their *Appendix* for Bacon's quotations on *Prophecy*.

Feb. 7.—I remember thinking as a child, that Hogg's lines to 'God of Life the Guard and Giver,' had something beautifully poetical, but yet not quite Christian.

So as a youth I found them fall in with the stir of young desire, rather than with calm self-command.

I now see they breathe of nature, and the devotion of the natural man; they lack the sterner air of the cloister, and even the soberness of books.¹

Some feel this in reading Wordsworth's lines in *Revisiting the banks of the Wye*, on

'Something far more deeply interfused.'

There is, I presume, an impulsiveness in devotion drawn direct from nature; more discipline in one taught by books, or under authority, as of the Son of man.

Is this what Hare meant, in requiring religion to be anthropomorphic? Or is this Pantheism and Christianity?

Perhaps some feel to me as I do to Hogg and Byron.

Feb. 19, *Ash Wednesday*.—Thought in the morning of trying to write a Welsh letter to my countrymen on the Bible and Science. The thought suggested itself to me dramatically a Bishop appealed to by a curate. It is strange how much more readily one's thoughts flow in an assumed character than in one's own. Is this that shyness or awkward modesty in the one case represses imagination, which in the other case has free flow?

¹ Of late years he was very fond of the above beautiful lines by Hogg, and we used frequently to sing them in church.

Anyhow, I always found it so : and I can judge sometimes better by thinking what others would say ; though in direct questions of right and wrong this latter is not so, but only in æsthetics and such things.

In church I prayed earnestly, and thought the harsh old service not so Sinaitic as it sometimes sounds. The fitness of forgiving others was also brought home strongly to me, and I made an effort of heart to do so.

Feb. 21.—I preached on the Communion Service, treating it as a sermon on the Decalogue, and excusing both the curses and the law, which stand and fall together, from the mixed state of our congregation.

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In the autumn of this year he once more acted as Poser or Examiner at the Eton College Election. This was the last time he did so ; for, though re-elected to the office for the following year, he had before then resigned his fellowship.

At these yearly examinations the Provost of King's, accompanied by two Posers chosen from the Fellows, assists the authorities of Eton in the examination of scholars for King's and Eton. Rowland Williams was considered a somewhat severe but strictly just examiner. 'Often,' wrote the present Provost of King's (in 1863), referring to the Eton *Trials*, as these examinations were called, 'the task was one of labour and difficulty, and I gratefully bear testimony to the ability and unflinching integrity with which Dr. Williams executed his part of the work.'¹

¹ He examined for the classical tripos at the University in 1844, 1845, 1846, 1849, 1850.

Sept., 1858.—Many things I had to write of: Jowett's pleasant visit, the Eton Election, a fortnight at Cambridge, &c.

At Eton I met the Duc de Malakhoff, a little, solid sort of Frenchman, with no waist, a head like a bullet flattened in front, and large pegtop trousers. He looked just the man who would be pitched into a fort to make his soldiers follow him. Resolution his merit, rather than counsel.

Much more intellectual was his brother ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, a tall, dignified man, with grey hair, blue eyes, and a mild sternness about his compressed lips, which implied some politeness, but more haughtiness. It is told of him, that he inspected at Constantinople the preparation of a palace for the Duke of Cambridge, and was ordered off by an orderly with the words, 'The sooner you make yourself scarce the better, old fellow.' Astonished at such an indignity, the ambassador, after digesting his wrath with his dinner, sent an attaché to ask if the man knew that the peer he had so spoken to represented the Queen of England. The exact words of the man's reply were to be returned; and they were simply these, 'I never said as how he did not,' so little was the soldier's philosophy awestricken.

From Cambridge he went to spend the rest of the vacation with his mother, little foreseeing it would be his last visit to her. His love and devotion to his mother have already been alluded to, but these were shown most forcibly in the manner in which he was her stay and comfort during the lonely years of her widowhood. A frequent care amidst theological discussions and misrepresentations was lest she should be disturbed by them. Once when this was the case, he wrote thus to her:—

I am very sorry you have got hold of anything out of these foolish papers likely to cause you anxiety. But no man can expect to tell upon his generation, without having these sort of

wasps about him as he goes on his way. . . . But I expect in the long run to be rather strengthened by such attacks than the reverse.

He had not now been long at home before his mother was taken dangerously ill, and in the prospect of the impending sorrow he writes :—

Sept. 15.—The sorrows of December, 1854, are coming over again. . . . But as my father was taken away from the evil of the obloquy which was coming upon me, so may possibly God's hand be taking away in mercy, though with a stroke, the desire of all our eyes. It was wanting to thee, dear mother, to see me married, as thou hadst prayed, and to see other of thy fond hopes in me fulfilled. May Almighty God, the merciful and faithful, yet fulfil the best of thine and my prayers in me, or better than thine and my best thoughts ! But and if I suffer, thou, my own darling mother, will be spared seeing it ; and in comforting my sisters I shall have work. God grant it me also in the work of the future, and prosper my handiwork upon me ; and let me not die barren, but my seed stand fast before Him. Even so, blessed Lord, Amen. . . .

Again he continues :—

She was a beautiful child. Her mother delicate—she the most delicate of her family ; though she has survived them all. She was born in 1794, and is now sixty-four. As a child, she was nursed at Bodedeyrn ; used to visit Treiorwerth, with old 'Whitefoot,' the favourite coach-horse, and Robert Roberts, the coachman. Her father was Prebendary of Penmynydh. She was at school at Chester, lived at Carnarvon, and then at Bangor ; where she met my dear father. She has had eight children. Two are dead ; five are around her bed of pain, with prayers, tears, and fears. Dearest mother, God spare thee to us, if possible, and be merciful to thee.

If I were as Saint Augustine—my mother deserves no less than his to be famous. Gentle soul of gentle blood, she trusted in God and loved her Saviour, and she had an undaunted intrepidity against wrong, yet nervous and susceptible in danger too. She was much in prayer, but yet practical, and loved and obeyed her Church, whose prayers she asks now; but she had no hybrid Romanism in her.

And again, when the silver cord was really loosed—

Sept. 19.—About four passed away the breath of her whose affection for her children was boundlessly prodigal, and not least so for me who, though unworthy, loved her most truly, and shaped such outward actions of my life as I could well master, much in obedience to her will. Nor was her sense of duty less remarkable, nor her piety to God; and these two, with her limited means, made her frugal, notwithstanding charity and elegance. Dearest mother, in thee were all virtues or their seeds, with only the human error of too great quickness and anxiety. Her will was firm, her manner gentle, but determined; her beauty once remarkable. A true gentlewoman, a thorough Christian in the homely sense of the word, a wife and mother tender, a poet or a painter by instinctive shaping of fancy, and a saint by capacity of all virtue. Holy Father of Heaven, make me worthy son of such a mother.

The soothing influence he ever, and especially in her last illness, exercised over her, is well expressed in some words she uttered when near her end—‘Oh, Rowland, your voice is to me like an angel of God.’

Sept. 25.—Yesterday (he continues), as God willed it, we committed my dearest mother's remains to the churchyard at Ysceifiog, laying her coffin in the vault by my father. It was very sad, and would have sickened me but for the excitement. . . .

Once more I stood and prayed with a true heart (as I think), where so often for fifteen years I stood and prayed more or less

rightly or sinfully, near my parents, and amongst my sisters. Now I walked round, and prayed God all might not be in vain; but His kingdom come, and His will be done in me and by me.

The last sad duties over, he returned to Lampeter, from whence he wrote to his sisters:—

September 29, 1858.—Our sad loss, with its irrevocable hopes and affections gone by, haunts me, whenever my mind is suffered to stray from the objects before it. God bless us all, and comfort us. But *be sure* you write to me, if there is any sort of help I can render. This little remnant of our family should cling together—and the phrase *remnant*, so often used by the Prophets and others, now acquires to my ear a significance it hardly had before. Pray for me, dears, as I do for you.

He now found distraction from sorrowful thoughts in the necessary work of his college, and consolation in the fact of our soon after becoming engaged to be married. Writing of this, he says, ‘What a happiness it is to have a cheerful vista opening itself before me, amidst the gloomy clouds of all sorts which otherwise overwhelm me.’ Though the brighter has been the light, the stronger is the contrast when the shadows fall: it is no small source of comfort and cause of thankfulness now, to know that for eleven years it was given me to lighten the cares and increase the happiness of such an one as he was.

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To Lampeter difficulties he about this time thus alludes—‘I feel at times as if Lucknow were a milder berth than Lampeter.’ And again, ‘I will not trouble you much with details of Lampeter, for when I talk to you I

ought to be coming out into sunshine. I hope you are not much afraid of being excommunicated; most women, however, are so.'

The following letters give some account of the more peaceful phase of his life at St. David's College :—

St. David's College, Lampeter, Oct. 20, 1858.— I am glad you are fond of the sea, as I am excessively so; and I should like to show you Tenby or Aberystwith. We are only thirteen miles from a good bold sea; though I cannot say much for the beach, nor is the coast of any extraordinary beauty.

It would be difficult to give you, even in a long letter, so good an idea of my Lampeter life as you would acquire in a day or two by being with me. Of late I have made an effort in the direction of early rising and breakfast at half-past seven; have chapel at eight; lecture at nine; stroll, write letters, as for instance this one, and perhaps glance at my next lecture, from ten to twelve; lecture till one; receive letters, and read, or see people, for an hour; get a ride, or walk for two hours; dine at four; see students, or do lighter trifles of chance work, till seven; then chapel, then tea; and the rest of the evening spent in various degrees of literary work or torpor, according to the state of my eyesight, health, and humour, all of which are rather variable. I have inserted no place for a cigar, which, however, is too apt to thrust itself into some vacant corner in these my bachelor days. But as everybody has some time at which they look forward to being perfect, so I delay my perfection until I get a wife to help me. At present, I only lecture generally eleven times a week; but sometimes much oftener, if I have no one to take the junior Hebrew class off my hands. Once a fortnight is my turn for preaching, and very generally my text comes from some service for the day. Last Sunday, Micah vi. 2, with the *Christian Year* poem for the day, which is worth turning to if you do not quite remember it, suggested the lessons of mountain scenery and the relations of

Nature to Christianity, with remarks how little there is in Christ Himself of that strong antithesis, or opposition, between His own doctrine and that of nature, which our technical divines so much insist upon. Nor is there any *clear* assertion in the Bible of nature, as a *physical system*, being other than it was intended to be. The 'cursed for thy sake,' may be only relative, or cursed to people who consider labour a curse; as 'with the pure thou shalt be pure,' and 'with the froward thou shalt be froward.'

But labour must always have been *intended* by our *Maker* as our natural destiny; and we know that death belongs to many generations of animals before Adam, or even Eve. I wonder, by-the-by, your sex suffers itself to get so much of the blame as the literal twisting of the letter of the evident parable in Genesis seems to lay upon their heads. I am persuaded they would not, only that there is a happy power in human nature of dwelling only on those parts of a theory which suit us, and throwing aside (without disowning) those which do not. That there is a *relation of fitness*, or a moral correspondence, between our many grievous shortcomings and the sufferings of this life, I never doubt; but to suppose all this a sudden change, unforeseen by the Creator, so that all was blessing on Monday, and all was evil on Wednesday morning, is neither reasonable nor consistent with most certain truths of geology, nor, I think, required by a fair and liberal interpretation of the Scripture thought to imply it.

So you have been reading Buckle on civilization. It is a work of more breadth than depth; knowing many things, but hardly the best worth knowing. Such a book may do good by calling attention to hard facts in the world around us, and so qualifying the narrow views which popular preachers and their cliques are apt to inculcate. I should be very glad if ladies would learn a few more facts such as Mr. Buckle can teach. . . . It is curious to see Mr. Buckle calling *Hooker* naturally a sceptic! Yet, if it be sceptical to make thought and reasoning enter, far more than our bishops and religious journals permit, into the very foundation of our faith, then Hooker certainly was sceptical.

However, I must not turn my letter into a new edition of Mr. Buckle, since you can neologize your mind sufficiently by turning to his pages.

Dec. 11, 1858.—If I can recover my voice before the 21st, which seems doubtful at present, I am to lecture then at Llanelly, upon ‘the Church of the Middle Ages.’¹ After that, I must try and do at least a fortnight’s writing here; then pay you a visit and probably I must go to Salisbury before the end of January to be instituted; at least I hope so.

Last Sunday I preached here (on ‘Things Temporal and Things Eternal’), and might, after my long absence, have been fairly expected to do so to-morrow; but my evident weakness prevented my colleagues from asking me, and so I am devoting the Saturday night to a heap of letters. Five great volumes of Biblical discussions by an American professor reached me to-day, a present from beyond the Atlantic: a perilous honour, since it shows my writings are heretical enough to be quoted.

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At Lampeter, in addition to the ordinary routine of College work, he was now occupied with an appeal to the Bishop of St. David’s, as Visitor of the College, with respect to the internal arrangements of College business; and especially with regard to the administration of its finance, over which he continued to exercise a vigilant supervision, and which, in the prospect now opening before him of possibly ere long resigning his office of Vice-Principal, he was desirous of settling on a firmer basis, and thus facilitating the task of his successor.

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¹ A popular view of *Rational Godliness*. The state of his health prevented his giving the lecture.

With regard to the right appropriation of College Funds, and more especially with reference to the endowment scheme—which was still a thing of the future—he writes in a letter to his lordship:—

Things which I am rather anxious for are these. The expectations of our students are especially sacred, and they should be improved upon if possible hereafter. People connected with Lampeter seem not to have reflected how educational facilities are being increased all around us. We are *grumbling* at *King's* for fear our new scholarships should be nearer £80 than £100. Even at Jesus College, Oxford, they have many scholarships of £90, and many exhibitions of £30. There is hardly a grammar school in the more favoured counties which does not give its £50 or £90. In the mean time *we* are giving £10, and £12, and £16, and £20. Our choicest cream of men get *at best* only £30; just a Jesus sizar like exhibition. How is it possible we can keep up *learning*, in any emphatic sense of the word, on such a comparative scale? and if we are not to give a comparative Greek and Latin course, would not a larger Welsh and English one, with more of a training school style of things, be in every way more useful?

Not to weary your lordship, it is clear that, if anything can be saved from the Professor's staff (which is constructed on the theory of the College's rising), it should go to provide a table of *free commons*, or some such advantages for the scholars or exhibitioners.

But with all my anxiety for *good* scholarships, I do not wish to see the Welsh language studiously thrust into a corner. It is the language of the majority of the souls which we have to save; and without making our College a permanent Eisteddfod, we should teach composition in Welsh, as in English, and reading and speaking in both. Many such humanities might be grouped together under the name of modern literature, and would be more useful than Pindar, or even Thucydides.

Weighing all things, I thought it best to accept Sir J. G. Shaw Lefevre's scheme as near as may be in its integrity—designating, however, the student's portion as the most sacred ; asking also for the suggested fellowships (for why should Lampeter alone give no honour to her best scholars?), and providing that any contingent windfall from a lapsed professorship hereafter shall go in the direction of the students.

By thus explaining to your lordship why I wish a scheme, what parts I am most anxious for, and what direction I would have the College policy choose hereafter, *Liberavi animam meum*.

* * * * *

Shortly after we became engaged, he decided on accepting the King's College living of Broadchalke-cum-Bowerchalke and Alvedistone, which had become vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Hawtrey.

'Nov. 21,' he writes in his journal, 'I first preached at Broadchalke, praying God secretly in the chancel that I might gather and not scatter, heal and not wound, build up and not break down. God, Thou eternal Shepherd of men's souls, grant my prayer.'

The following letters describe his first visit to the place and presentation to the living:—

King's College, Cambridge, Nov. 21, 1858.—It may interest you to know that I have seen Broadchalke, though the place itself is far from interesting in appearance. Eight miles from Salisbury, on the side of a shallow pasture valley, with hills behind not wild enough to be romantic, nor cultivated enough to be pretty, but with their bareness usefully diversified by turnips, is a little village of chiefly peasants' houses. The church is in good order. The house must be rebuilt from its foundation. A school has also to be built, and a curate's residence in the annexed parish. The

situation seems healthy enough, though there are complaints of east winds in winter, and of scarcity of water in the chalk soil. There will be plenty of quiet work to do, and a simple, not ill-disposed population, with their ignorance to teach, and their poverty to aid. We may drive over to Salisbury in summer afternoons, with a cathedral service to attend; and there will be plenty of leisure for me to write and read, and for you to do everything that is pleasant by my side. On the whole, I think we may venture to take it. The Bishop is personally civil, though so far frightened at the prospect of the new learning approaching him, that he speaks diplomatically about institution. He will not, in my opinion, venture to refuse, however little inclined he may feel to confer it.

The parishes have been neglected for fifty years,¹ and will require much coaxing to get into order, architecturally and morally. The face of nature is very far from being so attractive about Broadchalke, as it is about Lampeter; on the other hand, there is more of civilization and of society.

King's College, Cambridge, Nov. 30, 1858.—The motto [his own] you asked about is, in Welsh, *A fynno Duw, a lwydd*, which means, '*What God wills, will flourish*'; and I don't know that we can take a better sentence for our comfort and guidance in this critical time.

This day, Nov. 30, I was presented by the College, as lay patrons, to the vicarage of Broadchalke; and in January next, if it please God that all go well, I apply to the Bishop of Salisbury for institution. In the mean time, I shall proceed as if I had nothing, (and, indeed, I ought to have nothing) to apprehend from him.

. . . . Did I tell you the Bishop asked me to breakfast, and seemed to have no violent intentions, though his mind had

¹ From the long non-residence, in consequence of ill-health, of the Rev. S. Hawtrey. A tablet in the south transept of the church tells that he had been 'vicar for forty-five years, of which he resided sixteen.'

evidently been prejudiced by vague reports? But he has read none of my books, and confessed that he hardly pretends to be a scientific theologian.

What you say about the quiet of a solitary Sunday is perfectly true, and shows how varied and mingled may be the influences which aid devotion. Sometimes the congregation, and sometimes the chamber; silence now, and now song.

. There is something melancholy in saying good-bye to my College here, which I have known with many a friend for twenty-one years; but such is the destined course of our changing life. I have felt it more from a terrible cold, which frightened me with its appearance of threatening the chest, my old point of weakness; but at present, I hope, the worst symptoms have subsided.

An old College servant has this moment reminded me that he left me out of the 'gate-bill' in my freshman's week, when I had been out to a fire in the town. For that 'pious fraud' he received half-a-crown from me.

Beyond the breaking up of Cambridge ties which the acceptance of the living involved, what loomed still more painfully before him was the prospect of leaving Lampeter. In his devotion to his country, he always regarded this as exile from his native land. He had endeavoured once more to gain from the Bishop of St. David's some word of encouragement as to holding his own at St. David's College, but not receiving such he had written on the same day:—

Nov. 30.—I apply this day to my College here for presentation to Broadchalke, and to the Bishop¹ [of Salisbury] for institution, if all goes well, in January. The same day as saw me accept my exile, I was re-elected unanimously by my College at Cambridge

¹ Walter Kerr Hamilton.

to act for the sixth time as examiner at Eton. The contrast is rather striking.¹

He now became seriously ill, and as soon as the Christmas vacation commenced, went to Tenby for change of air. While there he completed a poem of upwards of 1300 lines on 'Howel Harris'² grave.' In Harris' history he read a prototype of his own, and, after a sketch of his

¹ Two letters he received about this time, when it became known that he was proposing to leave St. David's College, as bearing upon his work there, I take the liberty of inserting :—

'We shall miss your ever honest, and fearless, and independent action in more ways than one ; still more will the College suffer in the absence of these qualities. I am sure your position here has been no easy one, and I gladly take this opportunity of expressing my high sense of the judgment with which you have acted, as far as my knowledge extends. I leave to others whatever of censure your course of conduct may have elicited from them ; for myself I desire only to know the good, the labour, the earnest and self-denying work, which you have now for so many years been carrying on at Lampeter. I beg you will rely upon the good wishes of myself and Mrs. Harford, and we shall not fail to follow your future career with interest and hope.

'BATTERSBY HARFORD.'

In reply to a note Rowland Williams had written, urging on the endowments of the College, but saying it no longer concerned himself, Sir John Shaw Lefevre wrote :—

'*December 31, 1858.*—I am sorry you are going away from Lampeter, but trust the comparative leisure which you will enjoy in a rural parish will enable you to address yourself to those higher subjects with which you are so competent to deal.

'I do not doubt that I shall obtain the final decision of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners early in the year which is just about to commence.

'Again expressing my regret at your approaching departure, I remain yours with much respect, and with a strong sense of your courtesy and valuable assistance to myself,

'J. G. SHAW LEFEVRE.'

It has been seen that the hopes once again raised by this letter were not realized—the re-endowment of the College by an annual grant from the Commissioners (see p. 196) did not take place till 1865.

² The Welsh Wesley.

life, the poem contains an impassioned reference to his own Lampeter troubles, and tells of the intense mental suffering his wrongs there caused him. 'Strange,' he says, 'this poem should have been my sad solace during my mother's illness.' He appears to have commenced, but not completed, arrangements for its publication. It may have been that on reflection he considered the strain too much of an invective for this purpose.

He had this autumn read a paper at the Archæological meeting at Welshpool, 'On the supposed reluctance of the West British Church to convert the Anglo-Saxons.' In this he vindicated the early Church from the insinuations of Bede and other writers concerning its want of charity and missionary zeal.¹

He also gave a lecture at Carmarthen about this time on ethnology. Here he again inculcated his favourite theories tending in favour of the unity of the human race. He writes of it:—

My lecture went off, I hope, triumphantly. At least the audience were good enough to listen very patiently; and, even if they did not understand all, they cheered good-naturedly at the end, though perhaps out of joy that it was come at last to an end. I have only notes of what was said, and it would be of little use sending you such dry bones, without the flesh which covered them in delivery.

During the Christmas vacation of 1858-59, partly at Tenby, and partly in Liverpool, he wrote his essay on *Baron Bunsen's Biblical Researches*. This was a review of the then existing state of Biblical criticism as exemplified by the writings of Bunsen. It was written as a paper

¹ See *Archæologia Cambrensis*. Oct. 1858.

for a volume of essays which had been for some time talked of, intended to be chiefly literary, and in which the critical school of theology was to be represented, and religious subjects were to be handled in the light thrown upon them by the progress of modern science and criticism.

When first considering the project, he had thought of selecting Renan's writings for review, but decided upon those of Baron Bunsen in preference, partly from sympathy with his master mind, and partly because his writings afforded a more pregnant text for the subject on which he desired to treat.

An account of the immediate origin of the now famous volume of *Essays and Reviews*,¹ of which this review forms a part, is given by Dr. Williams in a letter which he wrote shortly before his death, in answer to some inquiries on the subject. It will be found among the letters of that time.

In Feb. 1859 the *Essays and Reviews* was advertised as in preparation, and he sent me the advertisement with the names of the proposed contributors, saying, 'You see what a crew I am going to take an oar with; wish us *bon voyage*.' Some of the intended contributors afterwards fell off, and various delays on the part of others hindered the publication of the book, so that it did not appear until the spring of 1860.²

The early year found him regaining health, and turning with renewed hope to matters connected with Broadchalke, of which he writes:—

¹ *Essays and Reviews*, Parker, 1860.

² See chap. xvi. vol. ii.

Feb. 3, 1859.—The Bishop was very civil, though he did not conceal that he had taken legal advice whether he could safely refuse the institution. No very great thanks, therefore, to him for doing what he was obliged to do, except that his manner of retreating was handsome and courteous.

Feb. 27, 1859.—When I have most to say my journal drops barren. In two or nearly three months I have been solemnly instituted (Jan. 29, 1859), praying God to bless a work not equal to my best ideal, but as good as this world of ours would allow me.

The parish of Chalke at this time comprised the mother church of Broadchalke, with its dependencies, the chapelries of Burgh or Bowerchalke, and Alvedistone or Aston. It is mentioned in Domesday Book under the name of Chelche or Chalk, so called from the character of the soil. The lands of Chalke belonged formerly to the Abbess of St. Edith's Convent, Wilton, and became the property of the Earl of Pembroke in Henry VIII's reign.

The prebendaryship of Chalke was given by the Abbess and nuns of Wilton to Henry VI., and by him to King's College, Cambridge.

The church at Broadchalke, 'the handsomest in the vale,' is dedicated to All Saints;¹ that of Bowerchalke to the Holy Trinity, and Alvedistone to the Virgin Mary.

¹ 'The tradition is that it was built by a lawyer, whose picture is in several of the glass windows yet remaining [none remained in 1859], kneeling in a purple gown or robe, and at the bottom of the window the subscription, "Orate pro felice statu Magistri Ricardi *Lenot*" (*sic* Aubrey for *Leyot*). This church hath no pillars, and the breadth is thirty and two feete and two inches. Hereabout are no trees now growing that would be long enough to make the cross-beams that do reach from side to side. By the fashion of the windows I do guesse that it was built in the reign of King Henry the Sixth.'—Aubrey's *National History of Wiltshire*, ed. Britton. MDCCCXLVII. p. 101. For further notice of the Church and Parish, see Appendix F.

The three several villages run along the valley of the Ebbele, a small trout stream, while outlying cottages belonging to the several farms are dotted about at wide intervals on either side to some distance over the Downs. Broadchalke numbered 800 inhabitants, Bowerchalke 500, Aston 300. In former times one clergyman had done the duty in the three churches, giving to each one service on the Sunday; and at this time the curate of Bowerchalke also served Aston, the short cut to which was a distance of four miles and a half over ploughed fields (those who know what Wiltshire chalk is will be able to appreciate this), and he sometimes arrived so wet that, there being no vestry, his only resource was to change his clothes in the reading desk, and he had been known to consider it a special interference of Providence on his behalf, when a wet Sunday enabled him to justify himself in not attempting the journey.

Better days, as regarded spiritual advantages, were now in store for these villages; the new vicar's first work being immediately to provide for two full services in each of the three churches. Though Aston had been the least favoured of the villages in Church privileges, its people seemed to value them more, and there was less dissent here than at Bowerchalke,—much less than at Broadchalke.¹ A lady, who had been formerly connected with the parish, having offered £500 towards building a house for a resident clergyman, and a grant being obtained from the Commissioners,

¹ Where Independents and Wesleyans both flourished, and a school in connection with the former denomination existed previously to the establishment of the Church of England schools.

a scheme was agreed on by the vicar, the patrons, and the Bishop, and carried out by the consent of her Majesty in Council, for the severance of Aston from the mother church, and the forming it into a separate benefice; the vicar of Chalke reserving only—for himself and future vicars—the right of patronage. Alvedistone was thus restored to the position it had up to 1575 occupied, of a separate vicarage. Presentation to it was at that time in the hands of the Prebendary of Chalke.

Till this severance could be effected, temporary arrangements were made, and in the autumn, the Rev. John Owen, formerly a pupil of Dr. Williams, became curate of Aston. He subsequently became assistant curate at Bowerchalke, preferring to be nearer his old tutor.

At Broadchalke itself, it was necessary to build a new vicarage, and while this was being done the Bishop of Salisbury granted a license of non-residence. The several parishes were left in charge of different curates, and Rowland Williams was thus enabled to continue at St. David's College, while the vacations were mostly spent at Broadchalke.

He took great interest in the arrangements connected with the parish, and the new life opening before him inspired him with fresh hope. 'The Bishop,' he writes, 'admitted my marrying a wife was a reason why I could not be expected to go and live in two-room lodgings while my house was building. But Chalke affairs are very complicated, and require much writing of letters, besides my regular term work.'

On March the 25th he preached his last sermon at

King's College, Cambridge. In anticipation of this, he wrote from St. David's College :—

I hope to be away from this place only four days. Nor should I go so far to preach a sermon, but that it is a compliment for so much abused a person as myself to be asked, after all, to do so.

From Cambridge he continues :—

March 24.—To-day we had a long and dreary sitting of dull debate over drafts or hints for future statutes ; then a dinner party, from which I hurried away early, so as to finish my sermon, and I now rejoice in that completion. To-morrow is the critical day, on which you ought to think of me, and to give me the aid of a little aspiration for my well-doing and persuading men.

And afterwards he thus describes it :—

The sermon was upon the Divine visits, little traced in our life : 'Lord, when saw we Thee?' I applied my doctrine to Cambridge, and urged the ethical faculty as the true mirror of God. It was the practical side of my *Rational Godliness*, the theory quite unchanged.

He further wrote :—

March 27.—At Cambridge I was not heretical enough to be interesting : but rather uttered some of those general truths which are most important to live by, but not very striking to listen to. I believe my congregation were good enough to be pleased.

In returning through London, I was introduced to Trench and Mr. Milnes. Heard, in Westminster Abbey, a loud-voiced Literalist on the kingdom of God. He made it quite formal and miraculous, hardly hinting the true power of the heart. A glorious service, the music having much the better of the preaching.

Trench suggested that sparingness of gifts brings sparing blessings, or even provides withdrawal of wealth—a doubtful doctrine.

* * * * *

April 27th.—Married Ellen Cotesworth, at St. Paul's [Princes Park], Liverpool. May He who can bless us and our deed.

After a tour amongst the English lakes, he writes to his sisters :—

St. David's College, Lampeter, May 11, 1859.—We arrived here last night safely, and we were received with a most brilliant triumph of cheering, arches, illuminations, and carriage-drawing, all of which amazed our weak minds not a little. It was like a member's chairing, with the addition of an illumination. Ellen seems pleased with the place.

I was hardly prepared when I went to Lampeter for the enthusiastic attachment of his countrymen which then broke upon me, and their primitive, simple ways, hearty greeting, and intense pride in him were very fascinating. As we became better acquainted, there was nothing that pleased them more than to pour into not unwilling ears stories in his praise.

There are not many letters or entries in his note-books of this period. It was fine summer weather, and the term flew quickly by, all leisure time being spent in walks, rides, and drives amid his favourite haunts. Though there is not much that can be *written* of them, these were some of the bright days of his Lampeter life.

He had determined to spend the summer vacation in Wiltshire, and we drove *Felix* to and from Chalke, where we lodged over the little village shop, redolent of cheese and candles. He now took up parish matters warmly, and became interested in the people. Much time was spent in the vicarage garden, where, under his favourite

copper beech, many a plan was laid for the future. Wandering over the Downs, the beauty of the harvest colouring pleased him greatly, though he used afterwards to think that spring in the down country, as crop after crop appears, clothing the barren wintry side of the hills with green of every variety of tint, was even more beautiful. Some time spent in London and Salisbury filled up the vacation. The following extracts from letters to his sisters refer to the conclusion of it :—

Aug. 12, 1859.—My dear M.,— . . . I took Ellen one day (in the week) to service at All Saints [Margaret Street]. As to the church, no doubt it is pretty ; and the psalms were meant to be chanted : but the spirit of the system, as a whole, is one of Art and Sacerdotalism nursing Devotion, until the two nurses smother the child.

54, *Marine Terrace, Aberystwith, Sept. 7, 1859.*— E. and I stayed a week at Llandrindod ; then came a lovely drive up the valley of the Wye, past Rhaiadr and Llangwrig to Pont-y-Mynach (*i.e.* the Devil's Bridge), where we spent two days, and we are now at Aberystwith, on our way to Lampeter.

There we hope to arrive early in next week. We rode yesterday up Plinlimmon (eighteen miles for E. !), and enjoyed a view extending from Bardsey to Malvern, and from Snowdon and Cader Idris to the border of Pembrokehire, if not still farther southward. The mountain is almost all *grass*, not at all precipitous or Alpine, like some of our northern crags ; but still there is great variety, and even grandeur, in the many features which a view from it embraces.

Just now I am tired of wandering, and hope to repose a little at St. David's College before term begins.

I assisted a Cardiganshire vicar in administering the Sacrament on Sunday. He gives no morning service, though he has only

one church. His green baize cloth, the gift of a good old woman, appeared from under the white sacramentary cloth, which was not enough to cover the whole table. The bread was put in a lump, and he coolly cut with his pocket-knife (!!) the quantity he deemed requisite. A little even of Puseyism would not be amiss as antidote in such a case. You would have almost fainted; I grinned sardonically, but with a sort of internal shudder. Poor E. thought it was Welsh!

* * * * *

More than a year had now passed since the appeal to the Visitor respecting College matters had been made, and there had been much which was painful and harassing connected with it, which can only be alluded to here. He writes concerning it, that for seven years he had foreseen the necessity of this appeal, but endeavoured to avert it. 'My lot was to be placed where of necessity I must either give way to wrong-doing, and sanction it, or I must some day or other be goaded forward into a quarrel. More or less patience or courtesy might protract the time, but the critical contest was destined to come.' And, again—'My feeling as embodied in the appeal is that, had I chosen to echo untruth or to partake unrighteousness, I might have escaped the veiled hostility of those from whom protection was due to me.' The Visitor now expressed himself abundantly satisfied as to the importance of the principle for which the appellant pleaded, and as to the evidence being more than enough urgently to require the interposition of the Visitor's regulative power. He also stated that all the suggestions offered by the appellant for the better management of the College would receive his utmost attention.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS: MARCH, 1857—JANUARY, 1860.

I.

TO A FRIEND.

St. David's College, March 18, 1857.—Very many thanks for your letter, which I read with great pleasure: though you still seem to think that facts depend upon our volition, which is hardly so.

St. Paul's 'revelation' is perhaps that to Agabus, perhaps his own deep insight and perception of bearings and truths: certainly not a disclosure of earthly history: else why *Ananias* and *Barnabas*? and why *Arabia*? besides his express assertion that the institution of the Eucharist was to him a *παράδους* (Ep. Cor.).

I have not yet seen Donaldson's book, but expect from him more learning than soberness. Bampton Thompson I have referred to once in a note to my sermons, and once in my last book; but do not conceive myself to hold *quite* the same aspect of things, and have (indeed) indicated respectful dissent in each volume. I could not have done it oftener, without seeming to assail where I wished rather to compliment. *Some* things which he brings out I had also come upon independently. He did not teach me the knowledge of the *Konds*, &c.

II.

TO REV. W. WIGAN HARVEY.

St. David's College, Lampeter, May 25, 1857.—My dear Harvey,—Your exposition¹ is difficult, but not [as the writer had feared] uninteresting. Basilides, I think, you handle well; though the slightly Gnosticizing tendency of my own modes of thought might have made me wish for a tenderer touch.

Nor do my now recollections of Plato and Aristotle point out anything which requires correcting. As to the aboriginal *Matter* of Plato, I have pencilled long ago, in the margin of my *Timæus*, that it was *ideal* or *potential* only; and such a view of it accords best with the general character of Plato's system, in the absolute dependency of all matter upon thought, which he everywhere strives for. Yet, on looking now at the words, near the beginning of the *Timæus*, I hardly see how they bear my own former construction; and it would require more comparison of difficult passages than you would care for me to undertake, in order now to decide the point afresh. Harold Browne had asked me a question on this very point; and I had deferred answering it until I had time and sinew of mind to go through the *Timæus* again, and to compare it with the *Phædo*, &c.

I am *quite satisfied* in my own mind that Valentinianism, and probably much of the other Gnostic speculation, is mainly *Buddhistic*, but joined on to Semitic history, with attempts, more or less wild or sober, to blend the two elements. A paper on this subject for some Review stands for some indefinite future day, as one of the castles I am to build. If you look at Eugène Burnouf, or at *Christianity and Hinduism*, chap. i., you will see the groundwork of my belief.

While I accept provisionally your explanation of Basilides' $\delta\ \sigma\upsilon\kappa\ \hat{\omega}\nu$, I still think it worth considering whether he did not

¹ Mr. Harvey's Introduction to his edition of 'S. Irenæi quæ supersunt Opera,' 1857, the proof of which he had sent to Dr. Williams to look over.

mean, after the fashion of Plato's Parmenides and of Hegel's harmonious antagonisms, to blend together all opposites in his account of the Deity—as *e.g.*, God is Being, and is also Naught (*seyn und nicht seyn*). Light and darkness, the affirmation of all that is, and the negation of all that is not. For all being and all negation are *alike* grounded in the ever acting and self-developing will of the only true Being. Thus, heat and cold are only temperature,—summer and winter are one year,—life and death are one course and cycle, coming alike of God. Thus the strong contrasts—oppositions—antagonisms of Zoroaster, which were the moral strength but the intellectual weakness of his Dualism, would merge in a higher unity, with the more comprehensive intelligence of the Gnostic, as they do with the Hindú Vedantist.

What is *not* quite *clear* to me is a question which may rather startle you. How far is Tertullian's saying, *Quod prius, verius*, a mere traditionalism of the letter, and bearing to be replaced by, 'Quod Deo propius, verius, neque propior Deus olim, quam nunc est;' which, being interpreted, open this question, Did the Gnostics blend two originally heterogeneous things? or did much of the later *form* and *moulding* in the logical development of Christian doctrine come rather, cleared, and run pure, out of the ferment of waters originally muddy, *as far, i.e.*, as speculation goes? And, if such a question savours of Basilidian 'hardihood,' would not a larger blending of apparent opposites, as above, lead us to regard revelation as God's work in teaching us often through the earthly, or through those very reasonings and strivings which are one-sidedly put in opposition to Him? whereas they may be parts of His lesson: the fermentings of the waters, over which His Spirit for ever broods.

I want also to know, *how near* one can safely go to Sabellianism without becoming heretical? Dean Milman evidently has asked himself the same question; and Coleridge did *not* ask it, but had very good reason to do so. I am exceedingly struck by both *Justin Martyr's* and St. Athanasius' easy and credible theory of the Trinity. Only, if the orthodox doctrine was so easy,

why all the mutual burning? So that, I suppose, the moment a thing is plain, it may be suspected of being heretical. Still more manifestly, yet not, I think, more really, than the two I have named, Hippolytus holds a sort of modal, or at least a metaphysical Trinity, of Will, Reason, and conscious Life, rather than a personal one, of three individualities. Query, would it now be *safe* to quote those three Fathers in plain English?

I am afraid I have done you no good ; unless it be a slight increase of confidence in your hope not to be obliged to make any alterations in your Proof. This, I trust, will be a sufficient reward for having written to me.

Possibly I may go to the *palaver* at King's next week. The report seems to me good, and the ideas not bad ; but I should like a little more liberality, both in money, and otherwise. It is rather *stingy* to give only our Income-tax savings.

It is right to bid you bear in mind that I very seldom read any classical Greek now, nor have done much for this seven years.

III.

TO HIS SISTER, M. E. W.

St. David's College, Feb. 2, 1858.—I wish you soon out of the region of slops and coddles, into that of fresh air, good eating, and amusing yourself, so that nature may have fair play ; such is my 'rationalistic' view of the noble art of healing, to which my mind bears about the same relation, or view, as it does in reference to the science of *technical* theology.

I hope, also, that you do not suffer yourself to be too anxious, such being probably the temptation for your disposition as it is also of my own. But 'in quietness and confidence should be our strength.'

I am very glad to hear that — is good enough to be pleased with my Sermons.¹ I cannot guarantee them free from the faults which addresses of the kind (written often under pressure of employment, and from special points of view), are

¹ *Rational Godliness.*

likely to have ; but I feel a firm conviction that there is no great or fundamental heresy in any one of them ; and I am confirmed in this belief by seeing how very little my more respectable assailants, such as Bishop Ollivant, have found to say against them, after three years' microscopic inspection. In fact, Christianity was originally a religion of simple truth (as in the Sermon on the Mount), such as any incorrupt heart would naturally, and as it were intuitively, embrace ; and although it was unavoidable, in the lapse of ages, for all sorts of reasonings and inferences to get clustered in systems about the simple truth, yet the real heresy is in making these formal systems part of the very life, instead of frankly acknowledging them to be a kind of accumulation (like a snowball) not altogether useless, and in some cases very reasonable, but not at all essential.

Whenever young ladies take to reading St. Paul, instead of being bewildered by people who make it their business to obscure the apostle's meaning, they will see all this to be as clear as daylight.

The greatest end of Christ's coming into the world is to give us joy and peace in believing ; that is, the same power and confidence in talking to God from our heart that we should have to our dearest friends, and the same trust in His no more hurting us willingly, than our own earthly father would, if he saw us on our knees supplicating him not to do so.

The Calvinists are quite right in making this peace of God, and our salvation, entirely *a free gift* without any works or merit of ours ; only they are wrong in making it a gift to some, instead of to *all* and every one who is willing to accept it.

IV.

TO AN INQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.¹

St. David's College, Lampeter, Feb. 18, 1858.—Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your interesting letter, and only regret that the

¹ The late J. H. Rees, Esq., Llanelly.

many demands on my eyesight will not permit me to discuss your questions at such length as their importance, and the courtesy with which you raise them, may seem to deserve. It is, however, the less necessary I should do so, since a full discussion of most of them may be found in my book on *Christianity and Hinduism*, which is my chief work, and the one by which I should wish thoughtful critics to judge me.

If you will make yourself master of that book, skipping perhaps the first six or seven chapters, and will afterwards propose to me any remaining difficulty in your mind, I shall feel it my duty as a clergyman to attempt to satisfy you. But I confess I feel myself fairly excused from repeating in letters what I have already published in books, unless my questioners will first condescend to read the books. At present, therefore, you must permit my thanks for your letter to be accompanied with but brief answers.

1.—By saying, that ‘*at least nothing less* than our own spirit’ is to be worshipped, I conceive myself to repeat exactly St. Paul’s argument against idolatry. ‘Since,’ says St. Paul (Acts xvii.), ‘we are God’s kindred’ (*γένοις*), ‘we ought not to think the Godhead is dull matter of gold and silver, but surely He must be living and spiritual, since even our minds are so.’ So I venture to say, since we are thinking and rational beings, much more the Eternal Spirit, who shows us His thought as law upholding all things that are, cannot be adequately represented by a dumb idol. He *can be nothing less than* mental and spiritual, however much more or higher than our apprehension, He may be. This argument against idolatry seems to me both scriptural and rational. In fact, I conceived, that in using it I was only giving a free paraphrase of St. Paul. Read the whole passage, and you will hardly doubt that it is so.

2.—In reply to your question, *of what truth* do I conceive the early chapters of Genesis to contain an ‘allegory,’ I answer, of the truth of Original Sin, or the Fall of Man. I was not, in the passage you refer to, handling the subject of creation, though of this, too, something similar might be said, as you justly observe

in reference to the six *days*. But the question which I ventured to ask thoughtful divines to consider was this; whether what we call the *Fall* of man be not rather a *falling*; that is, a perpetual proneness, or tendency to go wrong, or a failure to realize in act our aspiration in thought? such tendency being, as I suggest, only what was likely to happen with finite creatures of flesh and blood, and what in fact our Maker fully foresaw, and provided a prospective remedy for.

The reasons which make me ask this question are partly (1) *Scriptural*, as the irrelevancy of texts often quoted on this point; partly (2) *Scientific*, because geology shows that thousands of generations of living things had died *before Eve sinned*; partly (3) *Metaphysical*, because it is absurd to suppose the forecasting thought of the Eternal God could have been frustrated in the first generation of His creatures; and partly also (4) *Moral*, because the notion of little infants being burned, because Eve ate an apple, always seemed to my weak mind an uncomfortable doctrine. BUT, if any proper tribunal or grave authority will say, after consideration with argument, that my question is to be answered in the negative, and that what I call the falling tendency of man ought to be called by the common term, the *Fall of Adam*, I can readily bow to authority and withdraw my question. I am certain, however, it contained nothing to hurt any Christian mind, or to justify the rude outcry which assailed it. Nor has such outcry any tendency to persuade me, one way or the other.

3.—As to Jonah, my notions are defended in my recent review of Bishop Ollivant's charge. It does not seem certain that, by quoting the book, our Lord meant more than to employ an illustration. If the book was one with which His hearers were familiar, He might take an illustration from it, just as from the lilies of the field, or from a prodigal son.

The phrase 'three days,' &c., need not, however, disturb you. It is a common idiom in Hebrew for *any short time*. See Hosea vi. 2, also Joshua iii. 4; the word *heretofore* shows in the Hebrew the same idiom, though the English version drops it. Nor ought

we to push too close things of 'the Letter,' for it is 'the Spirit' that quickeneth. As, to take another example, 'the genealogies' trace only *Joseph* up to David, and *not Mary*: but Joseph is considered only the reputed father, and as we have no certain knowledge of Mary's tribe or kindred, we can hardly prove *her Son* to be born of David after the flesh. But how little would St. Paul have cared for such a difficulty! We know that Christ has a spiritual kingdom wider than David's; and He is the Son of David, as inheriting the throne over Israel. But, if any one insists on the fleshly descent from David, he must take it on faith, since there is no proof of it.

My own mind leads me, in all such cases, to lay stress on the spiritual fulfilment, and not to warp or wrest the literal, for the sake of proving the doubtful point.

4.—With respect to the great Adversary, I think our Lord was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; but I am not quite able to think that we ought to preach much about the devil—his works preach loudly enough for themselves. I think we should rather preach the Holy Spirit of God, the Love of God, and His grace and truth. What men want is not to fear the devil, whom they are only too apt to serve, but to fear God, or rather to love and honour Him. But as there is a spirit of good in the world, so there is certainly evil, and there seems to us a spirit of evil; though it especially works *in men*, and has by some been thought to reflect or borrow the human personality. But, for some metaphysics on this point, see my Indian book. The devil may be a sort of necessary limitation, but chiefly seems to me the spirit of darkness and of hatred. Whoever hates his brother is a son of the devil; so our Saviour calls the Jews 'Sons of the enemy,' because they narrowed the love of God by selfish exclusiveness; whereas he who loves his brother (says St. John) is *born of God*—that is, is a child of God.

God is love and light; God's enemy is darkness and hatred.

My own mission, so far as I understand it, is to preach the light. If the children of darkness assail me for doing so, their ancestors in spirit assailed also our Lord and St. Stephen; and

they are now more fierce, like their father in the Apocalypse, because they have but a short time.

I expect, as the kingdom of God's Holy Spirit advances in light and truth, the old hostile spirit of darkness will break out more savagely against it. Whoever sets man against man in the name of religion, is a child of the devil.

5.—You need not fear, my dear Sir, that any fair historical inquiries will make me call you 'an unbeliever.' The only dangerous unbelief is that of the *heart*. If men love darkness, *because* their deeds are evil, then the light and the God of Light condemns them. But go on as boldly as you like in sincere historical search or thought, so long as you do so with prayer, with purity of life, and with unlimited trust in God our Father. It is not His will that we should believe anything untrue, therefore He grudges us not *the free use of reason* in searching the things which belong to *reason*, so long as we do not quench His Spirit, which keeps alive in us the things which belong to faith.

It is equally wrong and unwise to darken our own minds, or to embarrass Christianity by mixing up our faith with contradictions to our historical conscience. In fact, it is hardly less than to suppose either God, or His blessed Son, a liar, if we set the religion revealed by the one against the facts brought about by the providence of the other.

But I have written you, by disjointed bits, a longer letter than I had intended.

I wish it was better worth reading ; but such as it is, you may make any use you like of it, in public or in private.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great respect for your sincerity of search, very faithfully yours.

V.

TO MR. J. SINCLAIR.

St. David's College, Lampeter, May 27, 1858.—Dear Sir,—I welcome with pleasure a voice from the far Orkneys, expressive of sympathy with myself, and mentioning an attempt to benefit that wild land, in the spirit of Christ.

The motto you have chosen seems to imply the continuance in the world of that Divine Power which wrought in Christ, wherever any one will attempt to work in Christ's spirit. I do not know if that is the sense you wish to be taken as meaning; nor is it otherwise so easy for me to answer your letter, as it would be, if you had specified the particular points or aspects in my sermons, with which you feel yourself in sympathy.

I believe that my title-page, if fully considered, expresses entirely everything *distinctive* in my volume; though not (of course) all that I hold in common with the majority of my brethren.

The late Rev. Fred. Robertson seems to me a happier exponent of my views. In his sermons I find finished, and practically put, what I had only hewed at roughly. He has an excellent sermon, bearing on your motto, explaining the reasons why it was *good* for the disciples that their Lord should depart; because only so could they receive the Spirit.

I confess to you that, although my mind reaches forward to an atmosphere of the infinite love of God, in which distinctions of sects and formulæ either melt, or become local and personal accidents, yet, either from education or from temper, I still retain a certain ecclesiastical *positiveness*; so that, on the one hand, I can neither speak as if all manner of religious anarchy were a matter of indifference, nor yet do I like speaking of 'heresy' and sectaries in terms of harsh condemnation.

I should agree with you in excluding from your labour of love anything specially denominational which could interfere with its usefulness; but then I hardly know how to reconcile with your doing so the somewhat sterner tone about 'heresy' and sectaries towards the end of your letter.

I do not like either heresy or sectarianism; but there may be persons in either, or in both, for whom I should not the less feel an unabated sympathy of heart.

You mention neither your 'style' nor calling, or point out any way in which I could assist you in your proposed work. But I take your letter as a token of goodwill; and as such I

thank you for it, and wish you the blessing of those who, though they seem to cast their seed on wild waters, yet find it again after many days.

Whatever we do for the God of truth and of love, He will bless us in it, or for it, in some way; and if He does not give us the success we might wish, it is because He sees something else to be better.

VI.

TO HIS SISTER.

King's College, Cambridge, Aug. 10, 1858.— . . . Your sex in general become the tools, or the prey, of either doctors or priests, from not having vigour enough of mind or body to act for themselves. The easiest rescue for them is commonly to hand them over to a husband, who exercises a certain father-confessorship of his own. But if this is thought too commonplace, it is not impossible to lead them (one would hope) to trust their own faculties, under the guidance only of a higher than any human will, so that they may say with Wordsworth—¹

‘To humbler functions, Awful Power,
I call Thee. I myself would bend
Unto Thy guidance from this hour—
O let my weakness have an end.

‘Grant to my heart, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.
The *confidence of Reason* give;
And in Thy light of Truth, Thy
Servant let me live.’

People who write so firm a hand as your last letter may live up to this. Otherwise, the husband seems a safer remedy than the doctor or the priest, both of whose business lie with weakness of the same kind, and who too often are not anxious to promote the health and strength which are superior to their aid, though the proper ends for them to promote.

¹ *Ode to Duty.*

VII.

TO J. MUIR, ESQ.

Nov. 5, 1858.—My dear Muir,—Many thanks for your letter, which gladdens me with the prospect of occasionally hearing from you again. During your absence I have undergone one of the greatest losses which befalls men in passing through this life. But yet, although I loved my mother tenderly, and she me still more so, the loss has not, for a variety of reasons, been so afflicting a blow to me as that of my father was four years ago. One comfort is, she can never again suffer from any of my theological disputations, though it shows the depth of her Christian and womanly instincts, that *she never for a moment doubted* my being substantially right, nor believed that the attacks upon me were other than cruel and false.

Mansel's Lectures I have not read enough to judge fully. But, it seems to me, his argument tells *not more* against Rationalism, than against Revelation; and that Sir W. Hamilton's sentence is the gem of his book, and its refutation.¹ For, if you supersede Nature, you ought to improve upon her. But, if all Nature's difficulties reappear in Revelation, *for what* have the 'laws' which the Eternal One gave, 'not to be broken,' been so elaborately set aside? On the spiritual, which is the *true*, side of religion, these Lectures would condemn Abraham for *not* slaying his son, and the Psalmist for preferring contrition to blood-sacrifice; and St. Paul, both when he ascribes a law to the Gentiles, and when he disclaims legal sanctity for earthly temples. Again, theologically, or on the side of our technical systems—which an Anglican dogmatist ought to consider—these lectures would make Athanasius wrong, in developing his more systematic Trinity, out of the simpler sayings of Justin Martyr; as those again are advanced beyond St. John. And generally, our Augustines, Anselms, and Aquinases, and even our own Melancthonian Articles, would find their speculations not allowed for by Mr. Mansel.

¹ 'No difficulty emerges in Theology, which had not previously emerged in Philosophy.'—Sir W. Hamilton. Prefixed as motto to Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, 1858.

I *think* I could easily show the practical worthlessness of his book for the objects at which he aims, though many of his positions, if taken isolated, are undeniably true.

But I hardly know, if another addition to my many pamphlets is worth writing; and it is possible I may confine myself to a little hermeneutic monograph on Isaiah liii., with some allusion to Mr. Mansel, by way of finish. What do you think of this latter idea? If, however, I do neither of the above things, I shall touch the subject in my Bunsen Essay, which possibly may be enough, though M.'s challenge is tempting, and almost insolent in its coolness of assumption.

Non me tua fervida terrent

Dicta, Ferox; Dî me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

On the whole, Mansel seems to me a gladiator hitting in the dark. He has much dialectical power, but small critical knowledge, and no very lively or reverential perception of religious truth. But I confess, this judgment may be a little grounded on prejudice, and must be reconsidered by me, when I have weighed the book more.

For the present, I call it a triumphant sophistry and a moral failure; even the reasoning sometimes becomes vicious; *because* he does not know the critical facts, which should be among his premises—*e.g.* Feuerbach is an Atheist; therefore the Bible is infallible. Our Lord's character is divinely beautiful; therefore the reports of His sayings cannot have been *traditional*; nor can His Apostles have expected to see His second advent, though they say so. Still more strikingly, we are to believe the Incarnation, *because* the prophecies of Isaiah are Messianic (text); *and* (notes) since the Incarnation is certain, we can no longer doubt the literal Messianism of the prophecies. So that, 'Jacob my servant, and Israel whom I have chosen,' if such words occurred in any heathen author, would be interpreted as meaning 'Christ,' and would never be distorted, *e.g.*, by Dr. W. from their plain obvious meaning of Christ to the confused idea of Jacob and Israel. Q. E. D.

VIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES STEPHENSON, Newmarket, Maryland, U.S.

Dec. 13, 1858.—Rev. and dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the expression of sympathy which you have been good enough to send me; and I agree with you in thinking that, whether the results of critical inquiry are such as we might wish or not, it is as much our necessity as it is our duty to accept them.

In England ‘the children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth;’ that is to say, our better and purer scholars are more and more aware, that current traditions as to the secular infallibility of the sacred writers’ chronology of records, interpretation of prophecies, and citations from the Old Testament in the New, require to be in some measure revised.

But the strong reaction of some towards Rome; the Protestant anxiety of others, lest they lose an anti-papal weapon in the infallibility of the Bible; the ignorance of many, and the unfair complicity in outcry of some who know better; with that medley of political and sectarian considerations which entangles our world; these, and such things, make truth dangerous, falsehood profitable, and the faith which Christ taught in truth and freedom, suffer in consequence. Our work, however, is being done surely, though slowly, and with great searching of heart for those who do it.

I used to believe myself a better churchman than the Bishop who, as far as in him lay, has branded me; and more truly evangelical than the Calvinists, whose ignorant assent gave him power. But my position in Wales was full of other antecedent difficulties, from the poverty of our Dimetian Church and of her candidates for the ministry, as well as from a somewhat romantic attempt I had made to raise the standard of collegiate education beyond what had been here. Then, when the theological storm burst, we had no resources of shelter, and no superogatory merit from the past to fall back upon, and affairs became very complicated. One drop will run over a full cup.

So I stayed long enough to vindicate my legal position in the Church, *i.e.* for full four years after the warfare began ; and I now hope to find shelter in a country parish in England. My own countrymen, who are sincere lovers of truth, but who do not know the state of the Biblical question, will regret me, when they discover how grossly they have been deluded by the Bishops, who knew or should have known better, but yet hounded them on.

However, in my rural parish, if it please God, I hope for health and leisure to edit the Hebrew Prophets, retranslated, and to review such questions as you put to me about the Book of Daniel. It may be that my opinion is erroneous ; but permit me to say, that I am not in the habit of putting forth opinions upon critical questions without first weighing, so far as I am able, the data of language, or of context and meaning, upon which they are founded. Hence, although such writers as *Bunsen* have been of great aid to me, I am by no means their blind follower ; and in some cases I could prove myself to have *preached* some of Bunsen's critical notions before he had published them to the world. *Pereant, qui ante nos nostra*, says some one—but it is better to say with St. Paul, so long as Christ, or the Truth, which is not alien to Christ, be preached—in any way—let us be content.

If your Bishop's name is Whittingham, I once had the pleasure of meeting him at St. Asaph, and liked him exceedingly. His translation of Jahn is now on my table, and is a very useful book, though the conservatism of its notes is amusingly at issue with the stronger meat of the text.

A Dr. Palfrey's books have just reached me from your country. *They* are strong meat. Who is he? Many of his *hermeneutical details* seem to me substantially *true*, and his books instructive ; but his general solution, or his principle of confining Revelation to the Pentateuch and the Gospels, or to Moses and Christ (for so as yet I understand him), seems to me quite erroneous ; or rather, it is at the opposite pole from my own mode of solution.

The free air of your country will nurture, I hope, a nobler development of the mind of Christ. '*Not the Letter, but the Spirit,*'

must be your watchword ; only pray God to keep you in the true Spirit—for there may be a false one.

I would have emigrated for the mere sake of religious freedom, some years back ; but family duties kept me here, and now I stand or fall in the Sparta which Providence allotted me. The idea pleases me, that even my humble efforts in a right direction may be read with sympathy in your larger atmosphere ; and I heartily pray that the end of all our striving or suffering may be the promotion of that glorious Kingdom, whose air is Freedom and whose essence is Truth.

You seem to know my *Rational Godliness* and my *Christian Freedom*. But my *Christianity and Hinduism* is by far my most elaborate and complete book ; while my little tract, called *Lampeter Theology*, gives the easiest view of my peculiarities, so far at least as they ever entered into my collegiate teaching.

IX.

To E. C.

Lampeter, Dec. 31, 1858.—The old Archdeacon of Cardigan [Archdeacon Williams] is dead : one of our most famous Welsh scholars, but a man always in trouble and controversy. I am glad my last communications with him were tolerably friendly, and regret so much power as he possessed was not more happily guided. His best book was a *Life of Alexander*, which you may have read, in Murray's Family Library. He was once vicar of this parish, and had Walter Scott's second son as his pupil here ; but he has nearly vanished from people's memories, except from a few of the older. He is mentioned in Lockhart's *Life* as having read the Burial Service over W. Scott himself ; and, by a strange coincidence, he did the same sad service for Fred. Robertson, of Brighton, who had been his pupil.

X.

St. David's College, March 1, 1859.—I am glad you do not like the travesty of the Song of Solomon ; for, though I have

not yet looked at it critically, it seems at the first blush to be a weak piece of mysticism, turning a half dramatic and somewhat oriental love-song into a parable of devotion. It is not certain in such cases how much of the parable entered into the original writer's thoughts; but the only strong argument for supposing anything of the kind in this 'Song' is the fact of its being anciently arranged with other books which were religious.

The lines you quote from Mr. Patmore are not much amiss. The moral of the first four falls in well with my own way of thinking and teaching; and if I ventured any criticism on the last four, it would be *not* that they take stand too firmly on the volume of nature as distinct from that of grace, but that they recognize an antithesis stronger than any which exists between the two. We contrast together the mercy and the justice of God, making the one all meekness and the other a vindictive fury; yet both *meet* (more properly stated) in His perfect equity. We oppose day and night, yet both are parts of one cycle. Heat and cold are not real opposites, but various degrees of one temperature. Thus, our little seeming contrarieties plead, in the larger sight of the Eternal, with a higher unity. So nature or grace are one scheme, one like, one whole, in which what seems to us last was first. Grace devised nature, and shines through it. But in nature itself are the roots of what often seems a distinct revelation. When Ruth followed Naomi, she had not read Horne's Introduction, or Paley's Evidences, nor knew anything about the Exodus; but followed her better instincts in the path of affection: and it turned out that of a truer (or higher form of) religion.

So with me the written word is *not over against* the divine works, but is itself *one of them*—an expression of the same divine spirit, by whose breathing of goodness the word is animated. Nor do I quite like the serene air of meditative poetry to be disturbed by such words as Jew and Turk, used in an invidious sense. You should read some day *Nathan der Weise*, by Lessing. So much for letters. . . .

XI.

TO MR. JAMES SINCLAIR.

[Date of envelope] Aug. 5, 1859.—My dear friend,—Man is justified before God by the faith of Christ, and not by the ritual of Moses ; more generally, by faith of heart and life, rather than by external rite.

What man calls sacrifice may be slaying a beast, and his righteousness may be making long prayers ; but what God calls sacrifice is the contrite heart, and His righteousness is obedience, or faith working by love.

When Christ woke the slumbering consciences of men, 'the wrath of God was revealed,' not against 'the nations who had not known His name,' but against all who *held* His truth in iniquity, or who *smothered* it thereby.

Then also 'the righteousness of God was revealed,' not as a sentence pronounced upon circumcision or baptism, but as a forgiveness upon repentance, an acquittal upon sincerity, an approval upon well-doing.

The works which St. Paul disparages are not good deeds, but are ritual observances, and bondage of the letter or of Judaism. So his 'faith' is not self-negation, in the sense of throwing our responsibility upon Christ, but is that of principle of moral action, or life of the heart, which we catch from Christ's spirit.

Faith as against works, then, with St. Paul, does not mean trust in Christ's merits, as against doing right—but it rather means doing practical right, as against religious formalism, or literalism.

The above is a rapid and imperfect exposition of what I conceive St. Paul to have thought; though our version obscures it somewhat, and our Divines with their traditionary systems murder it.

You meant, I think, more or less the same ; but I forget if your point of view is exactly identical. We both think Solid-

idianism was not taught by St. Paul; though it may be a confused way of expressing our infinite trust in the love of God our Father.

I agree with you in liking Dr. Stanley's sermons; though they are pretty, rather than forcible. . . . But his tone is radically good; with a little softening of things, which want almost stronger handling.

I have not time to write more fully or oftener to you. Lampeter is still my Term residence; but I am meditating a gradual withdrawal to Broadchalke vicarage, Salisbury, which is my address during vacations for the most part.

'Not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law' (Philippians), ought to have been rendered, 'Not having as my righteousness that which comes of the law' (i.e., that of the letter), 'but that which ensues upon faith' (i.e., that which is of the spirit).

This is only one of many cases, where a fixed system has vitiated our version, and violated the truth of Scripture.

XII.

TO MR. JAMES SINCLAIR.

3, *South Hill Grove, Liverpool*, Jan. 3, 1860.—My dear friend,—I am exceedingly obliged by your warm-hearted letter, and readily sanction any proceeding which you may contemplate, as likely to clear truth from misconception. If I were at Lampeter I would send you copies of my smaller works, which are chiefly apologetic. The greater books I have given away so largely, that no copies of them remain by me which I could well part with.

The Review of Bishop Ollivant's Charge, appended to my 'Sermon on Christian Freedom' (Bell and Daldy, 1857), gives the easiest conspectus of the polemical part of the question. But it is very painful and disgusting that those smaller elements should be so much dragged forward, when the overwhelming mass, and general tendency, of my writings bear chiefly on practical faith and righteousness.

I did not know, until your letter informed me, that the *Record* and its tributaries had taken up my letter in the *Cambrian*. An Unitarian pastor made an unwise attempt to enlist me under his banners; and, without wishing to exhibit any intolerance towards him, I felt bound to say that his position in technical theology, impugning, as he does, the Church of England's standards, and mine, acknowledging myself, as I do, bound by them, must be different. Yet I trust at bottom there is a fellowship of motive between all good men, which traverses, and takes but provisional account of, technical statements of logic applied to the classification of religious sentiments. An Englishman might feel bound to shoulder rifle on a French invasion, but not therefore hate or calumniate the French people, nor count every braggart born in our island dearer to him than Pascal and Fenelon.

In ten minutes my good wife summons me to be ready to accompany her in a round of calls among her relatives. I must therefore close this hasty note of thanks with my best wishes for the new year, and am to yourself, and all friends of the oldest, which is also the newest truth, faithfully and affectionately,

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

XIII.

The following are some extracts from the letter referred to above, which appeared in the *Cambrian*, entitled 'Toleration not Indifference,' and dated November 26, 1859. After saying that, upon a reference to *Rational Godliness*, it would be found that the primitive doctrine of the Incarnation was elaborately defended in one sermon, and distinctly asserted in many others, he continues:—

The Incarnation of the Divine word, or the doctrine of God becoming Man, and the supplemental tenet of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Church, have ever been the basis of all my

preaching. Nor has ever a theory of *Inspiration* been propounded, more consistent than mine is in all its parts, with the primitive doctrine of the Trinity. If I have any heresy, it is not a denial of the Incarnation; but a setting of the *Spirit* (too much, it may be said) above the *Letter*, the doctrine above the Book, the Saviour above the Creed. I value the end more than the means, and think Christianity an advance upon Judaism. My general doctrine is higher, and more ecclesiastically orthodox, than that of any of my Southwalian assailants, whether high or low. It is with me a fundamental characteristic of the Gospel, that instead of, like Mahometanism, leaving a great gulf between God and Man, it teaches that the WORD has taken flesh amongst us, and that the faded image of God in us is restored by Redemption.

Having been tempted to take up my pen, I may be pardoned for adding, I never could see the consistency of admitting, as Unitarian Christians admit, the authority of St. John's Gospel and of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, and at the same time denying the reality of the Incarnation. If my authority on such a point seem slender, let it be strengthened by that of the great scholar, Porson, who, in reply to an Unitarian's appeal, exclaimed, 'If the Greek Testament is to settle the question, that is dead against you.' But if Porson, as a member of the University of Cambridge, be thought partial, let the Rev. James Martineau, the living glory of the Unitarian body, and a man of whom any denomination might be proud, speak for himself and for his friends:—

'I am constrained to say'¹ (are the words of this profound thinker) 'that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions, of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations are in

¹ Quoted from Mr. Martineau's letter to Mr. Macdonald, on 'The Unitarian Position.' Price 1d. London: Whitfield. 1819.

almost every department to writers not of my own creed. In Philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text books, and the authors most in favour with them. In Biblical Interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham.' Again, he adds—'I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded on reason and nature, and is already widely spread among us.'

Again, Mr. Martineau says—'*Better insight into the origin and meaning of the Trinitarian scheme*, more philosophical appreciation of its leading terms, e.g., Substance, Personality, Nature, &c., and more sympathetic approach to the minds of living believers in it, *have greatly modified our estimates*, and disinclined many of us to make the rejection of the doctrine, any more than its acceptance, a condition of Church communion.'

What I would now submit is, that if the above language, however remarkable as an approximation, would still not justify us in claiming Mr. Martineau as a Trinitarian, neither does my own readiness to surrender proved interpolations, or to retrench rhetorical anathemas, justify Mr. — in claiming me as an Unitarian in his sense of the term. There is a point in the higher regions of controversy, at which whoever reaches it, yearns more and more for charity, and sees that this can only be preserved by retrenching exaggerations. But though the moderation of statement thus aimed at becomes invidious to zealots without knowledge, and neither Hooker nor Jeremy Taylor, Butler nor Paley, have escaped being called Infidels or Romanists, the men who restrict their statements within demonstrable limits do not necessarily change their side, but consult most wisely for its interests.

God forbid, that what I have written should lessen the little charity left in the Church, especially in South Wales! I have not breathed a thought implying disrespect to the Unitarian body, nor do I object to meet their members again, as I have done before, in works of a philanthropic or educational tendency; but I must, in humble consistency, decline to be claimed as theologically

symbolizing with them; nor can I conceive how such a claim could be made in good faith by any reader of my books. The chief ground of outcry against me has been my refusal to accept the profession of allegiance to books and documents, as a rational substitute for the very Truth which these documents embody. Others say, that Christ gave His Church the Bible; I say, He gave her the TRUTH.

END OF VOL. I.

Williams, Ellen

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